HANDBUCH
DER ENGLISCHEN LITERATUR.

FÜR FREUNDE DER ENGLISCHEN SPRACHE

UND

HÖHERE UNTERRICHTS-ANSTALTEN

BEARBEITET VON

D^R. AUGUST BOLTZ,
Lehrer der modernen Sprachen und der Handelswissenschaften
an der Handelsschule,

UND

D^R. HERMANN FRANZ,
Lehrer der englischen Sprache und Literatur am Königl. Franz. Gymnasium
und an der Handelsschule.

1. Theil. Die Prosaiker.

BERLIN.
VERLAG VON GEORG REIMER.
1852.

HANDBUCH
DER ENGLISCHEN LITERATUR.

FÜR FREUNDE DER ENGLISCHEN SPRACHE

UND

HÖHERE UNTERRICHTS-ANSTALTEN

BEARBEITET VON

DR. AUGUST BOLTZ,

LEHRER DER NEUERN SPRACHEN UND DER HANDELSWISSENSCHAFTEN
AN DER HANDELSSCHULE

UND

DR. HERMANN FRANZ,

LEHRER DER ENGLISCHEN SPRACHE UND LITERATUR AM KOENIGL. FRANZ. GYMNASIUM
UND AN DER HANDELSSCHULE.

1. Theil. Die Prosaiker.

BERLIN.

VERLAG VON GEORG REIMER.

1852.

152. D.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

DEM

HERRN GEHEIMEN REGIERUNGSRATHE

D[R] F. STIEHL

UND

DEM HERRN PROVINZIAL-SCHULRATHE

D[R] G. F. KIESSLING

ALS ZEICHEN VORZÜGLICHSTER HOCHACHTUNG

GEWIDMET

VON

DEN VERFASSERN.

VORWORT.

Bei Ausarbeitung des vorliegenden Werkes war es keinesweges unsere Absicht, eine planlose Auswahl von Lesestücken aus einzelnen Schriftstellern zu veranstalten und so die Unzahl der gewöhnlichen Lesebücher zu vermehren, vielmehr wollten wir eine geordnete Uebersicht der gesammten englischen Literatur geben, von ihren ersten Anfängen bis auf die neueste Zeit. Zu diesem Zwecke sind wir bemüht gewesen, in den Einleitungen zu den verschiedenen Perioden der englischen Literaturgeschichte die fortschreitende Entwicklung der Sprache, wenn auch nur in kurzen Umrissen, was durch die Rücksicht auf möglichste Raumersparung geboten war, zu zeigen und durch eine Auswahl des Charakteristischen und Besten aus den bedeutendsten Schriftstellern die geistige Richtung der Epochen zur Anschauung zu bringen. Dabei haben wir über jeden derselben kurze biographische Notizen gegeben und bei der Unmöglichkeit, auch nur aus der grössern Zahl Auszüge mitzutheilen, am Schlusse jeder Periode in den Übersichtstabellen alle einigermaassen wichtige, in dieselbe gehörende Schriftsteller, und zwar nach ihren verschiedenen Kategorien geordnet, zusammengestellt. Bei der Wahl der einzelnen Stücke, welche den eigentlichen Mittelpunkt des Ganzen bilden, sind wir mit der grössten Sorgfalt und Gewissenhaftigkeit zu Werke gegangen, und haben Alles vermieden, was irgendwie gegen den Zweck eines derartigen Buches verstossen könnte, während wir andererseits bemüht gewesen sind, den Stoff so zu wählen, dass das Interesse des Lesenden und

Lernenden stets rege gehalten werde. Bei der Bedeutung der Erscheinungen auf dem Gebiete der englischen Literatur in Amerika konnten wir diese nicht ganz übergehen und bedauern nur, dass uns durch den beschränkten Raum dabei so enge Gränzen gesteckt wurden. Wir können dies Vorwort nicht schliessen, ohne der grossen Bereitwilligkeit dankbar zu erwähnen, mit welcher uns der Hr. Verleger in jeder Beziehung entgegengekommen ist, der nicht nur in Betreff der äussern Ausstattung des Werkes alle Ansprüche befriedigt, sondern auch durch den ungemein billigen Preis und besonders dadurch die Anschaffung desselben erleichtert hat, dass die beiden Theile getrennt verkauft werden.

Der zweite, die Dichter und ein vollständiges Inhaltsverzeichniss beider Bände enthaltend, ist bereits unter der Presse.

Zu unserm Bedauern sind mehre Druckfehler stehen geblieben, wir werden sie am Ende des zweiten Theiles angeben, bitten aber, vorläufig S. 2. Z. 23. 'Nutzwerk' in 'Netzwerk,' und das sinnentstellende 'ächtesten,' S. 13. Z. 7. in 'ältesten' zu ändern.

Berlin, 6. Mai 1852.

DIE HERAUSGEBER.

INHALT.

Seite

EINLEITUNG.

I. GESCHICHTE DER SPRACHE . . . 1
Schriftprobe aus Caedmon 5
Vorrede zur Geschichte des Orosius von Alfred dem Grossen 7

SPRACHPROBEN:
1. Saxon Chronicle 10
2. Godric 10
3. Layamon 11
4. Ormin (Ormulum) 12
5. Proclamation of Henry III. 13
6. Robert of Gloucester 13
7. Robert of Brunne 15
8. Trevisa 15
9. Rob. Langlande 16
10. Sir John Mandeville 16

II. GESCHICHTE DER ENGLISCHEN PROSA ALS KUNSTPRODUKT 18

ERSTE PERIODE.

Die ersten englischen Prosaiker, 1324—1558.

EINLEITUNG 21
1. JOHN WICKLIFFE.
The Last Chapter of St. Luke 24
2. GEOFFREY CHAUCER.
Preface to his Testament of Love 26
3. FORTESCUE.
Difference between an Absolute and Limited Monarchy 27

Seite

4. THOMAS MORUS.
Letter to his Daughter 28
5. Dr. WILSON.
On Pronunciation 29

ZWEITE PERIODE.

Vom Anfange der Regierung Elisabeth's bis zum Ende der Regierung Jacob's II.

ERSTER ABSCHNITT.

1558—1649.

EINLEITUNG 30
1. WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH.
1. Choice of a Wife 32
2. Domestic Economy 32
2. JOHN STOW.
Sports upon the Ice in Elisabeth's Reign 33
3. WILLIAM HARRISON.
The Languages of Britain 34
4. SIR WALTER RALEIGH.
Letter of Sir W. R. to his Wife 36
5. RICHARD HOOKER.
1. Letter to the Archbishop Whitgift . . 38
2. Church Music 38
6. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.
Defence of Poesy 40
7. FRANCIS BACON.
1. Of Great Place 40
2. Of Boldness 43
3. Of Friendship 43

Seite

4. Of Regimen of Health 47
5. Of Beauty 48

8. SAMUEL PURCHAS.
The Sea 48

9. JAMES HOWELL.
Tales of Travellers 49

10. JEREMY TAYLOR.
Wealth not Productive of a Proportionate Degree of Enjoyment 50

11. JOHN MILTON.
Liberty of the Press 52

12. THOMAS FULLER.
The Good Yeoman 55

13. EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON.
Charles I. 57

14. SIR MATTHEW HALE.
On Conversation 59

15. SAMUEL BUTLER.
A Vintner 62

16. Dr. JOHN WILKINS.
How a Man may fly to the Moon 63

17. Dr. HENRY MORE.
Devout Contemplation of the Works of God. 64

18. ABRAHAM COWLEY.
Poetry and Poets 64

RÜCKBLICK auf den ersten Abschnitt dieser Periode 65

ZWEITER ABSCHNITT.
1649 – 1689.

EINLEITUNG 66

1. JOHN EVELYN.
A Fortunate Courtier not Envied 67

2. GEORGE FOX.
Fox's Ill-Treatment at Ulverstone 68

3. JOHN BUNYAN.
Christian in the Hands of Giant Despair 70

4. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.
Letters to the Countess of Essex, on Excessive Grief 73

5. ISAAC BARROW.
What is Wit? 78

6. JOHN TILLOTSON.
On Sincerity towards God and Man . . . 79

7. JOHN DRYDEN.
1. Tragedy compared with Epic Poetry . 84
2. Shakspeare 86

8. JOHN LOCKE.
1. Of the Associations of Ideas 87
2. The Conduct of the Understanding . . 91

Seite

9. Dr. ROBERT SOUTH.
Religion not Hostile to Pleasure 97

10. THOMAS BURNET.
On the Coming of our Saviour 99

11. SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE.
The True Path to Esteem 100

12. LADY RACHEL RUSSEL.
1. Domestic Misfortunes 101
2. Bereavement 102

13. Dr. WILLIAM SHERLOCK.
Longing after Immortality 103

14. GILBERT BURNET.
The Czar Peter in England, 1698 104

15. WILLIAM PENN.
Advice to his Children 106

ÜBERSICHTSTABELLE der Schriftsteller dieser Periode 107

DRITTE PERIODE.

Die Regierungen Wilhelm's III., Anna's und Georg's I. umfassend, 1689 – 1727.

EINLEITUNG 110

1. DANIEL DEFOE.
The Great Plague in London 113

2. MATTHEW HENRY.
Ye cannot serve God and Mammon . . . 115

3. JONATHAN SWIFT.
1. A Meditation upon a Broomstick . . . 116
2. Thoughts on Various Subjects 117
3. The Academy of Lagado (abridged) . 118

4. BERNARD MANDEVILLE.
Society Compared to a Bowl of Punch . 121

5. EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.
Platonic Representation of the Scale of Beauty and Love 122

6. LORD BOLINGBROKE.
Of the Study of History 124

7. JOSEPH ADDISON.
1. On Politeness 127
2. Time not to be Squandered 128
3. The English Language 130

8. SIR RICHARD STEELE.
1. The Story of Incle and Yarico 133
2. The Love of Glory 135

9. Dr. SAMUEL CLARKE.
Natural and Essential Difference of Right and Wrong 137

Seite

10. ALEXANDER POPE.
1. Death of two Lovers by Lightning . . 139
2. Letter to Gay 139

11. LADY MARY W. MONTAGUE.
1. Letter to the Countess of — 140
2. „ to the Lady N. 141
3. „ to the Countess of B. 142
4. „ to the same 143
5. „ to the Lady — 143
6. „ to the Countess of — 145

12. Dr. JOHN ARBUTHNOT.
Usefulness of Mathematical Learning . . . 146

ÜBERSICHTSTABELLE der Schriftsteller dieser Periode 147

VIERTE PERIODE.

Von 1727 — 1780.

EINLEITUNG 149

1. Dr. CONYERS MIDDLETON.
Character of Julius Caesar 151

2. PHILIP D. STANHOPE, LORD CHESTERFIELD.
1. Absence of Mind 152
2. Awkwardness of Different Kinds . . . 152
3. Bashfulness 153
4. Definition of Good Breeding 154

3. LORD KAMES.
Pleasures of the Eye and the Ear 156

4. HENRY FIELDING.
Partridge at the Playhouse 158

5. WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.
1. Speech of Ch. on being taunted on account of Youth 161
2. On American Affairs 162

6. SAMUEL JOHNSON.
1. Shakspeare 164
2. The Journey of Life 172

7. WILLIAM MELMOTH.
On Conversation 174

8. DAVID HUME.
1. The Gunpowder Treason 176
2. The Ancient Britons 180

9. LAWRENCE STERNE.
1. The Story of Le Fevre 182
2. Yorick's Sentimental Journey 187

10. TOBIAS SMOLLET.
The Soldier's Return 190

11. WILLIAM ROBERTSON.
1. Discovery of America 192
2. Martin Luther 195

12. GILBERT WHITE.
Evening Sports of the Rooks 197

13. WILLIAM GILPIN.
Sunrise and Sunset in the Woods 197

14. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
1. The Disabled Soldier 199
2. A Fable 202

15. Dr. JOHN MORE.
Dispute and Duel between two Scotch Servants in Italy 203

16. EDMUND BURKE.
1. Destruction of the Carnatic, from the Speech on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts, 1785. 209
2. The British Monarchy 210
3. Marie Antoinette, Queen of France . . 211

17. Dr. BEATTIE.
On the Love of Nature 211

18. EDWARD GIBBON.
1. Opinion of the Ancient Philosophers on the Immortality of the Soul 214
2. Invention and Use of Gunpowder . . 215
3. Remarks on Reading 215
4. Charlemagne 217

19. JUNIUS.
To the Printer of the Public Advertiser . 220

20. HENRY MACKENZIE.
The Beggar and his Dog 224

21. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
Preliminary Address to the Pennsylvania Almanac 226

22. Dr. HUGH BLAIR.
1. Difference between Taste and Genius . 232
2. Historical View of the English Language 232

23. ADAM SMITH.
On the Division of Labor 235

24. CHARLES JAMES FOX.
From his Speech on American Affairs, 1778. 241

25. HENRY GRATTAN.
Speech against Napoleon 242

ÜBERSICHTSTABELLE der Schriftsteller dieser Periode 245

FÜNFTE PERIODE.

Von 1780 bis auf die Gegenwart.

EINLEITUNG 249

1. Dr WILLIAM PALEY.
The World was made with a Benevolent Design 253

2. WILLIAM MITFORD.
Condemnation and Death of Socrates . . 255

Seite

3. FRANCES BURNEY.
Miss Burney explains to King George III. the Circumstances attending the Composition of Evelina 259

4. WILLIAM ROSCOE.
1. Lorenzo establishes a School for the Study of the Antique; Michelangelo, Rafaello. 261
2. Leonardo da Vinci 264

5. WILLIAM BECKFORD.
Description of the Caliph Vathek and his Palaces 265

6. WILLIAM GODWIN.
Concluding Scene of Caleb Williams. . . 267

7. MRS. ELIZABETH HAMILTON.
Picture of Glenburnie and View of a Scotch Cottage in the Last Century 273

8. JOHN PINKERTON.
1. James I. of Scotland 277
2. James II. of Scotland 278
3. James III. and his Brothers. 279
4. James IV. of Scotland 280
5. Margaret, Widow of James IV. 281
6. The Regent, Duke of Albany 281
7. James V. of Scotland 282

9. WILLIAM PITT.
On the Abolition of the Slave-Trade . . 284

10. WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.
On the Effects of Religion 287

11. WILLIAM COBBETT.
Early Scenes and Recollections 288

12. JOSEPH FORSYTH.
The Coliseum 289

13. MRS. ANN RADCLIFFE.
1. English Travellers visit a Neapolitan Church 290
2. An Italian Landscape 292

14. REV. ROBERT HALL.
1. On Wisdom 293
2. From the Funeral Sermon for the Princess Charlotte of Wales 293

15. SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.
1. Chivalry and Modern Manners 295
2. Canning 296

16. Dr. EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE.
Description of the Pyramids 301

17. GEORGE CANNING.
Conclusion of his Speech on sending British Troops to Portugal 305

18. MUNGO PARK.
African Hospitality 306

Seite

19. SIR WALTER SCOTT.
Margaret Ramsay and the Lady Hermione 309

20. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.
History of the Watchman 313

21. FRANCIS JEFFREY.
The Universality of the Genius of Shakspeare 317

22. Dr. JOHN LINGARD.
1. Account of Cromwell's Expulsion of the Parliament, 1635 319
2. Execution of Essex; his Character . . 321

23. CHARLES LAMB.
Sweeps 323

24. WILLIAM HAZLITT.
1. The Countess of Exeter 326
2. The Character of Hamlet 326

25. GIOVANNI BATTISTA BELZONI.
1. The Ruins at Thebes 328
2. Opening a Tomb at Thebes. 329

26. Dr. THOMAS CHALMERS.
Inefficacy of mere Moral Preaching . . . 330

27. MRS. AMELIA OPIE.
An Authoress and her Auditors 332

28. HENRY BROUGHAM, BARON BROUGHAM AND VAUX.
1. Conclusion of his Speech on Parliamentary Reform 334
2. Conclusion of his Speech on Queen Caroline's Trial. 337

29. WASHINGTON IRVING.
The Legend of Sleepy Hollow 338

30. PROFESSOR JOHN WILSON.
Removal of the Lindsays 355

31. CAPTAIN BASIL HALL.
The Mosquito-Hunt. 357

32. SIR ROBERT PEEL.
Conclusion of his Speech on Reform . . 360

33. JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER.
The Panther 364

34. SIR EDWARD PARRY.
Description of the Esquimaux 367

35. SIR ROBERT KER PORTER.
View of Society in Bagdad 368

36. M. SIMOND.
Swiss Mountain and Avalanche. 370

37. THOMAS DE QUINCEY.
Dreams of the Opium Eater 371

38. T. CROFTON CROKER.
The Last of the Irish Serpents 373

39. THOMAS CARLYLE.
The Procession 374

Seite

40. SIR FRANCIS HEAD.
Desription of the Pampas 379

41. JAMES BAILIE FRASER.
The Kuzzilbash's Return to his Native Village 380

42. WILLIAM CARLETON.
The Squanders of Squander Castle . . . 381

43. FRANCIS MARRYAT.
A Storm off the Coast of Ireland 389

44. HENRY HALLAM.
Character of Cromwell 392

45. THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.
St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower 395

46. H. W. WILLIAMS.
Description of Pompeii 395

47. MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU.
Effects of Love and Happiness on the Mind 397

48. SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.
My Novel 398

49. MRS. POSTANS.
Sacrifice of a Hindoo Widow. 401

50. REV. MR. VENABLES.
1. Employmentst of the People 402
2. Russian Peasant's Houses 403

51. C. R. BAYNES.
Legend of the Mosque of the Bloody Baptism at Cairo 403

52. CHARLES DICKENS.
Mrs. Joseph Porter 404

ÜBERSICHTSTABELLE der Schriftsteller dieser Periode 410

20. SIR FRANCIS HEAD.
Description of the Pampas 379
21. JAMES BAILLIE FRASER.
The Kuzzilbash's Return to his Native Village 380
22. WILLIAM CARLETON.
The Squanders of Squander Castle 381
23. FRANCIS MARRYAT.
A Storm off the Coast of Ireland 389
24. HENRY HALLAM.
Character of Cromwell 392
25. THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.
St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower 395
26. H. W. WILLIAMS.
Description of Pompeii 395

HANDBUCH

DER ENGLISCHEN LITERATUR.

1. Theil. Die Prosaiker.

EINLEITUNG.

I. GESHICHTE DER SPRACHE.

Die englische Sprache, ein geniales Gemisch der verschiedenartigsten Idiome, bietet in ihrer gegenwärtigen Gestalt ein scheinbar willkürlich durcheinandergeworfenes Gebilde dar, das an Regellosigkeit und schönheitswidrigen Sprach- und Satzformen seines Gleichen nicht findet. Und doch ist es ein Leichtes dieses bunte Gewirr zur reinsten Harmonie, diese anscheinende Willkür zur vollendetsten Regelmässigkeit zurückzuführen, wenn wir zunächst ihre historische Bildung und Entwickelung in Betracht ziehen und sodann in den Bau derselben, in ihrer gegenwärtigen Gestalt, einen tiefern Blick werfen.

I. Die erste, von den Ureinwohnern Albion's (Britanniens) gesprochene Sprache war, ohne Zweifel, das Celtische, welches folgende Verwandtschaften aufweist:

Celtisch

1) Das Alt-Gaulische.	2) Das Alt-Britische.	3) Das Alt-Irische.
	1) Das Wallisische. 2) Das Armoricanische. 3) Das Cornische.	1) Das Irische. 2) Das Hersische (Bergschottische). 3) Das Manksische.

und welches bis zur Eroberung der Insel durch die Angelsachsen (im J. 450 n. Chr. Geb.) allein vorherrschte.

Man hat dies in neuerer Zeit besonders durch die alten topographischen Namen des Landes zu beweisen gesucht und die beiden gelehrten Forscher auf diesem Gebiete, George Chalmers, im 1. Bande seiner *'Caledonia'*, so wie Richard Garnett in den *'Proceedings of the Philological Society'* I. 119., welche Meinungsverschiedenheit auch in Bezug auf untergeordnete Punkte zwischen ihnen stattfinden mag, stimmen doch darin überein, dass die ältesten topographischen Namen überall in Britannien *celtische* sind. *Kent*, z. B., so wie *Thames* sind celtische Worte.

Ein weiterer Beweis für das oben Gesagte ist die Thatsache, dass eine beträchtliche celtische Bevölkerung, mit ihrer eigenthümlichen Sprache noch im Besitz eines Theiles des südlichen Britanniens ist; ihrer eignen Tradition zu Folge, die durch ihre ganze National-Literatur unterstützt wird, ist sie der Rest einer Race, welche die Römer über einen grossen Theil des Landes ausgebreitet fanden und deren Ueberreste, bei dem Einfalle der Sachsen, dem Untergange nur dadurch entgingen, dass sie sich in die jetzigen engen Grenzen zurückzogen.

Die Zahl der Wörter, welche die englische Sprache aus dem Celtischen der ursprünglichen Britten oder ihrer Nachkommen, den Wallisern, entlehnt zu haben scheint, ist bedeutend; allein sie sind zerstreut und ohne Zusammenhang: kein *Strom* von Worten ist von dorther hereingeflossen. Es hat keine chemische Vereinigung der beiden Sprachen stattgefunden, sondern bis zu einem gewissen Grade nur eine mechanische Vermischung.

Am Gründlichsten ist dies von Richard Garnett untersucht worden (*Proceedings of the Philological Society* I. p. 160); er zählt ungefähr 200 englische Wörter auf — darunter allerdings einige provincielle — die nach seiner Ueberzeugung aus dem Wallisischen entlehnt sind und fügt hinzu, dass sich vielleicht noch 20mal mehr aufführen liessen.

Unter Andern führt er an: *funnel* von ffynel, wörtlich Luftloch: *kick* von cic, Fuss: *cuts* (to draw cuts) von cwtws, Loos: *to wed* von gweddu, vereinigen: *bride* von priawd, gewonnen, im Besitz seiend: *garter* von gar tas, (Vergl. mutton — mouton [altfr. moulton]) — wälsch molt, gälisch mult = multa, mulcta, die Strafe, welche bei den Römern in einem Widder bestand; merkwürdigerweise ist die Bedeutung des celtischen Wortes ebenfalls *Widder:* dasselbe gilt von dem altfranzösischen moulton, so wie vom italiänischen montone.) Basket (*Juvenal, Sat. XII.*, 46, *Martial, Epigr. XIV.*, 99.) wälsch: bass gawd, offenbar von base oder basg, Nutzwerk.

II. Ungefähr von der Mitte des ersten Jahrhunderts unserer Zeitrechnung bis nach dem Beginne des fünften, war das südliche Britannien eine römische Provinz und von zahlreichen Colonisten besetzt, welche Lateinisch sprachen.

Wennschon man annehmen kann, dass in dieser langen Reihe von Jahren römische Civilisation in Britannien eindrang und sich verbreitete, so finden wir doch bei den Alten keine näheren Angaben in wie weit das Lateinische die Sprache des Landes wurde. Nur bei Tacitus lesen wir (*Agricola,* 21.), dass bereits im Jahre 79, als Agricola seinen zweiten Feldzug unternahm, die Söhne der Häuptlinge dahin strebten, sich im Gebrauche der lateinischen Sprache auszuzeichnen, die sie bis dahin verachtet hatten.

Die Zahl der Wörter in der englischen Sprache, von denen man annehmen könnte, sie seien aus *dem* Lateinischen genommen, welches von den römischen Colonisten gesprochen wurde, die vor den Angelsachsen im Besitz des Landes waren, ist keineswegs bedeutend; vielmehr stammen diejenigen Wörter lateinischen Ursprungs, welche vor der normännischen Eroberung aufgenommen worden waren, entweder von den römischen Priestern, welche am Ende des 6. Jahrhunderts ihre Besuche begannen, oder aus Büchern her.

So finden sich nur *caster, cester, chester* und welche Abweichungen es etwa noch geben mag, von dem lateinischen 'castra', in den Namen Lancaster, Manchester, Leicester: ferner *coln,* in Lincoln und ein Paar andern Städten, wahrscheinlich eine Abkürzung aus 'colonia', und das Wort *street,* aus 'stratum' oder 'strata'.

Unter den von den römischen Priestern eingeführten lateinischen Wörtern finden sich in angelsächsischen Manuscripten unter andern: *Mynster* (monasterium); *portic* (porticus);

cluster (claustrum); *munuc* (monachus); *bisceop* (episcopus); *sanct* (sanctus); *calic* (calix); *praedician* (praedicare); *leon* (leo); *peterselige* (petroselinum); *pipor* (piper).

Die zu dieser Zeit aus dem Lateinischen herübergenommenen Wörter sind übrigens fast ausschliesslich *concrete*, während die später daher eingeführten meist *abstracte* sind.

In den meisten der oben angeführten Fälle ist übrigens das *jetzige* englische Wort nicht eine Modification der sächsischen Form, sondern eine neue, entweder aus dem Lateinischen direct entlehnte, oder sie ist durch das Medium des Französischen herübergenommen. Dies ist z. B. offenbar der Fall bei *monastery*; *porch* (fr. porche), *cloister* (altfranz. cloistre), *saint* (fr. saint), *preach* (fr. prêcher), *lion* (fr. lion), *parsley* (fr. persil).

Gegen vierzig fremde Legionen, zum Theil aus Germanen, zum Theil aus Mauren, Dalmatiern und Thraciern bestehend, sollen indessen von den Römern, nachdem sie ihre Zeit in den Armeen des Kaiserreichs ausgedient hatten, nach Britannien übergeführt und in verschiedenen Theilen des Landes, hauptsächlich an den nördlichen und östlichen Küsten mit Land versehen worden sein (Palgrave, *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, 1818. pg. 20.); sie müssen aber bald mit der sie umgebenden Bevölkerung verschmolzen sein und können weder ihre eigne Sprache aufrecht erhalten, noch irgend welchen Einfluss auf die allgemeine Sprache des Landes ausgeübt haben.

Aus dem Umstande, dass ein Theil der östlichen und südöstlichen Küste Britanniens 'von *Branodunum*, jetzt *Broncaster* in Norfolk, bis zu dem *Portus Adurni*, wahrscheinlich entweder *Pevensey* oder *Aldrington* in Sussex' den Namen *littus saxonicum* führte, hat man neuerlich gefolgert, dass sich die Sachsen zu jener Zeit schon in einigen Theilen dieses Distrikts festgepflanzt haben mussten. Wenn aber eine sächsische Niederlassung zu einer solchen Benennung hätte Veranlassung geben sollen, so musste sie sich längs der ganzen so benannten Küste erstreckt haben: das hätte aber unmöglich unerwähnt bleiben können, weshalb kein vernünftiger Grund gegen die gewöhnliche Erklärung des Namens vorhanden zu sein scheint, nach welcher er die Küste bedeutet, längs welcher die sächsischen Piraten zu landen pflegten.

III. Nach dem Erlöschen der römischen Herrschaft wurde das Land zum grossen Theile von gewissen Stämmen gothischer Abkunft und Sprache erobert und in Besitz genommen, deren Nachkommen fortwährend die Hauptmasse der Bevölkerung ausgemacht haben.

Nach Beda, (673—735) in seiner '*Historia Ecclesiastica*', waren jene Stämme die Sachsen, die Angeln und die Jüten, welche, die Sachsen aus dem Lande zwischen der Elbe und der Eider: die Angeln aus dem Lande zwischen der Eider und der Ostsee und die Jüten aus Jütland kamen.

Die Zeit der Einwanderung und die Reihenfolge der Einwanderer, über welche wir verschiedene Angaben besitzen, sind weniger wichtig für unsern Zweck, als zu wissen, *wo* sie sich niederliessen, um den Ursprung und die Geschichte der gemeinschaftlichen Sprache, welche unter ihnen sich ausbildete, zu verfolgen, da sie doch ohne Zweifel ursprünglich verschiedene Dialekte sprachen. Nach Beda und Anderen liessen sich die *Jüten* in Kent, auf der Insel Wight und einem Theile der gegenüber liegenden Küste von Hampshire nieder; die *Sachsen* in dem ganzen übrigen Lande südlich von der Themse und Bristol Avon, so wie in Essex, Middlessex und dem südlichen Theile von Hertford; die Angeln nahmen vom ganzen übrigen England Besitz, welches auch den Namen von ihnen erhielt (ursprünglich *Aengla-land* oder *Engla-land*). Die Herrschaft der Angeln scheint sich

nördlich bis zum *Forth* und *Clyde* erstreckt zu haben; allein die verschiedenen Stämme der alten celtischen Bevölkerung behaupteten ihre Unabhängigkeit in *Strath-Clyde*, *Cumbria*, *Nord- und Süd-Wales* und *Cornwall*, längs der ganzen westlichen Küste. Dass sich unter den Eindringenden auch Friesen, in grosser Anzahl, befanden, scheint keinem Zweifel zu unterliegen; Sir Francis Palgrave, in seiner *History of the Angl. Sax.*, geht so gar so weit zu behaupten, dass die Stämme, von denen Britannien bevölkert wurde, hauptsächlich aus dem jetzigen Friesland gekommen seien: 'denn', sagte er, 'von allen Dialekten auf dem Continente scheint das Altfriesische dem Angelsächsischen unserer Vorfahren am nächsten zu kommen.' (Vergl. Palgrave's *Rise and Progress of the Commonwealth*. 41, 42.)

Kemble, in seinem neuesten Werke *'The Saxons in England'*, legt zwar der Erzählung Beda's sehr wenig historischen Werth bei: wie scharfsinnig er sich aber auch darüber aussprechen mag, so scheint es doch sehr unwahrscheinlich, dass sie in Bezug auf diejenigen Punkte ganz ohne Grund sein sollte, die uns hier vorzüglich angehen, nemlich: die Abstammung der Eindringenden nach Verschiedenheit der Stämme, die verschiedenen Gegenden, in denen sie sich niederliessen, so wie die Länder des Continents, aus denen sie zunächst kamen. Die Stammverschiedenheit der Sachsen und Angeln wird schon hinlänglich durch diese beiden allgemeinen Namen bewiesen, so wie durch die Benennungen gewisser besonderer Distrikte, wie Essex (Ost-Sachsen), Sussex (Süd-Sachsen), Wessex (West-Sachsen), East Anglia u. s. w.

In Bezug auf die *Jüten* indessen entbehren wir so klarer Beweise. Dr. Latham, ist in der 3. Ausgabe (1851) seines Werkes über die Englische Sprache, zu zeigen bemüht gewesen, dass, obschon Jütland in Dänemark ohne Zweifel seinen Namen von einem Volke, Jüten genannt, erhalten haben mag, die Ableitung irgend eines Theiles derjenigen Stämme, welche nach dem Falle des römischen Kaiserreiches in England eindrangen, von diesem Volke, ein Irrthum Beda's oder eines der früheren Schriftsteller sein müsse, von denen er abschrieb, indem er das celtische Element Wiht (in 'Wiht-saetan' die Bewohner der Insel Wight) mit dem ähnlichen Elemente in Vit-land oder With-land, einer andern Form für den Namen der gewöhnlich *Jütland* genannten Halbinsel, verwechselte. Nach neueren Schriftstellern scheint es übrigens festzustehen, dass das Land, aus welchem die Sachsen kamen, sich viel weiter westlich längs den Küsten der Nordsee, bis nach der Weser ja selbst bis an den Rhein, erstreckte.

Aus dieser **Britisch-Sächsischen Periode** (v. 450 — 780), während welcher das Christenthum in England eingeführt wurde, sind als Beförderer der Wissenschaften und somit der Sprache bekannt: Sanct Benedictus (623—690), Alcuin (736—804), St. Beda Venerabilis, der sogar schon über Grammatik schrieb, Bonifacius, der Apostel der Deutschen, Kilian, Coloman, Gallus, Arniralus und Tottmanus. Auch soll die Gründung der Universität Cambridge in diese Zeit fallen.

Als Schriftprobe dieser Epoche theilen wir, um im Handbuche nicht wieder darauf zurückzukommen, folgendes kleine alliterirende Stück von dem echten Ceadmon, nach zwei verschiedenen Handschriften mit:*)

*) S. Genesis der englischen Sprache, von J. A. Maennel, Leipzig 1846.

Hikkes. *)	*Wanley.*
Nu we sceolan herian	Nu scylun hergan
Heofon-rices weard	Hefaen ricaes uard
Metodes mihte.	Metudaes maecti
And his mod-ge-thonc.	End his mod gidanc
Wera wuldor faeder!	Verc uuldar fadur
Swa he wundra ge-hwaes.	Sue he uundra gihuaes.
Ece dryhten	Ecin drictin
Oord onstealde.	Ora stelidae.
He aerest ge-scéop	He aerist scopa
Ylda bearnum	Elda barnum
Heofon to hrófe,	Heben til hrofe
Halig scyppend!	Haleg scepen.
Tha middan-geard	Tha middun geard
Mon-cynnes weard,	Moncynnaes uard
Ece dryhten	Eci dryctin
Aefter teode.	Aefter tiadae
Firum foldan.	Firum foldu
Frea aelmihtig.	Frea almectig.

'Wir sollen preisen den Urheber des Himmelreiches, die Macht des Schöpfers, seinen Rath; die Thaten des Vaters, dem Ehre gebührt; dem Urheber der Wunder. Er ist der ewige Gott, der den Menschenkindern zuerst den Himmel zu ihrem Dache gab, und dann als allmächtiger Hüter des menschlichen Geschlechts ihnen die Erde schuf.' —

IV. In der letzteren Hälfte des 9. Jahrhunderts liess ein scandinavisches Volk, die D ä n e n, sich in einem grossen Theile des nordöstlichen Englands nieder.

Die frühste Nachricht von dem Erscheinen der Dänen in England findet sich in der 'S a x o n C h r o n i c l e', unter dem Jahre 787. Es heisst daselbst: 'Her nom Beorhtric cyning Offan dohtor Eadburhge to wiue. And on his dagum cuomon aerest 3 scipu Northmanna of Haeretha lande (?Haethena land, the land of the heathen). And tha se gerefa thaerto rad, and hie wolde drifan to thaes cyninges tune, thy be nyste hwaet hie waeron; and hiene mon thaer ofslog. Thaet waeron tha aerestan scipu Deniscra monna the Eangelcynnes lond gesohton.' ('This year took king Beorhtric-of-Wessex king Offa's daughter Eadburhge to wife. And in his days came first three ships of Northmen from Haeretha land. And then the reeve thereto rode; and them would have driven to the king's town, because he wist not what they were; and him they there slew. These were the first ships of Danish men that sought the land of the English race.') — Im Jahre 867 nahmen die Dänen den ganzen östlichen Theil des Königreichs Northumbria im Besitz, (d. h. die jetzigen Grafschaften Northumberland, Durham, York,) ferner Cumberland, Westmoreland, Lancashire längs der westlichen Küste: ihnen folgten viele der bedeuteren Städte in Mercia; dann kam East-Anglia (Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge); später sogar Wessex, so dass im Jahre 878, König A l f r e d zuletzt froh war, mit Godrum,

*) In diesem Stücke sind wir der Orthographie gefolgt, wie sie C h a m b e r s in seiner C y c l o p a e d i a I. pg. 2. mittheilt.

oder Guthrun, dem Dänenkönige oder Anführer, einen Vertrag schliessen zu können, laut welchem er den Fremdlingen das ganze Land längs der östlichen Küste von der Humber bis zur Themse abtrat. Hier also, so wie in ihrem eroberten Reiche Northumbria liessen sich die Dänen wahrscheinlich in beträchtlicher Anzahl nieder, und obschon sie als Unterthanen des englischen Königs betrachtet wurden, hatten sie doch ihre eignen Gesetze, so dass dieser Theil des Königreichs von nun an unter dem Namen Danelagh (Dane law) bekannt wurde.

Während der ganzen Zeit der dänischen Herrschaft wurden indessen die Gesetze auch für die englischen Unterthanen in ihrer eigenen (dänischen) Sprache bekannt gemacht.

Es ist kein Grund zu der Annahme vorhanden, dass die Dänen ihren Besitz je über die Gränzen desjenigen Gebiets ausgedehnt hätten, welches ihnen unter der Regierung Alfreds überlassen wurde.

Diese **Dänisch-Sächsische Periode** war für die Bereicherung der Sprache von wesentlichem Nutzen, obgleich die in die Landessprache neu eingeführten Wörter bereits einer stammverwandten Sprache angehörten; nicht nur gingen die dänischen *Vorsilben*

a = aback, away, aloud, aboard, above, anew, afar, abase, abash,
be = before, began, befall, befriend,
for (das deutsche ver) = forget, forbid, forbear,
mis = misgive, misadvise, misbehave, misbelief und
un = unbrace, undaunted, undone;

sowie die dänischen *Nachsilben*

ard = coward; *ed* (für Partic. pass.) created; *el* (deutsch) bowel;
er = angler; *en* = leaden; *ess* = abbess; *ey* (das deutsche *ei*) abbey;
ing = breeding; *ish* = apish; *le* = apple; *ly* (das deutsche *lich*) accordingly;
ness (das deutsche *niss*) Cursedness; *ship* (das deutsche *schaft*) friendship;
y (das deutsche *ig*) almighty;

in die Sprache über, sondern man dachte gegen Ende dieser Periode bereits daran, die Orthographie der angelsächsischen Wörter zu vereinfachen und die unbequemen angelsächsischen Schriftzeichen gegen die bessern französischen zu vertauschen. So wurde aus

Aecre, acre;	*beo*, bee;	*faeger*, fair;
aetter, adder;	*bodig*, body;	*feelan*, feel;
aefter, after:	*bosme*, bosom;	*feorer*, four;
agan, ago;	*bringan*, bring;	*gandra*, gander;
eallewaega, always;	*caeppe*, cap;	*getan*, get;
ancleov, ankle;	*cleofan*, cleave;	*halgian*, hallow;
anig, any;	*dohter*, daughter;	*hatian*, hate;
asca, ashes;	*drig*, dry;	*hyran*, hear;
asundran, asunder;	*etan*, eat;	*heafig*, heavy;
beran, bear;	*ebba*, ebb;	*hunig*, hony u. A. m.

Als Sprachprobe dieser Epoche diene folgende Vorrede zu der Geschichte Orosii, von Alfred dem Grossen. *)

*) Entlehnt aus dem bereits angezogenen Werke Maennels, der sie aus Spelman's Vita Alfredi, London 1678 gezogen. In der Uebersetzung weichen wir nur wenig von ihm ab.

Ohthaere saede his hlaforde Aelfrede Kyninege thaet he ealra Northmanna Northmest bude; he cwaeth thaet he bude on thaem lande northweardum with tha waest sae· he saede theah thaet land sy swithe north thanon· ac hit is eall weste buton on feawum stowum· stice maelum wiciath Finnas· on huntathe on wintra· and on sumera on fiscothe be thaere sae.

Ohther sagte seinem Herrn, dem Könige Alfred, dass er unter allen Normannen *nordmeist* wohne; er sagte, dass er in dem Lande wohne (welches) nordwärts an die Westsee (stösst); er sagte, dass sich dieses Land weit gegen Mitternacht erstrecke, und völlig wüst sei, mit Ausnahme weniger Orte, wo einige Finnen wohnten, (welche) von der Jagd im Winter und im Sommer von dem Fischfange leben.

He saede thaet he aet sumum cyrre wolde sandian hu lange thaet land north rihte laege· oth the hwaether aenig man benortham thaem westene bude: tha for he north rihte be thaem lande· let him ealne weg thaet weste lande on that steor bord· and tha wid sae on baec baec bord thry dagas: tha wes he swa feor north swa swa hwael huntan fyrrest farath:· tha for he tha gyt north ryhte· swa he mihte on thaem othrum thrim dagum geseglian· tha beah thaet land wer eart rihte· oththe sio sae in on thaet land· he nyste hwaether u. s. w.

Er sagte, dass er einmal habe untersuchen wollen, wie weit dieses Land nach dem Norden läge, oder ob noch Menschen im Norden dieser Küste wohneten. Deswegen sei er immer nordwärts gereist; habe das wüste Land am Steerboard (rechts) und die offne See am Back-board (links) drei Tage (lang gesehen); da sei er so weit nordwärts (gelangt) bis wohin die Wallfischjäger zu gehen pflegen. Von da an sei er (noch) weiter nordwärts, so weit er in drei Tagen kommen möchte, gesegelt. Da habe sich das Land nach Osten erstrecket. Ob aber ein Meer innerhalb des Landes sei, wisse er nicht etc. —

V. Die **Normännisch-Sächsische Periode** (1066—1400). Ein weiterer wichtiger Punkt für die Entwicklung der Sprache ist die in der Mitte des 11. Jahrhunderts erfolgte Eroberung Englands durch die Normannen (Wilhelm der Eroberer 1066), die, ursprünglich Dänen, nach einem vergeblichen Versuche sich in England festzusetzen, sich nach der gegenüberliegenden Küste Frankreichs begeben und dort von Karl III. die heutige Normandie erhalten hatten. Schon nach einigen Generationen gaben sie hier die Sprache ihrer Vorfahren auf, und nahmen dafür die Sprache des Landes an, in welchem sie sich niedergelassen hatte. Nach anderthalb Jahrhunderten zogen diese französischen Normannen mit ihrem Herzoge Wilhelm II., abermals gegen England aus und eroberten es. Durch Wilhelm und seinen Hof, das zahlreiche Gefolge von französischen Rittern und Vasallen, durch die Soldaten und die Landeigner, die sich in Folge dieser Umwälzung in England niederliessen, kam auch die von ihnen gesprochene französische Sprache auf die Insel und fand bald eine weite Verbreitung. — Das Französische schied sich damals in zwei grosse Dialecte, in den einen, südlich von der Loire gesprochenen, *langue d'Oc,* und den andern, nördlich von diesem Flusse, *langue d'Oyl. Oc* und *Oyl*, jetzt in *oui* vocalisirt, waren Ausdrücke der Zustimmung in beiden Dialecten. Der südliche hiess auch oft das Provençalische, weil die Dichter, welche im 12. Jahrhunderte, zur Zeit seiner Blüthe, darin schrieben, bei Hofe hauptsächlich von dem Grafen der Provence begünstigt wurden. Zwar war es der nördliche Dialect, welcher mit der normännischen Eroberung sich in England ausbreitete; doch muss nach einem Jahrhundert auch die provençalische Sprache und Literatur daselbst bekannt geworden sein durch die Thronbesteigung *Heinrich Plantagenet's* als *Heinrich II.*, dessen Verbindung mit *Eleonore von Poitou* ihn u. A. auch in den Besitz von

Poitou und Guienne im Südwesten Frankreichs brachte. Mehre provençalische Compositionen werden seinem Sohne und Nachfolger Richard dem Ersten zugeschrieben.

Wilhelm der Eroberer begnügte sich indessen keineswegs damit, die französische Sprache, neben der bestehenden Landessprache, einer kümmerlichen Existenz verfallen zu lassen; er wollte vielmehr die Letztere radikal ausrotten, und erliess demgemäss Dekrete, nach welchen

1) bei Hofe nur französisch gesprochen werden durfte,
2) kein Beamter, sowohl in staatlicher wie kirchlicher Beziehung, bei irgend welchem öffentlichen Akte sich der vorgefundenen Landessprache bedienen durfte,
3) alle Kinder zur Erlernung der französischen Sprache angehalten wurden und in den Grammar Schools nur diese und nur in derselben gelehrt werden sollte.*)

Ausserdem wurden die Normannen bei der Vertheilung der öffentlichen Aemter und mit Belehnung grosser Güter so begünstigt, dass den Eingebornen bald wenig mehr zu hoffen übrig blieb, wenn sie diesen Anordnungen widerstrebten.

Somit gerieth das Angelsächsische allmälig dergestalt in Verfall und Verachtung, dass sogar jeder Fuhrknecht es verschmähte, sich seiner ferner zu bedienen und es vorzog, in der neuen Hofsprache zu radebrechen.**) Indessen verhielt es sich hiermit im Allgemeinen wie mit jeder neuen Mode — sie ging vorüber, und die bisher missachtete Volkssprache gewann an um so erhöhterem Interesse und Werthe, je mehr gegen das Ende dieser Epoche die Macht der Barone zum Sinken kam und der *bürgerliche Stand* mehr Ansehen und Gewalt erlangte; allein man fand die urthümliche Volkssprache in ihrem früheren Gewande nirgends wieder; die allmälige Verschmelzung des Angelsächsischen mit dem Französischen war bereits zu weit gediehen um Ersteres wieder rein herzustellen; auch war es darauf wohl nicht abgesehen, vielmehr wurde grade dieses bunte Gemisch, das während dreier Jahrhunderte Zeit genug gehabt hatte, sich durch viele Schichten der Gesellschaft hindurch abzurunden, und in welchem das angelsächsische Element noch immer das wesentlich Vorherrschende geblieben war, durch Eduard III. (reg. 1327—1350) zur *Hof- und Landessprache* erhoben und fortan mit Liebe und Talent gepflegt. —

Der Bestand der Sprache war ein wesentlich anderer geworden. Viele Wörter waren ohne jede sichtbare Veränderung aus dem Französischen in dieselbe übergegangen; andere hatten geringe Veränderungen erlitten, wie: Abatement, garden, buckler, advancer, cry, plead u. s. w., noch andere waren nur abgekürzt worden, wie *couch* von coucher, *covet* von convoiter, *damsel* von demoiselle u. A.; Dänische Wörter waren französirt, und eine bedeutende Menge lateinischer Wörter durch das Französische aufgenommen worden, wie: Audacious,

*) Thomas Tyrwhitt theilt hierüber in seiner Einleitung zu den Canterbury tales (I., 17.) folgendes interessantes Bruchstück aus Hygden's *Polychronicon* (before the reign of Richard II.) mit:

'This apayringe of the birthe tonge is by cause of tweye thinges: oon is for children in scole, azenes the usage and manner of alle other naciouns, beth compelled for to leve her owne langage, and for to constrewe her lessouns and her thingis a Frensche, and haveth siththe that the Normans come first into England. Also gentil mennes children beth ytauzt for to speke Frensche, from the tyme that thei beth rokked in her cradel, and kunneth speke and playe with a childes brooche. And uplondish men wole likne hem self to gentil men, and fondeth with grete bisynesse for to speke Frensche, for to be the more ytold of.'

**) S. hierüber William Harrison, 'On the languages of Britain' und Warton's 'history of the English poets'. I. 2. ff.

Liberal, Possible, Implacable, Nature, Grace, Clemency, Ingenious, Ornament, Vice, Infant, Union, Nectar, Honour, Image, Multitude, Majesty, Virtue, Poem, Poesy, Name, Dame, Page, Tent u. A.

Ferner waren die neuen *Vorsilben* ac, com, con, em, en, ob, pre, re, sub und sur und die *Nachsilben* ance, ant, ate, ble, bly, cal, cle, cy, ous, eer, ier, en, ence, ent, ial, ian, ic, ist, ive, ion, sion, tion, ment, or, ple, tive, ure und y hinzugetreten; aus Endungen lateinischer Wörter neue gemacht, die Buchstaben x, k, qu und z dem Alphabete hinzugefügt und durch Buchstabenveränderungen und Ausstossungen eine grosse Zahl neuer Wörter gebildet worden. —

Jene frühere Neigung zur Annahme der französischen Sprache lässt sich schon aus dem Umstande erklären, dass eine nicht unbeträchtliche Anzahl lateinischer Wörter theils während der 400jährigen Herrschaft der Römer in Britannien, theils später durch die christlichen Missionaire direkt in die Landessprache übergegangen waren, die, bei ihrer grossen Affinität mit den betreffenden französischen Ausdrücken es selbst dem gemeinen Mann leicht machen mussten, sich dem Willen der normännischen Eroberer zu fügen und sich dadurch vielleicht für ihre ganze bürgerliche Existenz nicht unerhebliche Vortheile zu verschaffen.

Da es, um die Entwickelung irgend einer Sprache mit Genauigkeit angeben zu können nothwendig scheint, dass man

1) eine vollständige, chronologische Liste der Autoren besitze;

2) dass man von diesen Autoren mit Bestimmtheit sagen könne, sie haben wenigstens richtig geschrieben, und

3) dass ihre Schriften ohne Fehler copirt worden seien; in der englischen Sprache aber, im ersten Jahrhunderte nach der Eroberung, es kaum irgend welche Autoren gab und wir von denen, die vor Chaucer schrieben und deren Schriften uns erhalten worden sind, jedes Zeugnisses des Beifalls ihrer Zeitgenossen oder ihrer Nachfolger entbehren; vielmehr die Copien derjenigen ihrer Schriften, die wir besitzen, im Allgemeinen so voller Ungenauigkeiten sind, dass es Einem oft schwer wird sich zu versichern, man habe wirklich ein Werk des betreffenden Autors vor sich, so begnügen wir uns hier, einige der hauptsächlichsten grammatischen Eigenthümlichkeiten zusammenzustellen, durch welche das Angelsächsische von dem, was wir jetzt Englisch nennen, abweicht.

Substantive und Adjective haben drei Geschlechter: Masc. Fem. Neutr.

Die Casus werden durch Abwandlung gebildet:

Singularis	Nom.	*a, e, u, ow* oder ein Consonant,
	Acc.	*e, u, ow* oder ein Consonant,
	Dat. u. Abl.	*a, e,* oder ein Consonant, gewöhnlich *an* oder *um,*
	Gen.	*a, e,* oder ein Consonant, gewöhnlich *es* oder *an.*
Pluralis	Nom.	*a, e, u,* oder ein Consonant, gewöhnlich *an* oder *as,*
	Acc.	immer wie der Nominatif.
	Dat. u. Abl.	immer *um,*
	Gen.	gewöhnlich *a, ena,* oder *ra,* zuweilen u.

Sowohl der unbestimmte Artikel *ân,* wie der bestimmte *se, seô, thaet* werden declinirt wie die Adjectiva: der letztere wird zugleich als demonstratives und relatives Pronomen gebraucht. Das relative Pronomen wird auch oft durch das undeclinirbare *the,* den jetzigen bestimmten Artikel ausgedrückt, der unbestimmte Artikel ist im Angelsächsischen zuweilen *sum,* oft bleibt er ganz weg.

Die persönlichen Pronomina *Ic* (I), *thû* (thou), *he, héo, hit* (he, ho, it) so wie die

possessiven und interrogativen Pronomina werden ebenfalls sämmtlich declinirt. *He* und *hit* haben im Genit. Sing. *his: héo* hat *hire*, daher augenscheinlich das jetzige *his* und *her*. Das engl. *their* scheint der Genit. plur. *hira*, und *they* der Nom. plur. *hî* zu sein. *Him* dagegen ist der angelsächsische Dativ Sing. Masc. und Neutr., so wie der Dat. Plur. in allen drei Geschlechtern.

Bei den angelsächsischen Zeitwörtern endet der Infinit. in *an:* das erste Part. in *ende*, das zweite in *od, ed* oder *d*. Die Vorsilbe *ge* findet sich in allen Formen des Zeitworts, hauptsächlich aber in denen der Vergangenheit. Im Indicatif des Praesens endet die 2. Person in *ast* oder *st*, die 3. in *ath* oder *th;* der ganze Plural in *ath*. Der Singular des Perfects hat im Indicatif *de, dest, de;* der Plural in beiden durchgehends *don*.

Die Angelsachsen hatten ferner *drei* Vocalendungen, a, e, u, um die Casus des Substantivs und die verschiedenen Conjugationen des Verbs zu unterscheiden. Im *Alt-Englischen* wurden alle diese Endungen durch *e* repräsentirt; das Wegfallen dieses *e* ist das characteristische Merkmal des modernen Dialects.

SPRACHPROBEN:

XI. JAHRHUNDERT.

Aus dem Saxon Chronicle, upon the death of William the Conqueror. († 1087.)

Thet he nam be rihte
And mid mycelan un-rihte
Of his leode
For littelre neode —
He saette mycel deor-frith,
And he laegde laga ther with, —
He forbead tha heortas,
Swylce eac tha baras;
Swa swithe he lufode tha hea-deor
Swylce he waere heora faeder.
Eac he saette be tham haran,
That hi mosten freo faran —

das Stück schliesst mit den Worten:

Se ael-mihtiga God
Kithe his saule mild-heortnisse
And do him his synna forgifenesse.

XII. JAHRHUNDERT.

1) Godric (died in 1170) —

Seinte Marie, Christes bur,
Meidenes clenhad, moderes flur,

Dilie mine sennen, rixe in min mod
Bringe me to winne with selfe God. —

hoc Canticum (lautet das M. S.) potest hoc modo in Latinum transferri.

Sancta Maria, Christi thalamus,
Virginalis puritas, matris flos,
Dele mea crimina, regna in mente mea,
Duc me ad felicitatem cum solo Deo.

2) Vom Jahre 1180 besitzen wir ein Werk in Versen, von nicht unbeträchtlicher Länge, 'The Chronicle of Layamon', welches unter dem Titel: '*Layamon's Brut, or Chronicle of Britain; a poetical Semi-Saxon Paraphrase of the Brut of Wace*', (*London* 1847) erschienen ist. — Wace war ein normännischer Dichter, dessen metrische Chronik '*Brut d'Angleterre*', um die Mitte des 12. Jahrhunderts geschrieben zu sein scheint. Layamon, der sich einen Priester von *Ernleye*, d. i. *Areley-Regis*, bei *Stourport in Worcestershire*, nennt (vergl. Guest, in der *Penny Cyclopaedia*, XX. 488.), scheint gegen Ende desselben Jahrhunderts, oder in der ersten Hälfte des zweiten Jahrhunderts nach der Eroberung geschrieben zu haben. *Sir Fred. Madden*, der Herausgeber des aus 14,000 langen Versen bestehenden Werkes Layamon's sagt in der Vorrede: 'die Sprache Layamon's gehört jener Uebergangsperiode an, in welcher das Fundament der angelsächsischen Phraseologie und Grammatik noch bestand, obschon es bereits dem Einflusse der Volkssprache nachzugeben begann. Wir finden darin ein deutliches Streben nach jenen Endungen, welche eine Sprache als in einem Zustande des Wechsels begriffen, characterisirt. Einige besondere Eigenthümlichkeiten, wodurch sie sich von dem rein Angelsächsischen unterscheidet, sind: der Gebrauch des *a* als Artikel — die Verwandlung der angelsächsischen Endung *a* in *an* und *e* in *en* — das Wegfallen der weiblichen Endung bei den Adjectiven und dem Pronomen — die Einführung des *to* vor dem Infinitiv — der fortwährende Gebrauch von *en* statt *on* in den Pluralen der Verben und die häufige Elision des *e* am Ende.' Als Probe von Layamon's Sprache theilen wir die folgende Beschreibung mit, von der Bewaffnung Prinz Arthur's vor der berühmten Schlacht bei Bath oder Baddon Hill.

„He heng an his sweore aene sceld deore;
His nome was on Brutise Pridwen ihaten:
Ther was innen igrauen mid rede golde stanen
An onlicnes deore of Drihtenes moder.
His spere he nom an honde, the Ron was ihaten.
Tha he hafden al his iweden tha leop he on his steden.
Tha he mihte behalden tha bihalues stoden
Thene naeireste eniht the verde scolde leden;
Ne isach naevere na man selere eniht nenne
Thenne him wes Arthur, athelest cunnes.

Wörtlich:

He hung on his neck a dear shield;
His name was in British called Pridwen:
There was within engrawen with red gold tracings
A dear likeness of the Lord's mother.

His spear he took in hand that was called Ron.
When he had all his weeds (accoutrements), then leapt he on his steed.
Then they might behold that beside stood
The fairest knight that host should lead:
Nor saw never no man better knight none
Than was Arthur, he noblest of kin.

3) Aus dem 'historischen Gedichte' des *Layamon*, nach Ellis 1180, nach Turner 1200.

Arthur lai alle longe night	*Arthur lay all the long night*
And spac with thene geonge cniht,	*And spoke with that young knight,*
Swa naver nillde:	*So never would he have:*
Ne him sagge	*Nor say to him*
Soth hu hit ferde.	*Truly how it went.*
Tha hit was dai a margen,	*Then it was day in the morning*
And dugethe gon sturien.	*And the nobles began to stir.*
Arthur tha up aras	*Arthur rose up*
And strehte his armes.	*And stretched his arms.*

4) Zugleich mit Layamon's Chronicle wird gewöhnlich ein anderes Werk unter dem Titel: *Ormulum,* angeführt, sogenannt von seinem Verfasser Ormin oder Orm. Bis jetzt sind nur einzelne Auszüge daraus gedruckt worden. Wir geben als Probe die '*Dedication by the Author of the Ormulum to his brother*'.

Nu, brotherr Wallterr, brotherr min afterr the flaeshes kinde,
And brotherr min i Christendom thurrh fulluhht and thurrh trowwthe;
And brother min i Godess hus, yet o the thridde wise,
Thurrh thatt witt hafenn takenn ha an reghell boc to follghen,
Vnnderr kanunnkess had and lif, swa summ Sannt Awwstin sette;
Icc hafe don swa summ thu hadd and fortheddte thin wille;
Icc hafe wennd inntill Ennglissh goddspelless halghe lare,
Affterr thatt little witt tatt me min Drihhten hafelhth lenedd.
Now, brother Walter, brother mine after the flesh's kind,
And brother mine in Christendom, through baptism and through truth (faith);
And brother mine in God's house, yet in the third wise,
Through (for) that we have taken both one rule-book to follow,
Under (the) canon's rank and life so as Saint Austin ruled;
I have done so as thou badest and furthered thy will;
I have turned into English (the) Gospel's holy lore,
After that little with that me my Lord hath lend.

Vergleicht man das Werk des Layamon mit dem Ormulum, so drängen sich sofort die stärksten Zweifel auf in Bezug auf die gewöhnliche Annahme, wonach sie einer und derselben Zeit angehören sollen. Die Grammatik des Layamon ist mehr als halb

Sächsisch und es ist die Frage, ob sich in der des Ormulum noch eine Spur des Sächsischen findet: Letzteres Werk gehört wahrscheinlich in die letztere Hälfte des 13. Jahrhunderts. (Vergl. Guest, *Engl. Rhythms,* II. 208.)

XIII. JAHRHUNDERT.

Nach der Mitte des 13. Jahrhunderts nimmt die Sprache die allgemeine Gestalt des Englischen an, wie es jetzt geschrieben und gesprochen wird.

Wir haben aus dieser Periode, als eine Probe des ächtesten Englisch, (wie es sich vom Sächsischen oder halben Sächsischen unterscheidet), eine Proclamation Heinrich's III. an die Bewohner in Huntingdonshire, vom Jahre 1258. — Das Original befindet sich unter den 'Patent Rolls' im Tower zu London.

Doch kann dies Document kaum als eine getreue Probe der Sprache der damaligen Zeit betrachtet werden: wie alle dergleichen Documente enthält es eine grosse Zahl hergebrachter Formen, die wahrscheinlich in der gewöhnlichen Sprache und Schrift schon veraltet waren. Das Englische in der Proclamation von 1258 ist weit weniger modern, als das des Ormulum, und enthält eben so viel Sächsisches, sowohl in Bezug auf Worte als auf Grammatik, als Layamon's Chronik, wenn nicht mehr.

PROCLAMATION OF HENRY III. TO THE INHABITANTS OF HUNTINGDONSHIRE. A. D. 1258.

Henr', thurg Godes fultume, King on Engleneloande, Lhoaverd on Yrloand, Duk on Norm', on Aquitain', and Eorl on Aniou, send igretinge to alle hise halde, ilaerde and ilaewed, on Huntendon'schir'.

Thaet witen ye wel alle thaet we willen and unnen thaet thaet ure raedesmen, alle other the moare dael of heom, thaet beoth ichosem thurg us and thurg thaet loandes folk on ure kuneriche, habbeth idon, and schullen don, in the worthnesse of Gode, and on ure treowthe, for the freme of the loande, thurg the besigte of than to foreniseide redesmen, beo stedefaest and ilestinde in alle thinge abuten sende.

And he hoaten alle ure treowe, in the treow the thaet heo us ogen, thaet heo stedefaesliche healden and swerien to healden, and to werien the isetnesses thet beon inakede and beo to makien, thurg than to foren iseide raedesmen, other thurg the moare dael of heom, alswo alse bit is biforon iseid.

And thaet aehc other helpe thaet for to done, bi tham ilche othe, agenes alle men in alle thaet heo oght for to done and to foangen. And noan ne mine of loande, ne of eghteohaero, thurg his besigte, muge beon ilet other iwersed

(Henry, through God's help, King in England, Lord in Ireland, Duke in Normandy, in Aquitain, and Earl in Anjou, sends greeting to all his subjets, learned and lay, in Huntingdonshire.

This know ye well all that we will and grant that that our counsellors, all or the more part of them, that be chosen through us and through the land's folk in our kingdom, have done and shall do, in the honour of God an in our truth (allegiance) for the good of the land, through the business (act) of those toforesaid counsellors, be steadfast and lasting in all things but (without) end.

And we enjoin all our lieges, in the truth (allegiance) that they us owe, that they steadfastly hold, and swear to hold and to defend the ordinances that be made and be to make through the toforesaid counsellors, or through the more part of them, also as it before said.

And that each other help that for to do, by them (to) each other against all men, (in all that they) ought for to do and to promote. And none, nor of my land nor elsewhere, through this business may be let (hindered) or damaged

on onie wise. And gif oni other onie cumen her ongenes, we willen and hoaten, thaet alle ure treowe heom healden deadlicheistan.

And for thaet we willen thaet this beo stedefaest and lestinde, we senden yew this writ open, iseined with ure seel, to halden amanges yew ine hord. Witnesse usselven aet Lunden', thane eghtetenthe day on the monthe of Octobr', in the two and fowertighthe yeare uf ure cruninge.

in any wise. And if any man or any woman, come them against, we will and enjoin that all our lieges them hold deadly foes.

And, for that we will that this be steadfast and lasting, we send you this writ open, signed with our seal, to hold amongst you in hoard (store). Witness ourselves at London, this eighteenth day in the month of October, in the two and fortieth year of our crowning.)

XIV. JAHRHUNDERT.

Die beiden hauptsächlichsten, dieser Periode angehörenden Werke sind: The Rhyming Chronicles of Robert of Gloucester und The Chronicle of Robert of Bruce.

Das erstere wurde von Thomas Hearne, 1724, herausgegeben; der Verfasser, ein Mönch von Gloucester Abbey, lebte unter Heinrich III. und Edward I. Folgende Stelle ist merkwürdig schon in Bezug auf die Geschichte der Sprache:

1) Aus dem Rhyming Chronicles of Robert Gloucester.

'Thuse come lo! Engelond into Normannes honde,
And the Normans ne couthe speke tho bote her owe speche,
And speke French as dude atom, and here chyldren dude al so teche;
So that heymen of thys lond, that of her blod come,
Holdeth alle thulke speche that hii of hem nome.
Vor bote a man couthe French me tolth of hym wel lute;
Ac lowe men holdeth to Englyss and to her kunde speche yute.
Ich wene ther ne be man in world contreyes none
That ne holdeth to her kunde speche, bot Engelond one.
Ac wel me wot vor to conne both wel yt ys;
Vor the more that a man con, the more worth he ys.'

Thus came lo! England into Normans'-hand. And the Normans not could speak then but their own speech, and spake French as (they) did at home, and their children did all so teach: so that high men of this land, that of their blood come, hold all the same speech that they of them took; for but a man know French men tell (recken) of him well little: but low men hold to English and to their natural speech yet. I wen there not be man in world countries none that not holdeth to their natural speech but England (al-) one. But well I wot for to know both well it is: for the more that a man knows, the more worth he is.

Einige Eigenthümlichkeiten Gloucester's sind wahrscheinlich dem Umstande zuzuschreiben, dass er in dem Dialecte schrieb, welcher im Westen Englands gesprochen wurde.

2) Robert of Brunne, d. i. *Bourne* (Kloster in Lincolnshire), schrieb wahrscheinlich in dem, im Osten einheimischen Dialecte. Sein wirklicher Name scheint Robert Manning gewesen zu sein und seiner eignen Angabe, in einem Prologe zur Chronik, zu Folge, worin er sagt, dass das ganze Werk unter der Regierung Eduards III., geschrieben wurde, würde er ohngefähr ein halbes Jahrhundert später als Gloucester zu setzen sein. Manning's Werk besteht aus zwei Theilen; der erste enthält eine Uebersetzung von Wace's Brut, in achtsilbigen, gereimten Zeilen, nach demselben Originale, welches Layamon seinem Werke zu Grunde gelegt hatte; der zweite Theil ist eine Uebersetzung einer französischen Chronik, in Alexandrinern, und ist allein im Druck erschienen. (v. Hearne, 1725.) — R. de Brunne erklärt an mehren Stellen ausdrücklich, dass er *englisch* schreibe, und ist vielleicht der erste Schriftsteller nach der Eroberung, welcher der Sprache entschieden diesen Namen giebt.

Aus dem Prologe zum *ersten* Theil der Chronik, (abgedruckt in Hearne's Vorrede zum *zweiten* Theile).

'Lordynges (Lords) that be now here,
If ye will listene and lere (learn)
All the story of Inglande,
Als (as) Robert Mannyng wryten it fand
And on (in) Inglysch has it schewed,
Not for the lered (learned) bot for the lewed, (unlearned);
For tho (those) that in this lond wonn (dwell)
That the Latin no Frankys conn (Latin nor French know)
For to haf solace and gamen (game, enjoyment)
In felawship when thai (they) sitt samen. (together).'

'After the Bretons the Inglis camen;
The lordschip of this lande thai namen;
South and north, west and est,
That calle men now the Inglis gest. (history ?)
Wen thai first amang the Bretons,
That now ere (are) Inglis, than (then) were Saxons,
Saxons, Inglis, hight alle oliche' (were called all alike.)

'I mad noght for no discours (discurs, professed taletellers)
Ne (nor) for no seggers (sayers, reciters) no (nor) harpours,
But for the luf (love) of symple men,
That strange Inglis can not ken (understand)
For many it ere (there are) that strange Inglis
In ryme wate (wot, know) neuer what it is.'

'Of Brunne I am, if any me blame;
Robert Mannyng is my name:
Blissed be he of God of heuene (heaven)
That me Robert with gude wille neuene (named).
In the third Edward's tyme was I
When I wrote alle this story.
In the hous of Sixille I was a throwe (while);
Dans (Dominus) Robert of Maltone, that ye know
Did it write for felawes (fellows', brother monks') sake
When thai wild solace make.'

3) Wichtig ist ferner folgendes Fragment aus Trevisa (the augmenter of Higden's Polychronicon), 1385, worin der Verfall der französischen Sprache und das Wiederaufblühen der englischen konstatirt wird.

This maner was myche yused to fore the first moreyn, and is siththe som del ychaungide. For John Cornwaile, a maistre of grammar scole and construction of french into Englisch, and Richard Pencriche lerned that maner teching of him, and other men of Pencriche. So that now, the zere of oure lord a thousand thre hundred foure score and fyve (1385), of the secunde king Rychard after the Conquest nyne, in alle the gramer scoles of Englond children leveth Frensch, and construeth and lerneth an English, and haveth therby avauntage in oon side and desavauntage in another. Her avauntage is, that thei lerneth her grammer in lasse tyme than children were wont to do. Desavauntage is, that now children of grammer scole kunneth no more Frensch than can her lifte heele. And this is harm for hem, and thei schul passe the see and travaile in strange londes, and in many other places also. Also gentel men haveth now mych ylefte for to teche her children Frensch.

4) Covetousness. Von Robert Langlande (lebte in der Mitte des 14. Jahrhund.).

And thanne cam Covestise, kan I him nat discrive,
So hungerly and hollowe, so sternely he lok'd:
He was bittle-browed and barbur-lipped bothe;
With two blerid eiyen as a blynde hagge,
And as a letherne pors lollid his chekes,
Well syder than his chyune thei cheverid for elde:
And as a Bond-man of his bacon his berd was bydrivelid:
With an hood on his hede and a lowsy hatte above,
And in a tawnie tabard, of twelve winter age,
Alto toryn and baudy (dirty) and full of lyce creping;
But yf that a louse could have lopen the bettre,
She had not walkid on the welte, so was it thredbar.

5) Der Verfasser des 1. prosaischen Original-Werkes ist Sir John Mandeville. Von Unternehmungsgeist getrieben, beschloss er das 'heilige Land' zu besuchen und zog aus 'in the yeer of our Lord Jesu 1322.' Seinen Angaben zufolge will er gewandert sein: 'thorghe Tartarye, Percye, Ermonye the lytylle and the grete; thorghe Lybye, Caldee and a grete partie of Ethiope; thorghe Amazyone and thorghe out many othere iles that ben abouten Jude.' Er trat in die Dienste des Sultans von Egypten, den er auf seinen Zügen gegen die Beduinen begleitete. Später focht er unter dem Grosskhan der Tartarei und 'alongst with four other knights was his soudyoure fifteen monethes agenst tke kyng of Mancy that helde werre agenst him.' Nach manchen Gefahren und Unglücksfällen kehrte er endlich, nach einer Abwesenheit von 34 Jahren, in sein Vaterland (1356) zurück, und schrieb sein Werk: 'Voiage and Travaille' handelnd 'of the way to Hierusalem and of the marveiyles of Inde,' welches zugleich in das Lateinische und Französische übersetzt wurde.

Was er wirklich sah, scheint er im Allgemeinen mit vieler Treue wiedergegeben zu haben: namentlich ist er reich an Schilderungen der Sitten und Gebräuche der Nationen, unter denen er lebte. Doch giebt er zu, Vieles von Andern entlehnt zu haben, was er zu beobachten nicht Gelegenheit fand, so dass das Buch eine merkwürdige Mischung von

Wahrheit und Dichtung ist. Er war übrigens der Erste, welcher behauptete, dass die Erde rund sei und umschifft werden könne.

In that lond, ne in many othere bezonde that, no man may see the sterre transmontane, that is clept the sterre of the see, that is unmevable, and that is toward the Northe, that we clepen the lode sterre. But men seen another sterre, the contrarie to him, that is toward the Southe, that is clept Antartyk. And right as the schip men taken here avys here, and governe hem be the lode sterre, right so don schip men bezonde the parties, be the sterre of the Southe, the which sterre apperethe not to us. And this sterre, that is toward the Northe, that we clepen the lode sterre, ne apperethe not to them. For which cause, men may wel perceyve, that the lond and the see ben of rownde schapp and forme. For the partie of the firmament schewethe in o contree, that schewethe not in another contree. And men may well preven be experience and sotyle compassement of wytt, that zif a man fond passages be schippes, that wolde go to serchen the world, men myghte go be schippe alle aboute the world, and aboven and benethen u. s. w. —

VI. Englische Periode. Einmal zur Hof- und Landessprache erhoben und durch das mildernde e am Ende der Silben wesentlich in der Aussprache verfeinert, schritt die neue Englische Sprache nunmehr mit Riesenschritten ihrer endlichen Entwickelung und Vollendung um so mehr entgegen, als die im Jahre 1474 durch den Kaufmann William Caxton nach England gebrachte *Buchdruckerkunst,* trotz des 30jährigen Krieges zwischen der *rothen und der weissen Rose*, nicht verfehlte den grössten Erfolg herbeizuführen; sogar dieser Krieg blieb nicht ohne wichtige, vortheilhafte Folgen, denn der grösste Theil des normännischen Adels unterlag, während der Bürgergeist erstarkte. Aus der Verschmelzung der nordfranzösischen Hofpoesie und der volksthümlichen Heldensagen und Balladen entstand die Englische Nationalpoesie, als deren Vater man gewöhnlich Chaucer nennt; er hinterliess auch Einiges in Prosa. Ausserdem gehört noch hierher: Fortescue 'Difference between absolute and limited monarchy' 1474. Zu ihrer weiteren Bereicherung ward jeder passende Ausdruck anderer alter und moderner Sprachen herangezogen, wodurch sie allmälig einen Wortreichthum erhielt, mit welchem schwerlich irgend eine andre Sprache der Welt wetteifern dürfte.

Dass sie aber auch bei dieser seltsamen Zusammenbringung der verschiedenartigsten Wörter und Wortformen viel an grammatischer und syntaktischer Schönheit einbüssen musste, liegt vor der Hand. Die Deklination und die Conjugation sowohl, wie alle jene feineren Beziehungen des einen Wortes auf das andere, gingen fast gänzlich zu Grunde; ja, oft scheint es, als ob die verschiedenen Glieder eines Satzes sich, so zu sagen, von einander abstemmten, statt sich harmonisch zu einem schönen Ganzen zu gestalten und zu verbinden.

Aber aus diesen nur scheinbaren Nachtheilen entwickelten sich sehr bald unberechenbare, günstige Folgen, von denen wir nur folgende zwei hervorheben wollen.

1) Die so aus den heterogensten Stoffen zusammengesetzte Sprache war nothgedrungen darauf hingewiesen, sich auf die einfachsten Formen zu beschränken, damit sie diese verschiedenartigen Elemente in sich aufnehmen und überwältigen könne; sie bietet daher, in ihrer gegenwärtigen Gestalt, gewiss die einfachste Grammatik aller kultivirten Sprachen der Erde dar, so, dass der berühmte Sprachforscher Herr Professor J. Grimm in einer zu Berlin im December 1851 gehaltenen Rede nicht Anstand nahm zu behaupten, dass, könne es je dahin gelangen, eine Sprache zur *Universalsprache* aller Nationen der Erde zu erheben,

die Englische zunächst diejenige sein würde, welcher dieser Vorzug zuerkannt werden dürfte, weil sie bei höchster Einfachheit ihrer Formen, und grosser Affinität mit verschiedenen anderen Sprachen, die vollendetste Kraft und Energie des Ausdrucks entfalte. Wir fügen bescheiden hinzu: wäre sie nur nicht so schwer auszusprechen! —

2) Besitzt die englische Sprache einen so gewaltigen Reichthum an Wörtern, dass für viele derselben das équivalent gar nicht zu finden ist. So zählte man allein gegen dreissig Wörter, welche die verschiedenen Arten des *Zornes* bezeichnen; es konnte sich mithin eine *poetische* Sprache bilden, die in ihrem ganzen Wesen etwas von der Prosa durchaus Verschiedenes ist, und an Gediegenheit, Kraft und Schönheit fast unerreicht dasteht.

Hingegen soll es ihr, nach dem Urtheile mehrer Kenner, an allen den Nüancen des Ausdruckes der feineren, gesellschaftlichen Beziehungen fehlen, für welche die französische Sprache so viele Benennungen aufzuweisen hat.

Wir müssen Das dahingestellt sein lassen.

II. GESCHICHTE DER ENGLISCHEN PROSA,

ALS KUNSTPRODUKT.

Unter Verhältnissen, wie wir sie vorstehend kurz angegeben, konnte die englische Prosa, als Ausdruck der geistigen Erkenntnisse und Bedürfnisse der englischen Nation, sich anfangs nur sehr langsam entwickeln. Die Celtische Sprache entbehrt derselben ganz und gar und weist nur Bardenlieder auf, denen die nicht unähnlich gewesen sein mögen, von welchen Tacitus im III. Capitel seiner Germania spricht.

Die Angelsächsische Sprache erhob sich hingegen bereits früh zum prosaischen Ausdrucke, indem nicht nur die *Bibel* in dieselbe übersetzt wurde (herausgegeben von Thorpe, London 1845), sondern auch *Gesetzsammlungen*, *Chroniken*, *Reisebeschreibungen* und die *Sammlungen* und eigenen *Werke Alfreds* von dem hohen Stande der damaligen geistigen Cultur zeugen. (S. die S. 6 und 7 mitgetheilte Sprachprobe.)

Unter der Herrschaft der Normannen entwickelte sich namentlich die *Poesie*, auf die wir im zweiten Theile dieses Werkes näher eingehen werden.

Die ersten Anfänge der gegenwärtigen englischen Prosa haben wir in der *Reibeschreibung* des John Mandeville vom Jahre 1307 (Siehe das mitgetheilte Bruchstück, S. 16), in der *Bibelübersetzung* John Wickliffe's (1324—1384), in den Schriften Ranulph Glanville's und Bracton's (im Rechtsgebiete), denen Barleigh's (im philosophischen) und Gilbert's (im medizinischen Gebiete), so wie in den Uebersetzungen zu suchen, die von den Klassikern gemacht wurden.

Das Theater entsteht, das, wennschon es anfangs nichts anders als *Moralities* und *Mysteries* brachte, doch bald die besten Kräfte der Nation für sich in Anspruch nahm und vortheilhaft auf die Prosa rückwirkte.

Unter Heinrich VIII. hinterliessen nur Thomas Morus († 1535) und Dr. Wilson werthvolle Denkmäler der damaligen Prosa; eine *englische* Bibelübersetzung wird im Jahre 1535 veranstaltet.

Einführung der Reformation unter Edward VI., die, obgleich der Protestantismus unter Maria, seiner Nachfolgerin, wieder unterdrückt wurde, doch von der nachhaltigsten Wirkung auf die kräftige Gestaltung der Prosa, wie der Sprache überhaupt, war.

In den historischen Arbeiten eines Daniel, eines Raleigh, eines Milton; in den Abhandlungen eines Sidney und den philosophischen Schriften eines Hobbes und eines Bacon blühte die Sprache rasch empor und gestaltete sich in den Predigten Donne's, Taylor's und Tillotson's, in den Briefen und politischen Schriften Temple's und den Forschungen Locke's und Shaftesbury's bald zu einem so willigen, biegsamen Werkzeuge, dass fortan die grossen Prosaiker Englands ihre herrlichen Schöpfungen mit höchster Meisterschaft in ihr ausdrücken, die Sprache selbst aber ihrer hohen Vollendung entgegenführen konnten. Am verdientesten um die englische Prosa machten sich um diese Zeit Addison, Johnson, Moore und mehre gut redigirte Wochenschriften. Bald gab es keinen Ton, kein Genre mehr, die nicht vertreten worden wären. Im didaktischen Stile zeichneten sich aus Clarke und Adam Smith; im satirischen Hall, Swift, Hutcheson; im Briefstil Lady Montague, Lord Chesterfield, Junius; im politischen Burke; im historischen Hume, Robertson, Gibbon; im Romane Richardson, Fielding, Sterne, Smollet, Goldsmith; im kritischen Johnson.

Alle diese grossen Männer und viele mehr führten die englische Prosa auf eine Höhe der Vollendung, zu welcher die jüngste Zeit nur wenig hinzuzufügen vermochte, wenn sie es überhaupt that. Die meisten derselben gehören, wenigstens theilweise, der Epoche der Regierung der grossen Königin Elisabeth an. Unter ihr blühte Virginia in Nord-America rasch empor, kehrte der Admiral Franz Drake von seiner Weltumsegelung, kehrte Candish aus der Südsee mit drei stark beladenen Schiffen nach England zurück; bereicherte sich mit den fremden Gegenständen und Sitten auch die Sprache mit neuen Wörtern; wurde das in gänzlichen Verfall gerathene Theater zu einem Institute nationaler Bildung erhoben.

Die Pest und lange wüthende Bürgerkriege unterbrachen plötzlich den Reigen dieser herrlichen, grossen Geister, und es währte lange ehe nach der Restauration alles wieder ins alte Geleise kam. Unterdessen hatte sich viel französischer Geist in alle Zweige der Literatur gedrängt und das selbständige Reich der urthümlichen englischen Literatur zu einer Provinz der Continentalliteratur herabgesetzt.

Erst mit Einführung der Habeas-Corpus-Acte und der Englischen Constitution, sowie mit der fortschreitenden Entwickelung Nord-America's entfaltete sich auf's Neue die geistige und geschäftliche Selbständigkeit und Festigkeit des englischen Volkes; und ob es gleich in seiner Freude über die neu erworbenen Vortheile die Sprache anfangs vernachlässigte, so währte es doch nicht lange, dass der erstarkte Geist der Nation sich in seinen Geistesprodukten abspiegelte.

Gesellschaften für Künste und Wissenschaften strebten fortan, fast ohne alle Mitwirkung des Königshauses, im Vereine mit den meist ausgezeichnet gut redigirten Zeitschriften, die in England alle mehr oder weniger einen gelehrten, kritischen Charakter haben, nach der Wiederbelebung und zeitgemässen Erweiterung der frühern geistigen Errungenschaften der Nation, deren Kaufmannsgeist vielleicht das einzige grosse Hinderniss an einem noch grösseren Aufschwunge im Gebiete der schönen Wissenschaften geblieben ist, während das parlamentarische Leben nunmehr die grössten Redner der Neuzeit hervorgerufen hat.

Neben zahlreichen Werken aus allen Fächern der Kunst und Wissenschaft, unter welchen besonders *Philologie* (vorzüglich orientalische), *Staats-Oekonomie*, die *Naturwissenschaften* in allen ihren Verzweigungen, *Geschichte* und *Reisebeschreibung*, letztere bis ins Unglaubliche, mit Vorliebe gepflegt wurden, erschien auch eine bedeutende Anzahl Romane,

deren Verfasser fast sämmtlich neue Gattungen hervorriefen, wie Spenser, Defoe, Swift, Richardson, Fielding, Sterne, Walpole, Radcliffe, Walter Scott, Opie, Cooper, Blessington, Dickens, Marryat, Ainsworth, James, d'Israeli, Morier, Bulwer, Currer Bell, Thackeray u. A., deren nähere Beurtheilung und Gruppirung in den betreffenden Abschnitten gegeben ist.

Sie alle leisteten zum grössten Theil Gediegenes, wiewohl es nicht ausbleiben konnte, dass auch manches Seichte und Schale mit unterlief; sie alle schufen ihre genialsten Gebilde aus dem Leben das sie umgab, oder aus der Geschichte des Vaterlandes, dem sie angehörten, und dem sie ihre edelsten Kräfte widmeten; doch liessen sie noch Raum genug für die kommenden Geschlechter, die sich, wie wir es jetzt thun, für ewige Zeiten an dem starken Geiste, der alle ihre Werke durchweht, zu Grossthaten des Patriotismus, zum erhabensten Schwunge der Phantasie, und vor Allem zu kühnem, energischem Handeln werden stählen können!

ERSTE PERIODE.

DIE ERSTEN ENGLISCHEN PROSAIKER. (1324—1558).

Es ist unsere Aufgabe nicht, die ältere englische Prosa in ihrer vollständigen organischen Entwickelung hier zur Darstellung zu bringen; wir müssen uns vielmehr damit begnügen, nur solche Sprachproben älterer Prosaiker anzuführen, an denen sich die fortschreitende Entwickelung der Sprache hinreichend bekundet, und aus welchen zu gleicher Zeit die geistige Richtung jener Epoche hervorleuchtet. Somit beschränken wir uns auf folgende fünf Schriftsteller:

1) John Wickliffe (1324—1384),
2) Geoffrey Chaucer (1328—1400),
3) Fortescue (um's Jahr 1471),
4) Thomas Morus (1480—1535),
5) Dr. Wilson (schrieb um's Jahr 1553),

deren Biographien man unter den betreffenden Rubriken nachsehen wolle.

Was nun zunächst die *Sprache* dieser Schriftsteller anbetrifft, so gehört die Sprachprobe aus John Wickliffe's vollständiger Bibelübersetzung *) unstreitig zu den interessantesten dieses Zeitraums; nicht nur ist die Orthographie derselben viel einfacher als die der übrigen Proben, sondern sie weist den germanischen Ursprung der Sprache so klar nach, dass es nur einer geringen Mühe bedarf, um das Stück zu lesen und zu verstehen. Folgende Punkte sind als wesentlich wichtig hervorzuheben:

Das mildernde (stumme) e tritt schon häufig am Ende der Wörter ein: minde (mind); liynge (lying); schulde (should); boughte (bought).

Der Laut a (ēh) wird zum Theil noch durch *e* oder *ee* dargestellt: agen (again); eerli (early); deeth (death); zum Theil bereits durch *ay*: away, arayed (arrayed); indessen auch durch *au*: aungels (angels); semblaunt (face),

Das i steht noch am Ende der Wörter für *y*: eerli, thei (they); bodi (body); wohingegen

*) Ein Theil der Psalmen war bereits von Richard Rolle, dem Eremiten von Hampole in Yorkshire, †1349, und einige andere Theile der heiligen Schrift von John de Trevisa in's Englische übersetzt worden.

das **y** äusserst sparsam gebraucht wird und zwar zum Theil in Wörtern, in denen jetzt *i* steht, wie: schynyng (shining); synful (sinful).

o dargestellt durch *oo*: stoon (stone); roose (rose von to rise).

u = Consonant *v*: gra*u*e (grave); elle*u*ene (eleven).

Als Vokal kommt es vor in Verbindungen wie: doun (down); bowide (bowed).

Der Plural meist auf **is**: hondis (hands); wordis (words); thingis (things); Apostlis (apostles), doch auch auf *es*: dayes (days).

Der Artikel ist **the** und **o**.

Die persönlichen Pronomina them und their sind noch **hem** und **her**.

Die Infinitive noch germanisch auf **en**: ben (to be); seiden (to say); seeken (to seek).

Das erste Participium auf **ynge** und **inge**: liynge (lying); wondrynge (wondering).

Der Pluralis des Imperfecti noch germanisch auf **en**: camen (came); hadden (had); founden (found); geden (gingen, went); brougthen (brought); hopiden (hoped); weren (were); bisweilen corrumpirt als **un**: holdun (held); foundun (found).

Das zweite Participium auf **ide** und **yed**: bowide (bowed); astonyed (astonished); crucifyed (crucified).

Die dritte Person Singularis des Praesens auf **eth**: behoueth (*it is convenient*).

Wie schwer es W. wurde nichtgermanische Wörter niederzuschreiben, beweist u. A. das Wort *dampnacioun* (damnation).

Viele Wörter haben noch rein germanische Formen; so: alle, werk, mannes (des —), erthe, Erde; herthe, Herz; thridde, dritte (auch thirdde); twey, zween; woke, Woche; oon, einer; teelden, erzählten; yghen, Augen etc.

Bei seinem Zeitgenossen Chaucer (1328—1400) sehen wir die Orthographie um ein Weniges fortgeschritten; so geht der Pluralis nicht mehr auf *is* sondern auf *es*: wordes, thinges, mouthes; die Pronomina *'hem* und *'her* deuten durch den Apostroph auf eine künftige Vervollständigung; das *e* vertritt in den Stammsilben bereits den Laut *i*: herer, peple, speche. Das *i* macht dem *y* häufig Platz: syght (sight), um Letzteres mehr und mehr vorherrschen zu lassen, selbst in Wörtern wie: Latyn, precyous, occupacyon; die noch schwankende Orthographie (ma*t*er, ma*tt*er) nähert sich indessen immer mehr ihrer baldigen festen Gestaltung, indem im Ganzen das französische Element in ihr, wie in der Sprache selbst vorherrscht.

Das Bruchstück von Fortescue (1471) zeigt Sprache und Orthographie im höchsten Ringen nach endlicher Ueberwindung der verschiedenen Elemente begriffen und dürfte, da es ältere und neuere Formen in der absonderlichsten Schreibart verbindet, wohl als das unkorrekteste zu bezeichnen sein.

Der Laut **a** dargestellt durch *e*: grete (great), *a*: takyth (takes), *ey*: reynith (reigns), *ay*: prayith (prays), *au*: chaungith (changes).

Das ungemein häufig gebrauchte stumme (mildernde) **e** steht sogar an Wörtern, deren Endkonsonant gegenwärtig doppelt geschrieben wird: sele (to sell); fehlt dagegen in Wörtern, wie: therfor, wherfor u. s. w.

Der Laut **i** dargestellt durch *eo*: people, *ey*: seymth (*it seems*); das *i* ist fast ganz verdrängt durch

y, sogar in Wörtern wie: hys, hym; ferner im ersten Particip yng (neben ing), im Praesens yth (neben ith, th); im zweiten Particip yd (neben id).

v dargestellt durch *w*: sewerly.

Substantive mit grossen Anfangsbuchstaben.

Die Pluralform noch unbestimmt; so von

Law und Lawe (the law) . . Law*ys* und Law*es*,
von Realm*e* Realm*ys*,
von Communalt*ie* Communalt*ies*.

Viele Verben noch auf **en**: ben, usen (to use), sayen (to say).

Die Vorsilbe **be** ist noch *by*: bycause.

Das Schwankende der Orthographie tritt besonders hervor in den Wörtern: *Lond, Land; all, al; desyer* (Verb.), *Desier,* (Subst.).

Bei Thomas Morus (1480—1535) hingegen sind fast alle widerstreitende Elemente überwunden und wir sehen wie die Sprache in unverhältnissmässig fortgeschrittener Vollendung ihrer endlichen Klärung und Feststellung entgegengeht. Auch von ihm wurde das mildernde **e** am Ende der Wörter, das **u** statt v und das **y** noch häufig für i gebraucht; Plural der Subst. auf **es**; die 3. Person des Praes. auf **eth**, **th**. Mit Ausnahme einiger sehr regelwidrig geschriebener Wörter ist dies Stück höchst korrekt geschrieben.

Rechnen wir bei Dr. Wilson (schrieb um 1553) den allzuhäufigen Gebrauch des **y** sowie des mildernden **e** am Ende der Wörter ab (das selbst nach Endvokalen steht), sowie überhaupt die zu häufigen Vokalverbindungen und die zu sparsame Anwendung der Konsonanten, nnd bemerken dabei, dass **u** noch oft für **v** steht und die 3. Person der Gegenwart noch für längere Zeit **eth** bleibt, so finden wir in dieser Sprachprobe fast das korrekteste moderne Englisch in Bezug auf Orthographie.

Wir beschliessen diese Periode, indem wir noch eines Mannes gedenken, der sich durch die Einführung der Buchdruckerkunst in England, sowie durch Uebersetzungen französischer und Abfassung und Veröffentlichung eigener Original-Werke ein hohes Verdienst um die englische Literatur erwarb. Dies war William Caxton, ein schlichter Bürger Londons. Er scheint im Jahre 1464 nach dem Continente gekommen zu sein, als Agent einer Corporation von Kaufleuten, welche damals den ausgedehntesten Handel in allen Arten von Gegenständen betrieben, Manuscripte und Bücher nicht ausgenommen. Zugleich hatte er von Eduard IV. den Auftrag erhalten, mit Philipp von Burgund einen Handelsvertrag abzuschliessen; sei es nun, dass dieser Auftrag bald beendigt war, oder dass derselbe seine Zeit nicht zu sehr in Anspruch nahm, genug, C. scheint sich viel mit dem Studium der Chroniken beschäftigt zu haben, und erlernte nicht nur die Buchdruckerkunst, sondern machte es auch möglich im Jahre 1471 'to ordain in print, at his own great charge and expense' ein von ihm selbst übersetztes französisches Werk: 'The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye, by Raoul le Feure.' Drei Jahre später kehrte er nach England zurück und errichtete in der Abtei zu St. Peter in Westminster eine Druckerei; trotz seines vorgerückten Alters war er in derselben nicht nur selbst thätig, sondern er übersetzte auch nicht weniger als 5000 enggedruckte Folio-Seiten. In seiner Vorrede zu John de Trevisa's Uebersetzung des 'Polychronicon' von Ranulph Higden, welches Werk er vom Jahre 1357 fortführte (unto the yere of our Lord 1460 and the first yere of the regne of kyng Edward the fourth), sagt er: 'I, William Caxton, a symple persone, have endevoyred to wryte first over all the sayd book of Polychronicon, and somewhat have chaunged the rude and old English, that is to wete, certain wordes, which in these days be neither usyd ne understanden: and furthermore have put it in emprynte, to the end that it may be had, and the matters, therein comprised to be knowen; for the book is general, touching shortly many notable matters, and also am avysed to make another book after this sayd werk, which shall be sette here after the same, and shall have his chapyters and his table aparte: for I dare not presume to sette my book, ne joyne it to

his, for dyverse causes; one is, for as moche as I have not, ne can get, no books of auctoryté treatyng of such cronykes, except a lytel book named Fasciculus temporum, and another, called Aureus de universo, in which books I find right lytel matter syth the sayd time.' Er starb 1491 oder 1492. — Dibdin zählt in seinen *Typographical Antiquities* 62 von Caxton gedruckte Werke auf.

Ihm folgten seine Schüler Wynkyn de Worde, Richard Pynson und eine grosse Zahl besonders geistlicher Prosaiker, von denen wir die Namen der bedeutendsten hier folgen lassen:

John Fischer, Bischof von Rochester, (Predigten); Sir Thomas Elyot, Arzt Heinrich's VIII., (medizinische Schriften); Hugh Latimer, Bischof von Worcester; John Fox, Theologe; John Leland, Antiquarischer Schriftsteller; George Cavendish, Hauslehrer; Lord Borners, Grosssiegelbewahrer unter Heinrich VIII., Uebersetzer der Chronik von Froissart; John Bellenden, Bischof von Moray, (Topographie und Geschichte Schottlands); Bale, Bischof von Ossory in Irland, (Chroniken); William Tyndale, Prediger, glücklicher Uebersetzer des Neuen Testaments in die moderne englische Sprache; Miles Coverdale, Uebersetzer des Alten Testaments; Sir John Cheke, Professor der griechischen Sprache zu Cambridge, Sprachforscher und politischer Schriftsteller und Roger Ascham, Staatssecretair unter Elisabeth, der erste pädagogische Schriftsteller von Bedeutung.

I. JOHN WICKLIFFE,

geb. 1324 im Dorfe Wickliffe (Grafschaft York); gest. am 29. Decemb. 1384 auf seiner Pfarre zu Lutterworth, während er die Messe abhielt. Professor der Theologie zu Oxford, woselbst er auch studirt hatte. Berühmt als Bibelübersetzer und Theologe, als welcher er in Rede und Schrift gegen die Uebermacht des Papstthums, den Reichthum der Hierarchie und die Ueberhandnahme des Mönchswesens eiferte. Auf Veranlassung des Papstes *Gregor* XI. ergriffen, ward er 1377 und 78 vor eine Commission geladen, wo er über 18 Punkte seiner ketzerischen Lehren befragt werden sollte, wurde jedoch, da das Verhör in Folge seiner glänzenden Beredtsamkeit ohne Resultat blieb, wieder in Freiheit gesetzt. 1382 auf's Neue ins Gefängniss geworfen, ward er und seine Lehre als ketzerisch verdammt, und nur den Bemühungen seiner Beschützer, des Herzogs von *Lancaster* und des Lords *Percy*, gelang es, ihn wieder in Besitz seiner Pfarre zu Lutterworth zu setzen, woselbst er angewiesen war den Rest seiner Tage zuzubringen. An dem durch *Wat Tyler* angeregten Volksaufstande hatte W. eben so wenig Antheil oder Schuld als später *Luther* an dem Bauernkriege in Deutschland. W. soll zahlreiche Schriften hinterlassen haben; indessen blieben sie Manuscript. Selbst von seiner Bibelübersetzung erschien nur das Neue Testament im Drucke (London 1731, bei Lewis). — Biogr. Werke über ihn sind: 1) 'The history of the life and sufferings of John W. by Lewis', London 1720. 2) 'Life and opinions of John W. by Vaughan', London 1828. 3) 'Life of J. W. by Lebas', London 1832.

THE LAST CHAPTER OF ST. LUKE.

But in o day of the woke ful eerli thei camen to the grave, and broughten swete smelling spices that thei hadden arayed. And thei founden the stoon turnyd away fro the graue. And thei geden in and foundun not the bodi of the Lord Jhesus. And it was don, the while thei weren astonyed in thought of this thing, lo twey men stodun bisidis hem in schynyng cloth. And whanne thei dredden and bowiden her semblaunt into erthe, thei seiden to hem, what seeken ye him that lyueth with deede men? He is not here: but he is risun: haue ye minde how he spak to you whanne he was yit in Golilee, and seide, for it behoueth mannes sone to be bitakun into the hondis of synful men: and to be crucifyed: and the thridde day to rise agen? And thei bithoughten on hise wordis, and thei geden agen fro the graue: and teelden alle these thingis to the ellevene and to alle othere. And there was Marye Maudeleyn and Jone and Marye of James, and othere wymmen that weren with hem, that seiden to Apostlis these thingis. And these wordis were seyn bifore hem as madnesse and thei bileueden not to hem; but Petre roos up and ran to the graue, and he bowide doun, and sigh the lynen clothis liynge aloone, and he wente by himsilf, wondrynge on that that was don.

And lo tweyne of hem wenten in that day into a castel, that was fro Jerusalem the space of sixty furlongis, by name Emaws. And thei spaken togidre of alle these thingis that hadden bifalle. And it was don the while thei talkiden, and soughten by hemsilf: Jesus himsilf neighede and wente with hem. But her yghen weren holdun, that thei knewen him not. And he seide to hem, what ben these wordis that ye speken togidere wondringe: and ye ben sorewful? And oon, whos name was Cleofas, answerde and seyde, Thou thi silf art a pilgrim in Jerusalem, and hast thou not knowun what thingis ben don in it these dayes? To whom he seyde, what thingis? and thei seiden to him, Of Jhesus of Nazareth, that was a man profete myghti in werk and word bifore God and al the puple. And how the higheste prestis of oure Princis bitokun him into dampnacioun of deeth and crucifieden him. But we hopiden that he schulde haue agen boughte Israel: and now on alle these thingis, the thirdde day is to day that these thingis weren don. But also summe wymmen of ouris maden us aferd whiche bifore day weren at the graue. And whan his bodi was not foundun, thei camen and seiden that he lyueth. And summe of ouren wenten to the graue, and thei foundun so as the wymmen seiden; but thei foundun not him. And he seide to hem, A foolis and slowe of herte to bileue in alle thingis that the profetis han spoken; Wher it bihofte not Crist to suffre these thingis, and so to entre into his glorye? And he began at Moyses and at alle the profetis and declaride to hem in alle scripturis that weren of him.

II. CHAUCER,

geb. 1328 zu London, daselbst gestorben im J. 1400 und in der Westminster-Abtei beigesetzt. Ist minder Prosaiker als Dichter, weshalb wir, in Betreff seiner Biographie und Charakteristik, auf den II. Theil dieses Werkes verweisen. Er war der Erste, der in der *modernen* englischen Sprache dichtete und seinen genialen Schöpfungen, zum Theil italienischen und französischen Mustern nachgebildet, den Stempel der Vollendung aufdrückte; der Vorwurf, dass *Ch.* in die englische Sprache viele französische Wörter aus Affektation aufge-

nommen habe, kann ihn nicht treffen, da er nicht nur in der hier beigebrachten Sprachprobe (der Vorrede zu seinem 'Testament of Love' entlehnt) sich selbst dagegen ausspricht, sondern überhaupt stets ganz allgemeine Themata behandelte und gerade dadurch ebenso populär als bewundert wurde, mithin wohl die Volkssprache, wie sie damals bestand, zum Ausdrucksmittel gewählt haben muss. Dass indessen der Bestand der Sprache, wie *Ch.* ihn vorfand, wesentlich französisch, und nur die Formen noch wesentlich angelsächsich waren, haben wir in der Einleitung darzulegen versucht. — Die beste Ausgabe seiner *Werke* ist die von *Urry* (London 1721 und 1782); die der 'Canterbury-tales' von *Tyrwhitt* (London 1798), die uns vorliegt. —

Werke über Ch.: 'History of the life and age of Geoffrey Chaucer, by Godwin' (London 1803. 2 Bde.) 'Life of Chaucer, by Nicolas' (London 1844). und 'G. Chaucer, poëte anglais du XIV. siècle, par Gomont.' (Paris 1847).

Many men there ben, that with eres openly sprad so moche swalowen the deliciousnesse of jestes and of ryme, by queint knittinge colloures, that of the godenesse or of the badnesse of the sentence take they litel hede or els none.

Sothelye dulle witte and a thoughtfulle soule so sore have mined and graffed in my spirites, that solche chraft of enditinge woll nat ben of mine acquaintaunce. And for rude wordes and boistous percen the herte of the herer to the inrest point, and planten there the sentence of thinges, so that with litel helpe it is able to spring, this boke, that nothynge hath of the grede of wytte, ne of semelyche coulours, is delven with rude wordes and boistous, and so draw togither to maken the catchers thereof ben the more redy to hent sentence. —

Some men there ben, that painten with colours riche and some with wers, as with red inke, and some with coles and chalke; and yet is there gode matter to the leude peple of thylke chalkye purtreyture, as 'hem thinketh for the time, and afterward the syght of the letter colours yeven to 'hem more joye for the first leudenesse. So sothly this leude clowdy occupacyon is not to prayse, but by the leude, for comenly leude leudenesse commendeth. Eke it shall yeve sight that other precyous thynges shall be the more in reverence. In Latyn and French hath many soveraine wittes had grete delyte to endite, and have many noble thinges fulfide, but certes there ben some that speken ther poisye mater in Frenche, of whiche speche the Frenche men have as gode a fantasye as we have in heryng of Frenche mens Englishe. And many terms there ben in Englyshe, whiche unneth we Englishe men connen declare the knowledginge; howe should than a Frenche man borne? solche termes conne umpere in his matter, but as the jay chatereth Englishe. Right so truely the understandyn of Englishmen woll not stretche to the privie termes in Frenche, what so ever we bosten of straunge langage. Let than clerkes enditen in Latin, for they have the propertie of science and the knowinge in that facultie; and lette Frenchemen in ther Frenche also enditen their queint termes, for it is kyndely to ther mouthes; and let us shewe our fantasies in such wordes as we lerneden of our dame's tongue. And although this boke be lytel thank worthy for the leudnesse in travaile, yet soch writing exiten men to thilke thinges that ben necessarie: for every man therby may as by a perpetual myrrour sene the vices, or vertues of other, in whyche thynge lightly may be conceved, to eschue perils, and necessaries to catch, after as aventures have fallen to other peple or persons.

III. FORTESCUE.

Von *Fortescue* weiss man wenig mehr, als dass er ein ausgezeichneter Rechtsgelehrter war, der unter der Regierung Heinrich's VI. (1422—61) die Würde eines Lord-Oberrichters und zuletzt die eines Lordkanzlers von England bekleidete. Nach dem Treffen bei Tewkesbury zog er sich im J. 1471 in die Einsamkeit zurück und verfasste in derselben seine meisten noch übrigen Werke. Er wird als ein Mann von grösster Unbescholtenheit und seltenen Talenten geschildert. Folgende Stelle ist aus seiner 'Difference between an Absolute and Limited Monarchy, as it more particularly regards the English Constitution'.

Hyt may peradventure be marvelid by some men, why one Realme is a Lordshyp only *Royall*, and the Prince thereof rulyth yt by his law, callid *Jus Regale;* and another kyngdome is a Lordship, *Royal and Politike*, and the Prince thereof rulith by a Lawe, callyd *Jus Politicum et Regale;* sythen thes two Princes beth of egall Astate.

To this dowte it may be answeryd in this manner. The first institution of thes twoo Realmys, upon the Incorporation of them, is the Cause of this diversyte.

When Nembroth by Might, for his own Glorye, made and incorporate the first Realme, and subduyd it to hymself by Tyrannye, he would not have it governyd by any other Rule or Lawe, but is own Will; by which and for th' accomplishment thereof he made it. And therfor, though he had thus made a Realme, holy Scripture denyyd to cal hym a Kyng, *Quia Rex dicitur a Regendo.* Whych thyng he dyd not, but oppressyd the People by Myght and therfor he was a Tyrant, and callyd *Primus Tyrannorum.* But holy Writ callyd hym *Robustus Venator coram Deo.* For as the Hunter takyth the wyld beste for to sele and eate hym; so Nembroth subduyd to him the People with Might, to have their service and their goods, using upon them the Lordship that is callyd *Dominium Regale tantum.* After hym Belus that was callyd first a Kyng, and after hym his Sone Nynus, and after hym other Panyms; They by Example of Nembroth made them Realmys, would not have them rulyd by other Lawys than by their own Wills. Which Lawys ben right good under good Princes; and their kyngdoms a then most resemblyd to the Kyngdome of God, which reynith upon Man, ruling him by hys own Will. Wherfor many Crystyn Princes usen the same Lawe; and therfor it is, that the Lawys sayen, *Quod Principi placuit Legis habet vigorem.* And thus I suppose first beganne in Realmys, *Dominium tantum Regale.* — But afterward, when Mankynd was more mansuete, and better disposyd to Vertue, Grete Communalties, as was the Feliship, that came into this Land with Brute, wyllyng to be unyed and made a Body Politike callyd a Realme, havyng an Heed to governe it; as after the Saying of the Philosopher, every Communaltie unyed of many parts must needs have an Heed; than they chose the same Brute to be their Heed and Kyng. And they and he upon this Incorporation and Institution, and onyng of themself into a Realme, ordeynyd the same Realme so to be rulyd and justyfyd by such Laws, as they al would assent unto; which Law therfor is callyd *Politicum;* and bycause it is mynystrid by a Kyng, it is callid *Regale. Dominium Politicum dicitur quasi Regimen, plurium Scientia, sive Consilio ministratum.* The Kyng of Scotts reynith upon his People by this Lawe, videlicet, *Regimine politico et regali.* And as Diodorus Syculus saith, in his boke *de priscis Historiis*, the Realme of Egypte is rulid by the same Lawe, and therfor the Kyng therof chaungith not his Lawes, without the Assent of his People. And in like forme as he saith is ruled the Kyng-

dome of Saba, in Feldoi Arabia, and the Lond of Libie; And also the more parte of all the Realmys in Afrike. Which manner of Rule and Lorsdschip the sayd Diodorus in that Boke praysith gretely. For it is not only good for the Prince, that may thereby the more sewerly do Justice, than by his owne Arbitriment; but it is also good for his People that receyve therby, such Justice as they desyer themself. Now as me seymth, it is shewyd opinly ynough, why one Kyng rulyth and reynith on his People *Dominio tantum Regali*, and that other reynith *Dominio Politico et Regali*. For that onne Kyngdome beganne, of and by, the Might of the Prince, and that other beganne, by the Desier and Institution of the People of the same Prince.

IV. THOMAS MORUS,

geb. 1480 zu London, enthauptet am 6. Juli 1535 daselbst. Er war der Sohn eines Richters der Kingsbench und widmete sich auf der Universität Oxford mit grosser Liebe den Wissenschaften, besonders der Jurisprudenz. Vom Cardinal *Wolsey* dem jungen Könige *Heinrich VIII.* vorgestellt, gewann ihn dieser bald lieb, verwandte ihn zu verschiedenen diplomatischen Sendungen nach Frankreich und den Niederlanden und erhob ihn, an *Wolsey's* Stelle, zur hohen Würde eines Grosskanzlers und Staatssiegelbewahrers. — Im J. 1532 legte er seine Aemter nieder, weil *Heinrich* seine Mitwirkung an einer Ehescheidung verlangte, die gegen *M.*'s Ueberzeugung war, und zog sich arm mit seiner Familie nach Chelsea zurück. Im J. 1534 weigert er sich das neue Successionsstatut zu beschwören und wird deshalb nebst dem Bischof *Fisher* in den Tower gebracht. Nach einer 13 monatlichen harten Gefangenschaft und nachdem der König, um ihn gänzlich zu verderben, ihm den Suprematseid hatte vorlegen lassen und *M.* diesen, als gegen sein Gewissen verstossend, zurückgewiesen hatte, ward er zum Tode verurtheilt, den er am 6. Juli 1535 auf der Plattform des Tower mit Standhaftigkeit erlitt. —

M. war einer der gebildetsten Männer seiner Zeit, in den alten und neuern Sprachen gründlich gelehrt, und als Jurist und Politiker sehr bedeutend. Die englische Sprache hat er wesentlich gefördert, obgleich er auch viel in lateinischer Sprache schrieb. Seine *Werke* sind: 1 Band englische Schriften (London 1559) und 1 Band lateinische Schriften (Löwen 1516 und öfter). Der nachstehende Brief fällt in die Zeit seiner Gefangenschaft. *Werke über ihn* sind: 'Life of Sir Thomas M., by Mackintosh,' (London 1830); 'Thomas Moore, par la princesse de Craon,' (Paris 1833.) —

Myne owne good doughter, our lorde be thanked I am in good helthe of bodye, and in good quiet of minde; and of worldly thynges I no more desyer then I haue. I beseche hym make you all merry in the hope of heauen. And such thynges as I seme what longed to talk with you all, concerning the worlde to come, our Lorde put theim into your myndes, as I truste he dothe and better to by hys holy spirite: who blesse you and preserue you all. Written wyth a cole by your tender louing father, who in his pore prayers forgetteth none of you all, nor your babes, nor your nurses, nor your good husbandes, nor your good husbandes shrewde wyues, nor your fathers shrewde wyfe neither, nor our other frendes. And thus fare ye hartely well for lacke of paper.

V. Dr WILSON,
gest. 1581.

Ein Zeitgenosse *Thomas Morus'*, von dem wir nur wissen, dass er ein, seiner Kenntnisse und guten Schreibart wegen, sehr beliebter Schriftsteller war. Seine Sprache ist für seine Zeit ausserordentlich schön und korrekt zu nennen. Im Jahre 1553 gab er ein 'System of Rhetoric and of Logic' heraus, in welchem er die Regeln der Composition mit grosser Geschicklichkeit feststellt und auf Einfachheit und Natürlichkeit des Ausdruckes hinweist. Seine Grundsätze wurden für so gefährlich erachtet, dass er auf einer Reise durch Rom als Ketzer festgenommen wurde. —

Pronunciation is an apte orderinge bothe of the voyce, countenaunce, and all the whole bodye, accordynge to the worthines of suche woordes and mater as by speache are declared. The use hereof is suche for anye one that lyketh to haue prayse for tellinge his tale in open assemblie, that hauing a good tongue, and a comelye countenaunce, he shall be thought to passe all other that haue the like utteraunce; thoughe they haue much better learning. The tongue geueth a certayne grace to euerye matter, and beautifieth the cause in like manner, as a swete soundynge lute muche setteth forthe a meane deuised ballade. Or as the sounde of a good instrumente styrreth the hearers, and moued muche delite, so a cleare soundyng voice comforteth muche our deintie eares, with muche swete melodie, and causeth us to allowe the matter rather for the reporters sake, then the reporter for the matters sake. Demosthenes therfore, that famouse oratour, beyng asked what was the chiefest point in al oratorie, gaue the chiefe and onely praise to Pronunciation; being demaunded, what was the seconde, and the thirde, he stil made answer, Pronunciation, and would make none other aunswere, till they lefte askyng, declaryng hereby that arte without utteraunce can dooe nothyng; utteraunce without arte can dooe right muche. And no doubte that man is in outwarde apparaunce halfe a good clarke, that hath a cleane tongue, and a comely gesture of his body.

ZWEITE PERIODE.

VOM ANFANGE DER REGIERUNG ELISABETH'S BIS ZUM ENDE DER REGIERUNG JACOB'S II.

ERSTER ABSCHNITT,

DIE REGIERUNGEN ELISABETH'S, JACOB'S I. UND KARL'S I. UMFASSEND.
(1558 — 1649).

Diese Epoche ist unstreitig eine der schönsten, wenn nicht die grossartigste in der Geschichte der ganzen menschlichen Erkenntniss, denn nie und nirgend ist eine ähnliche anzutreffen, die ihr ebenbürtig zur Seite gestellt werden dürfte. Es hatten sich aber auch die günstigsten Umstände vereinigt, sie zu einer solchen zu schaffen. Die Kindheit der englischen Prosa war mit Beendigung der vorangegangenen Epoche entschieden vorüber gegangen; die erste Hälfte des Jahrhunderts hatte durch Wiedererweckung der klassischen Studien, durch Erfindung der Buchdruckerkunst, durch die neue Errungenschaft der freien Besprechung religiöser Gegenstände, durch die Verbreitung der Bibel in der Landessprache, sowie durch den Austausch der Aristotelischen Philosophie gegen die Plato's den Geist der Nation, in allen Schichten derselben, zu einer Kraft und geistigen, selbständigen Thätigkeit gereift, wie sich kaum ihres Gleichen wiederfindet. Die Wirkungen dieser äusseren Einflüsse bestanden hauptsächlich: in der Bereicherung des sprachlichen Inhalts wie der Darstellungsformen, aus den alten Sprachen; in bessern Beispielen zur Nachahmung; in Aneignung moderner Formen, vermittelst der Uebersetzungen, die aus dem Italienischen und Französischen gemacht wurden; in Anregung und Veredlung des Geschmacks durch alle Klassen der Gesellschaft. Dazu kam noch der günstige Umstand, dass die Königin Elisabeth eine eifrige Förderin der Literatur war und namentlich das Theater beschützte und dass auch unter Jacob I. und Karl I. der Sinn für Beide eher zunahm als sich verminderte, wäre es auch nur gewesen um den Puritanern zu widerstreben, die sich den schönen Wissenschaften abhold zeigten; dass Englands Oberherrschaft auf dem Meere durch den Untergang der Armada allgemein anerkannt, und der Reiselust der Engländer jeder Theil der Erde zugänglich geworden war; dass ferner fast alle Schriftsteller Hofleute waren oder hohe Chargen bekleideten, oder sich wenigstens der Protektion des Hofes erfreuten, wodurch der Einfluss ihrer Schriften sofort zur Geltung kam. So erschloss sich eine Epoche, an welche die Zeitalter Augustus', Pericles', Leo's II. und Ludwig's XIV. nicht hinanreichen, denen wir Deutsche hingegen

wohl die 70—90ger Jahre des vergangenen Jahrhunderts entgegenstellen dürfen, in denen Schiller und Göthe auf dem Gipfelpunkte ihrer schöpferischen Thätigkeit standen und die ganze Nation zur Bewunderung, zum Enthusiasmus, zur Nacheiferung mit sich fortrissen. Wie in Deutschland diese, so hatte in England jene Epoche fast alle grossen Geister hervorgebracht; Namen von Männern, wie Shakespeare, Bacon, Spenser, Sidney, Hooker, Taylor, Barrow, Raleigh, Napier, Milton, Cutworth, Hobbes und viele Andere treten uns hier entgegen, die nicht allein grosses Talent mit ungeheurem positiven Wissen und der produktivesten Schöpferkraft verbanden, sondern alle mehr oder weniger das gesammte Material, mit welchem Kunst und Wissenschaft es zu thun haben, so erweiterten, dass hinfort Niemand die Gesetze ignoriren darf, die sie in allen Zweigen menschlicher Erkenntniss entdeckten und feststellten.

Wie weit die *Reformation* an diesem urplötzlichen Erwachen des brittischen Genius betheiligt war, lassen wir ununtersucht; jedenfalls war sie nicht ohne Wirkung darauf geblieben, wiewohl sie selbst vielleicht nichts anders war als ein Produkt des geistigen Drängens jener Zeit nach Verbesserung, nach Abwerfen abgenutzter Zustände, nach Fortschritt, nach Aufklärung.

Der *Charakter* der Werke dieses Zeitraumes ist: grosse Kraft und Kühnheit der Conception und des Ausdrucks, vollständigste Originalität und ein Geist echt englischer Racenhaftigkeit, wenn wir uns so ausdrücken dürfen, der sie, als zu *einer* Familie gehörig, von Allem unterscheidet, was bisher und später je geschrieben worden. Der Grund hiervon liegt zum Theil darin, dass die klassische Gelehrsamkeit, welche Fortschritte sie auch gemacht hatte, doch noch keineswegs in England zum ausschliesslichen Brodstudium geworden war, wie dies heut zu Tage, namentlich in Deutschland, der Fall ist. Man hatte sich damals noch nicht daran gewöhnt, sich vor den Alten in blinder Bewunderung niederzuwerfen und in hoffnungsloser Inferiorität sich zur Rolle eines demüthigen Nachahmers zu verurtheilen; man benutzte sie, — jedoch nur mehr in Bezug auf Material und zufällige Ausschmückung der Rede, als in Bezug auf Stil im Allgemeinen; und so bereicherten die Alten das Vorstellungs- und Erkenntnissvermögen und veredelten den Geschmack ihrer Nachfolger, ohne sie ihrer Freiheit zu berauben oder ihre Originalität zu gefährden.

Es gab, mit einem Worte, noch keine allgemeingültige europäische Form, in die jedes Geistesprodukt nothwendigerweise gegossen werden musste, um als solches anerkannt zu werden. Zudem waren Leser und Autoren noch gering an Zahl; erstere noch nachsichtiger als in unsern Tagen; letztere minder scheu mit ihren Schriften hervorzutreten und deshalb freier, energischer und eigenthümlicher in ihren Schöpfungen, umsomehr, als man damals überhaupt nicht schrieb ohne Viel sagen zu können.

Vor Allem ist Bacon ein getreuer Abdruck dieser geistigen Unabhängigkeit der Britten. Seine Schriften enthalten unzählige schöne Gedanken und originale Bilder, die von einem edeln, eleganten Ausdrucke getragen werden; in ihnen erleuchtet er die dunkelsten Punkte des menschlichen Wissens, sobald er sie nur berührt. Bacon wird für alle Zeiten ein Muster bleiben, nicht nur in Bezug auf die Kraft des Verstandes und den Umfang des Wissens, die er in seinen Werken so reich entfaltet, sondern auch durch die Macht der Phantasie, mit der er den trockensten Stoff in ein anziehendes Gewand zu kleiden verstand. In diesem Sinne ist er, sind die meisten der von uns angeführten Schriftsteller, Dichter; denn auf jeder Seite der prosaischen Schriften Jeremy Taylor's z. B. ist mehr Phantasie und originalere Bilderpracht, mehr brillante Auffassung und Gluth des Ausdruckes, mehr Neuheit der Figuren und moderne Auffassung alter — kurz, Seele und Leib der Poesie

blühender und kräftiger dargestellt, als in vielen der neuern und neusten europäischen poetischen Erzeugnisse. Von einem grossen Theile der Schriften Barrow's, Hooker's, Bacon's und vieler Anderer lässt sich dasselbe sagen, überhaupt aber dürfte schwerlich Jemand einen einigermaassen richtigen Begriff vom Reichthum der englischen Sprache erlangen, der nicht die Werke der Schriftsteller dieser Zeit näher kennen gelernt hat.

I. WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH,

geb. 1522, gest. 1598 als Minister der Königin Elisabeth. Nachstehendes Fragment ist seinem einzigen, an seinen Sohn *Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury,* gerichteten Werke 'Precepts or Directions for the Well Ordering and Carriage of a Man's Life' entlehnt, und enthält nicht zu verachtende *Lebensregeln.*

1) CHOICE OF A WIFE.

When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife. For from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of life, like unto a stratagem of war; wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined (*well-born*) in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous soever. For a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility. Nor choose a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth; for it will cause contempt in others, and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf, or a fool; for, by the one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies; the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will *yirk* thee to hear her talk. For thou shalt find it, to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool.

2) DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

And touching the guiding of thy house, let thy hospitality be moderate, and, according to the means of thy estate, rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly. For I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table. But some consume themselves through secret vices, and their hospitality bears the blame. But banish swinish drunkards out of thine house, which is a vice impairing health, consuming much, and makes no show.

* * *

Beware thou spend not above three of four parts of thy revenues; nor above a third part of that in thy house. For the other two parts will do no more than defray thy extraordinaries, which always surmount the ordinary by much; otherwise thou shalt live like a rich beggar, in continual want. And the needy man can never live happily nor contentedly. For every disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell. And that gentleman, who sells an acre of land, sells an ounce of credit. For gentility is nothing else but ancient riches. So that if the foundation shall at any time sink, the building must needs follow.

II. JOHN STOW,

geb. zu London um's J. 1525; gest. 1605. — Er durchreiste 1560 einen grossen Theil Englands zu Fuss, um historische Manuscripte zu untersuchen oder anzukaufen. Im J. 1565 giebt er sein 'Summary of English Chronicles' und 1598 sein bestes Werk 'Survey of London' heraus, welches allen spätern Geschichten der Metropolis zu Grunde liegt. Von seinem grössten Werke: 'Chronicle or History of England', an dem er 40 Jahre gearbeitet, erschien nur der erste Theil unter dem Titel: 'Annals of England' (London 1600). Armuth und Leid brachten ihn in's äusserste Elend. Auf seine Bitte um Unterstützung erhielt er von *Jacob I.* die königliche Licenz 'to repair to churches, or other places, to receive the gratuities and charitable benevolence of welldisposed people.' So starb er als *Bettler.* Seine Werke wurden von *Bacon* und *Camden* als die grösste Autorität betrachtet, da er mit Wahrheitsliebe und scharfem Kennerblicke gesammelt hatte. Beifolgendes Bruchstück (aus 'Survey of London') weist auf die *Erfindung der Schlittschuhe.*

SPORTS UPON THE ICE IN ELISABETH'S REIGN.

When that great moor which washeth Moorfields, at the north wall of the city, is frozen over, great companies of young men go to sport upon the ice; then fetching a run, and setting their feet at a distance, and placing their bodies sidewise, they slide a great way. Others take heaps of ice, as if it were great mill-stones, and make seats; many going before, draw him that sits thereon, holding one another by the hand in going so fast; some slipping with their feet, all fall down together: some are better practised to the ice, and bind to their shoes bones, as the legs of some beasts, and hold stakes in their hands headed with sharp iron, which sometimes they strike against the ice; and these men go on with speed as doth a bird in the air, or darts shot frome some warlike engine: sometimes two men set themselves at a distance, and run one against another, as it were at tilt, with these stakes, wherewith one or both parties are thrown down, not without some hurt to their bodies; and after their fall, by reason of the violent motion, are carried a good distance from one another; and if one fall upon his leg or arm, it is usually broken; but young men greedy of honour, and desirous of victory, do thus exercise themselves in counterfeit battles, that they may bear the brunt more strongly when they come to it in good earnest.

III. WILLIAM HARRISON,

Schrieb um 1570 und war Mitarbeiter an der von *Raphael Holinshed* im Verein mit Mehrern herausgegebenen 'Chronicles' (London 1807—8). *H.*'s Einleitung dazu, eine Beschreibung Brittannies und seiner Einwohner enthaltend, wird noch heute geschätzt, weil sie die werthvollsten Mittheilungen über den Zustand Englands im 16. Jahrhundert enthält.

THE LANGUAGES OF BRITAIN.

The British tongue called Cymric doth yet remain in that part of the island which is now called Wales, whither the Britons were driven after the Saxons had made a full conquest of the other, which we now call England, although the pristine integrity thereof be not a little diminished by mixture of the Latin and Saxon speeches withal. Howbeit, many poesies and writings (in making whereof that nation hath evermore delighted) are yet extant in my time, whereby some difference between the ancient and present language may easily be discerned, notwithstanding that among all these there is nothing to be found which can set down any sound and full testimony of their own original, in remembrance whereof their bards and cunning men have been most slack and negligent.

Next unto the British speech, the Latin tongue was brought in by the Romans, and in manner generally planted through the whole region, as the French was after by the Normans. Of this tongue I will not say much, because there are few which be not skilful in the same. Howbeit, as the speech itself is easy and delectable, so hath it perverted the names of the ancient rivers, regions, and cities of Britain, in such wise, that in these our days their old British denominations are quite grown out of memory, and yet those of the new Latin left as most uncertain. This remaineth, also, unto my time, borrowed from the Romans, that all our deeds, evidences, charters, and writings of record, are set down in the Latin tongue, though now very barbarous, and thereunto the copies and court-rolls, and processes of courts and leets registered in the same.

The third language apparently known is the Scythian, or High Dutch, induced at the first by the Saxons (which the Britons call Saysonaec, as they do the speakers Sayson), a hard and rough kind of speech, God wot, when our nation was brought first into acquaintance withal, but now changed with us into a far more fine and easy kind of utterance, and so polished and helped with new and milder words, that it is to be avouched how there is no one speech under the sun spoken in our time that hath or can have more variety of words, copiousness of phrases, or figures and flowers of eloquence, than hath our English tongue, although some have affirmed us rather to bark as dogs than talk like men, because the most of our words (as they do indeed) incline unto one syllable. This, also, is to be noted as a testimony remaining still of our language, derived from the Saxons, that the general name, for the most part, of every skilful artificer in his trade endeth in *here* with us, albeit the *h* be left out, and *er* only inserted, as, scrivenhere, writehere, shiphere, &c. — for scrivener, writer, and shipper, &c.; beside many other relics of that speech, never to be abolished.

After the Saxon tongue came the Norman or French language over into our country, and therein were our laws written for a long time. Our children, also, were, by an especial decree, taught first to speak the same, and thereunto enforced to learn their constructions in the French, whensoever they were set to the grammar-school. In like sort, few bishops, abbots, or other clergymen, were admitted unto any ecclesiastical function here among us, but such as came out of religious houses from beyond the seas, to the end they should not use the English tongue in their sermons to the people. In the court, also, it grew into such contempt, that most men thought it no small dishonour to speak any English there; which bravery took his hold at the last likewise in the country with every ploughman, that even the very carters began to wax weary of their mother-tongue, and laboured to speak French, which as then was counted no small token of gentility. And no marvel; for every French rascal, when he came once hither, was taken for a gentleman, only because he was proud, and could use his own language. And all this (I say) to exile the English and British speeches quite out of the country. But in vain; for in the time of king Edward I., to wit, toward the latter end of his

reign, the French itself ceased to be spoken generally, but most of all and by law in the midst of Edward III., and then began the English to recover and grow in more estimation than before; notwithstanding that, among our artificers, the most part of their implements, tools, and words of art, retain still their French denominations even to these our days, as the language itself is used likewise in sundry courts, books of record, and matters of law; whereof here is no place to make any particular rehearsal. Afterward, also, by diligent travail of Geoffrey Chaucer and John Gower, in the time of Richard II., and after them of John Scogan and John Lydgate, monk of Bury, our said tongue was brought to an excellent pass, notwithstanding that it never came unto the type of perfection until the time of Queen Elizabeth, wherein John Jewel, bishop of Sarum, John Fox, and sundry learned and excellent writers, have fully accomplished the ornature of the same, to their great praise and immortal commendation; although not a few other do greatly seek to stain the same, by fond affectation of foreign and strange words, presuming that to be the best English which is most corrupted with external terms of eloquence and sound of many syllables. But as this excellency of the English tongue is found in one, and the south part of this island, so in Wales the greatest number (as I said) retain still their own ancient language, that of the north part of the said country being less corrupted than the other, and therefore reputed for the better in their own estimation and judgment. This, also, is proper to us Englishmen, that since ours is a middle or intermediate language, and neither too rough nor too smooth in utterance, we may with much facility learn any other language, beside Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and speak it naturally, as if we were home-born in those countries; and yet on the other side it falleth out, I wot not by what other means, that few foreign nations can rightly pronounce ours, without some and that great note of imperfection, especially the Frenchmen, who also seldom write anything that savoureth of English truly. But this of all the rest doth breed most admiration with me, that if any stranger do hit upon some likely pronunciation of our tongue, yet in age he swerveth so much from the same, that he is worse therein than ever he was, and thereto, peradventure, halteth not a little also in his own, as I have seen by experience in Reginald Wolfe, and others, whereof I have justly marvelled.

The Cornish and Devonshire men, whose country the Britons call Cerniw, have a speech in like sort of their own, and such as hath indeed more affinity with the Armorican tongue than I can well discuss of. Yet in mine opinion, they are both but a corrupted kind of British, albeit so far degenerating in these days from the old, that if either of them do meet with a Welshman, they are not able at the first to understand one another, except here and there in some odd words, without the help of interpreters. And no marvel, in mine opinion, that the British of Cornwall is thus corrupted, since the Welsh tongue that is spoken in the north and south part of Wales doth differ so much in itself, as the English used in Scotland doth from that which is spoken among us here in this side of the island, as I have said already.

The Scottish-English hath been much broader and less pleasant in utterance than ours, because that nation hath not, till of late, endeavoured to bring the same to any perfect order, and yet it was such in manner as Englishmen themselves did speak for the most part beyond the Trent, whither any great amendment of our language had not, as then, extended itself. Howbeit, in our time the Scottish language endeavoureth to come near, if not altogether to match, our tongue in fineness of phrase and copiousness of words, and this may in part appear by a history of the Apocrypha translated into Scottish verse by Hudson, dedicated to the king of that country, and containing six books, except my memory do fail me.

IV. SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

geb. 1552 zu Hayes bei Bodley (Devonshire), hingerichtet am 29. October 1618 zu London, war ein berühmter englischer Seemann. Er stammte aus einer alten Familie, studirte zu London und Oxford die Rechte und machte 1569 den Krieg gegen Frankreich, 1578 den gegen die Spanier mit. 1579 unternimmt er eine übrigens fruchtlose Entdeckungsreise nach Nord-America, und rüstet 1584 abermals mehre Schiffe aus, mit welchen er nach Nord-America zur Begründung von Colonien segelte. Virginien, in Bezug auf die Königin *Elisabeth* so genannt, bei der er seines schönen Aeussern und ritterlichen Betragens wegen in hoher Gunst stand, verdankt ihm seine Entstehung; ebenso unternahm er mehre Entdeckungsreisen nach Westindien und Süd-America. Unter *Jacob I.* ward er, von Höflingen verläumdet, der Theilnahme an einer Verschwörung beschuldigt und zum Tode verurtheilt. Zwölf Jahre schmachtete er nun im Tower in der Gefangenschaft, die seine edle Gattin mit ihm theilte, und schrieb hier unter Anderem seine 'History of the World' (London 1552 in Folio). Im Jahre 1616 erhielt er plötzlich die Freiheit, und mit ihr das Commando über ein Geschwader, mit welchem er die fabelhaften Reichthümer erobern sollte, die, einem früher von *R.* während seiner Gefangenschaft ausgestreuten Gerüchte zufolge, in Guyana offen da liegen sollten. Da nun diese Expedition gänzlich fehlschlug, so liess ihn der niedrigdenkende *Jacob I.* auf Grund der frühern Anklage des Majestätsverbrechens enthaupten.

Das hier mitgetheilte Bruchstück wurde nach seiner ersten Verurtheilung geschrieben und gewährt einen tiefen Blick in die Gemüthswelt dieses ausserordentlichen Mannes. Seine kleineren politischen, historischen und poetischen Schriften erschienen unter dem Titel 'Miscellaneous Works' (London 1748, 2 Bde.) Interessante Nachrichten über ihn gab *Isaac D'Israeli* in seinen 'Curiosities of Literature' (u. A. Paris, Baudry. 3 Bde.) —

Ueber seine Dichtungen s. II. Theil dieses Handbuches.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH TO HIS WIFE.

Written in 1603, after sentence of death had been passed on him.

You shall now receive, my dear wife, my last words in these my last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel, that you may remember it, when I am no more. I would not, by my will, present you with sorrows, dear Bess: let them go into the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And, seeing it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you more in this life, bear it patiently, and with a heart like thyself.

First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words can express, for your many travails and care taken for me; which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less. But pay it I never shall in this world.

Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, do not hide yourself many days after my death. But, by your travails, seek to help your miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child. Thy mournings cannot avail me; I am but dust.

Thirdly, you shall understand that my land was conveyed *bonâ fide* to my child. The writings were drawn at Midsummer was twelve months. My honest cousin, Brett, can testify so much, and Dalberrie too can remember somewhat therein: and I trust my blood will quench their malice that have thus cruelly murdered me, and that they will not seek also to kill thee and thine with extreme poverty. To what friend

to direct thee I know not, for all mine have left me in the true time of trial; and I plainly perceive that my death was determined from the first day. Most sorry I am, God knows, that, being thus surprised with death, I can leave you in no better estate. God is my witness, I meant you all my office of wines, or all that I could have purchased by selling it, half my stuff, and all my jewels, but some one for the boy. But God hath prevented all my resolutions, even that great God that ruleth all in all. B. if you can live free from want, care for no more; the rest is but vanity. Love God, and begin betimes to repose yourself on him; and therein shall you find true and lasting riches, and endless comfort. For the rest, when you have travailed, and wearied your thoughts over all sorts of worldly cogitation, you shall but sit down by sorrow in the end. Teach your son also to love and fear God, while he is yet young, that the fear of God may grow up with him. And then God will be a husband to you, and a father to him; a husband, and a father, which cannot be taken from you.

Bayly oweth me 200*l.*, and Adrian Gilbert 600*l.* In Jersey, also, I have much money owing me. Besides, the arrears of the wines will pay my debts; and, howsoever you do, for my soul's sake pay all poor men.

When I am gone, no doubt, you shall be sought to by many; for the world thinks that I was very rich. But take heed of the pretences of men; and their affections. For they last not, but in honest and worthy men; and no greater misery can befall you in this life, than to become a prey, and afterwards to be despised. I speak not this, God knows, to dissuade you from marriage: for it will be best for you, both in respect of the world and of God. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine. Death has cut us asunder; and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me.

Remember your poor child, for his father's sake, who chose you and loved you in his happiest time. Get those letters, if it be possible, which I writ to the lords, wherein I sued for my life. God is my witness, it was for you and yours that I desired life. But it is true, that I disdain myself for begging it; for know it, dear wife, that your son is the son of a true man, and one who in his own respect despiseth death, and all his misshapen and ugly forms.

I cannot write much. God, he knoweth, how hardly I steal this time, while others sleep: and it is also high time that I should separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which, living, was denied thee; and either lay it at Sherborne, if the land continue, or in Exeter church, by my father and mother. I can say no more: time and death call me away.

The everlasting, powerful, infinite, and omnipotent God, who is goodness itself, the true life and true light, keep thee and thine; have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and accusers; and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom! My dear wife, farewell! Bless my poor boy, pray for me, and let my good God hold you both in his arms!

Written with the dying hand of sometime thy husband, but now, alas! overthrown,

Yours that was, but now not my own,

WALTER RALEIGH.

V. RICHARD HOOKER,

geb. 1554 zu Exeter; gest. zu Bishop's-Bourne (Kent) im Jahre 1600. — Er war Anfangs Professor der hebräischen Sprache zu Oxford, dann Prediger zu London, und einer der gewaltigsten Redner seiner Zeit. — Sein Gemüth war so milder Natur, dass er das Unglück eine erzböse Frau zu haben, 'a silly clownisch woman, and withal a mere Xantippe', die er

auf Recommandation geheirathet hatte, mit unendlicher Geduld ertrug, und, um Streitigkeiten mit seinem Collegen *Walter Travers* zu entgehen, lieber seiner vortheilhaften Stelle entsagte, wovon nachstehender Brief Zeugniss ablegt.

Er schrieb 'Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity' (Lond. 1594—95.).

1) TO THE ARCHBISHOP WHITGIFT.

'My lord — When I lost the freedom of my cell, which was my college, yet I found some degree of it in my quiet country parsonage. But I am weary of the noise and opposition of this place; and, indeed, God and nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. And, my lord, my particular contests here with Mr. Travers have proved the more unpleasant to me, because I believe him to be a good man; and that belief has occasioned me to examine mine own conscience concerning his opinions. And to satisfy that, I have consulted the holy Scripture, and other laws, both human and divine, whether the conscience of him and others of his judgment ought to be so far complied with as to alter our frame of church government, our manner of God's worship, our praising and praying to him, and our established ceremonies, as often as their tender consciences shall require us. And in this examination I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a treatise in which I intend the satisfaction of others, by a demonstration of the reasonableness of our laws of ecclesiastical polity. But, my lord, I shall never be able to finish what I have begun, unless I be removed into some quiet parsonage, where I may see God's blessings spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread in peace and privacy: a place, where I may, without disturbance, meditate my approaching mortality, and that great account which all flesh must give at the last day to the God of all spirits.

2) CHURCH MUSIC.

Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it, harmony; a thing which delighteth all ages, and beseemeth all states; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy; as decent, being added unto actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action. The reason hereof is an admirable facility which music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising, and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject; yea, so to imitate them, that, whether it resemble unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clean contrary, we are not more contentedly by the one confirmed, than changed and led away by the other. In harmony, the very image and character even of virtue and vice is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblances, and brought by having them often iterated into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony; than some, nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another, we need no proof but our own experience, inasmuch as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness, of some more mollified and softened in mind; one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections; there is that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity; there is also that carrieth, as it were, into ecstacies, filling the

mind with a heavenly joy, and for the time in a manner severing it from the body; so that, although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty or matter, the very harmony of sounds being framed in due sort, and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is, by a native puissance and efficacy, greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled: apt as well to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is too eager; sovereign against melancholy and despair; for cibleto draw forth tears of devotion, if the mind be such as can yield them; able both to move and to moderate all affections. The prophet David having, therefore, singular knowledge, not in poetry alone, but in music also, judged them both to be things most necessary for the house of God, left behind him to that purpose a number of divinely-indited poems, and was further the author of adding unto poetry melody in public prayer; melody, both vocal and instrumental, for the raising up of men's hearts, and the sweetening of their affections towards God. In which considerations the church of Christ doth likewise at this present day retain it as an ornament to God's service, and an help to our own devotion. They which, under pretence of the law ceremonial abrogated; require the abrogation of instrumental music, approving, nevertheless, the use of vocal melody to remain, must show some reason wherefore the one should be thought a legal ceremony, and not the other. In church music, curiosity or ostentation of art, wanton, or light, or unsuitable harmony, such as only pleaseth the ear, and doth not naturally serve to the very kind and degree of those impressions which the matter that goeth with it leaveth, or is apt to leave, in men's minds, doth rather blemish and disgrace that we do, than add either beauty or furtherance unto it. On the other side, the faults prevented, the force and efficacy on the thing itself, when it drowneth not utterly, but fitly suiteth with matter altogether sounding to the praise of God, is in truth most admirable, and doth much edify, if not the understanding, because it teacheth not, yet surely the affection, because therein it worketh much. They must have hearts very dry and tough, from whom the melody of the psalms doth not sometime draw that wherein a mind religiously affected delighteth.

VI. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,

geb. 1554. zu Penshurst (Kent), gest. 1586 zu London, war einer der ausgezeichnetsten Männer und der besten Prosaiker seiner Zeit. Nach beendigten Studien auf der Universität Oxford und einer dreijährigen Reise durch Europa, schrieb er im Jahre 1778 auf dem Landsitze seines Schwagers, des Grafen *v. Pembroke*, den Schäferroman 'Arcadia' und später sein durch Stil und Inhalt bedeutendstes Werk 'Defence of Poesy', von welchem wir ein Bruchstück mittheilen. — *S.* war eine Zierde des englischen Hofes und Liebling der Königin Elisabeth, deren Gunst er als umsichtiger Staatsmann sowohl wie als tapferer Krieger stets zu verdienen wusste. Er starb an einer im Sept. 1586 im Treffen bei Zütphen erhaltenen gefährlichen Wunde.

S. hinterliess ausser vorstehend genannten Werken noch eine zusammenhängende Reihe werthvoller Sonette und viele kleinere lyrische Dichtungen (s. Theil II. dieses Handbuchs). Die beste Ausgabe seiner sämmtlichen Werke ist die von 1725 (London, 3 Bde.), und die 'Miscellaneous Works', herausgegeben von *Gray* (Oxford, 1829). Seine ausführliche Biographie gab *Th. Zouch* unter dem Titel: 'Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Phil. S.' (London, 1808, I. Bd. 4.).

Now, therein, of all Sciences, I speak still of human, and, according to the human conceit, is our *Poet* the monarch. For he doth not only shew the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will intice any man to enter into it: nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first, give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste, you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for the well-enchanting skill of *music*, and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you with a tale, which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste: which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the Aloes or Rhubarbarum they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth: so is it in men, (most of whom are childish in the best things, 'till they be cradled in their graves). Glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas; and hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour and justice; which, if they had been barely, (that is to say, philosophically) set out, they would swear they be brought to school again. That imitation whereof Poetry is, hath the most conveniency to nature of all other: insomuch that, as Aristotle saith, those things which in themselves are horrible, as cruel battles, unnatural monstres, are made, in poetical imitation, delightful. Truly I have known men, that even with reading Amadis de Gaul, which, God knoweth, wanteth much of a perfect Poesy, have found their hearts moved to the exercise of courtesy, liberality, and especially courage. Who readeth Æeneas carrying old Anchises on his back, that wisheth not, it were his fortune to perform so excellent an act? Whom doth not those words of Turnus move, the tale of Turnus having planted his image in the imagination,

— — Fugientem haec terra videbit?
Usque adeone mori miserum est?

Where the Philosophers, as they think, scorn to delight, so much they be content little to move, saving wrangling whether *Virtus* be the chief or the only good; whether the contemplative or the active life do excel: which Plato and Boetius well knew; and therefore made mistress Philosophy very often borrow the masking raiment of Poesy. For even those hard hearted evil men, who think virtue a school-name, and know no other good but *indulgere genio*, and therefore despise the austere admonitions of the Philosopher, and feel not the inward reason they stand upon, yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the good fellow Poet seems to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness, which seen, they cannot but love, e'er themselves be aware, as if they took a medicine of cherries.

VII. FRANCIS BACON,

geb. 22. Januar 1561 zu London, gest. am Morgen des Osterfestes 1626, war der Sohn des *Sir Nicholas B.*, (Grosssiegelbewahrers unter *Elisabeth*) und der gelehrten *Anna Cooke*. Schon als Knabe war er ein Liebling der grossen Königin, die sein aufblühendes Genie erkannte und förderte. Nachdem er bereits im 13. Jahre die Universität Cambridge bezogen hatte, verliess er dieselbe nach drei Jahren höchst unbefriedigt und ging nach Paris, wo er sich dem Studium der Statistik und Diplomatie widmete. Nach dem Tode seines Vaters (1780)

nach England zurückgekehrt, wollte es ihm unter *Elisabeth* durchaus nicht glücken nach Wunsch und Talent befördert zu werden, weil er von Anderen gefürchtet wurde. Erst unter *Jacob I.* ging sein Glücksstern, aber um so glänzender auf; denn in kaum 16 Jahren hatte er sich zu den Würden eines Siegelbewahrers und Lordkanzlers emporgeschwungen, war er zum *Baron von Verulam* und *Viscount St. Albans* ernannt worden. So sehr es auch zu bedauern ist, dass seine Handlungen seiner geistigen Grösse durchaus nicht entsprachen, indem er sich zu Hofintriguen und Bestechungen herabliess und es ihm überhaupt an Adel der Gesinnung und moralischem Muthe gebrach, so steht er doch gross da als Mann der Wissenschaft. In alle Gebiete menschlicher Erkenntniss trug er die Fackel seines aufklärenden Geistes, bemüht, die praktische Seite der Wissenschaft dem abstrakten geist- und fruchtlosen Treiben der Scholastiker voranzustellen. Seit 1579, wo sein erstes Werk erschien, folgten seine übrigen Schriften über Physik, Naturgeschichte, Arzneikunde, Rechtsgelehrsamkeit, Moral, Historie und Alterthumskunde in lateinischer und englischer Sprache rasch auf einander und gehörten zu den gelesensten Schriften seiner Zeit. Durch alle weht sein starker, forschender Geist; in allen fesselt er durch Tiefe der Gedanken und Kraft und Schärfe des Ausdrucks; in allen weist er auf die Beobachtung der Natur, als Hauptquelle menschlicher Erkenntniss hin, und bahnt Erfindungen an, die ihm zum Theil schon dunkel vorschwebten. Nur in der Mathematik war er den grossen Männern seiner Zeit nicht gewachsen, obgleich er das Studium derselben mehrfach empfahl. Zu seinen gediegensten lateinischen Werken gehören: 'Novum organum' (1620); 'De dignitate et augmentis scientiarum' (1623); 'Sermones fideles' (höchst ausgezeichnet) und 'Sylva sylvarum'.

Seine Werke und Biographie gab *Mallet* (London 1765, 5 Bde.) heraus; vollständiger noch *Montague* (London 1825—34, 16 Bde.) Eine ausführliche Charakteristik *B.*'s lieferte *Macauly* in seinen 'Essays'. —

1) OF GREAT PLACE.

Men in great place are thrice servants; servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business; so as they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others, and to lose power over a man's self. The rising unto place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains; and it is sometimes base, and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing: 'Cum non sis qui fueris, non esse cur velis vivere?' Nay, retire, men cannot when they would, neither will they when it were reason; but are impatient of privateness even in age and sickness, which require the shadow; like old townsmen, that will be still sitting at their street door, though thereby they offer age to scorn. Certainly great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy; for if they judge by their own feeling, they cannot find it: but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report, when, perhaps, they find the contrary within: for they are the first that find their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults. Certainly, men in great fortunes are strangers to themselves, and while they are in the puzzle of business, they have no time to tend their health either of body or mind: 'Illi mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi.' In place there is licence to do good and evil; whereof the latter is a curse; for in evil the best condition is not to will; the second not to can. But power to do good is the

true and lawful end of aspiring; for good thoughts (though God accept them), yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. Merit and good works is the end of man's motion; and conscience of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest; for if a man can be partaker of God's theatre, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest: 'Et conversus Deus, ut aspiceret opera, quæ fecerunt manus suæ, vidit quod omnia essent bona nimis;' and then the sabbath. In the discharge of thy place set before thee the best examples; for imitation is a globe of precepts; and after a time set before thee thine own example; and examine thyself strictly whether thou didst not best at first. Neglect not also the example of those that have carried themselves ill in the same place; not to set off thyself by taxing their memory, but to direct thyself what to avoid. Reform, therefore, without bravery or scandal of former times and persons; but yet set it down to thyself, as well to create good precedents as to follow them. Reduce things to the first institution, and observe wherein and how they have degenerated; but yet ask counsel of both times: of the ancient time what is best; and of the latter time what is fittest. Seek to make thy course regular, that men may know beforehand what they may expect: but be not too positive and peremptory; and express thyself well when thou digressest from thy rule. Preserve the right of thy place, but stir not questions of jurisdiction; and rather assume thy right in silence, and 'de facto,' than voice it with claims and challenges. Preserve likewise the rights of inferior places; and think it more honour to direct in chief, than to be busy in all. Embrace and invite helps and advices touching the execution of thy place; and do not drive away such as bring thee information as meddlers, but accept of them in good part. The vices of authority are chiefly four: delays, corruption, roughness, and facility. For delays give easy access; keep times appointed; go through with that which is in hand, and interlace not business but of necessity. For corruption doth not only bind thine own hands or thy servants' hands from taking, but binds the hands of suitors also from offering; for integrity used doth the one; but integrity professed, and with a manifest detestation of bribery, doth the other; and avoid not only the fault, but the suspicion. Whosoever is found variable, and changeth manifestly without manifest cause, giveth suspicion of corruption: therefore, always, when thou changest thine opinion or course, profess it plainly, and declare it, together with the reasons that move thee to change, and do not think to steal it. A servant or a favourite, if he be inward, and no other apparent cause of esteem, is commonly thought but a by-way to close corruption. For roughness, it is a needless cause of discontent: severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting. As for facility, it is worse than bribery; for bribes come but now and then; but if importunity or idle respects lead a man, he shall never be without; as Solomon saith, 'To respect persons it is not good, for such a man will transgress for a piece of bread.' It is most true that was anciently spoken, 'A place sheweth the man; and it sheweth some to the better, and some to the worse:' 'omnium consensu, capax imperii, nisi imperasset,' saith Tacitus of Galba; but of Vespasian he saith, 'solus imperantium, Vespasianus mutatus in melius;' though the one was meant of sufficiency, the other of manners and affection. It is an assured sign of a worthy and generous spirit, whom honour amends; for honour is, or should be, the place of virtue; and as in nature things move violently to their place, and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. All rising to great place is by a winding stair; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed. Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly; for if thou dost not,

it is a debt will sure be paid when thou art gone. If thou have colleagues, respect them; and rather call them when they look not for it, than exclude them when they have reason to look to be called. Be not too sensible or too remembering of thy place in conversation and private answers to suitors; but let it rather be said, 'When he sits in place he is another man.'

2) OF BOLDNESS.

It is a trivial grammar-school text, but yet worthy a wise man's consideration. Question was asked of Demosthenes what was the chief part of an orator? he answered: action; what next? action; what next again? action. He said it that knew it best, and had by nature himself no advantage in that he commended. A strange thing, that that part of an orator which is but superficial, and rather the virtue of a player, should be placed so high above those other noble parts of invention, elocution, and the rest; nay almost alone, as if it were all in all. But the reason is plain. There is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise; and therefore those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken, are most potent. Wonderful like is the case of boldness in civil business; what first? boldness; what second and third? boldness. And yet boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts: but, nevertheless, it doth fascinate, and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage, which are the greatest part: yea, and prevaileth with wise men at weak times: therefore we see it hath done wonders in popular states, but with senates and princes less; and more, ever upon the first entrance of bold persons into action, than soon after; for boldness is an ill keeper of promise. Surely, as there are mountebanks for the natural body, so are there mountebanks for the politic body; men that undertake great cures, and perhaps have been lucky in two or three experiments, but want the ground of science, and therefore cannot hold out: nay, you shall see a bold fellow many times do Mahomet's miracle. Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled: Mahomet called the hill to come to him again and again: and when the hill stood still he was never a whit abashed, but said, 'If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill.' So these men, when they have promised great matters and failed most shamefully, yet (if they have the perfection of boldness) they will but slight it over, and make a turn, and no more ado. Certainly to men of great judgment, bold persons are sport to behold; nay, and to the vulgar also boldness hath somewhat of the ridiculous: for if absurdity be the subject of laughter, doubt you not but great boldness is seldom without some absurdity; especially it is a sport to see when a bold fellow is out of countenance, for that puts his face into a most shrunken and wooden posture, as needs it must: for in bashfulness the spirits do a little go and come; but with bold men, upon like occasion, they stand at a stay; like a stale at chess, where it is no mate, but yet the game cannot stir: but this last were fitter for a satire, than for a serious observation. This is well to be weighed, that boldness is ever blind; for it seeth not dangers and inconveniences: therefore it is ill in counsel, good in execution; so that the right use of bold persons is, that they never command in chief, but be seconds, and under the direction of others: for in counsel it is good to see dangers, and in execution not to see them, except they be very great. —

3) OF FRIENDSHIP.

It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in few words, than in that speech, 'Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or

a god.' For it is most true, that a natural and secret hatred and aversation toward society in any man hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation, such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen; as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana; and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits, and holy fathers of the Church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little; *Magna civitas, magna solitudo,* because, in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship for the most part, which is in less neighbourhoods. But we may go further, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude, to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness. And even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever, in the frame of his nature and affections, is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body, and it is not much otherwise in the mind; you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain, but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend; to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set up this fruit of friendship whereof we speak, so great as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except to make themselves capable thereof they raise some persons to be as it were companions, and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favourites or privadoes, as if it were matter of grace or conversation; but the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them *participes curarum*; for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned; who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey, after surnamed the Great, to that height that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's overmatch. For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect, bade him be quiet, for that more men adored the sunrising than the sun-setting. With Julius Caesar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death. For when Caesar would have discharged the senate in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him, he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamed a better dream. And it seemeth his favour was so great, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited verbatim in one of *Cicero*'s *Philippics* calleth him *venefica*; witch; as if he had en-

chanted Caesar. Augustus raised Agrippa, though of mean birth, to that height, as when he consulted with Maecenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Maecenas took the liberty to tell him that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life; there was no third way, he had made him so great. With Tiberius Caesar, Sejanus had ascended to that height, as they two were termed, and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius, in a letter to him saith *Haec pro amicitia nostra non occultari*, and the whole senate dedicated an altar to friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like or more was between Septimius Severus and Plautianus; for he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus, and would often maintain Plautianus, in doing affronts to his son; and did write also in a letter to the senate by these words: 'I love the man so well as I wish he may overlive me.' Now if these princes had been as a Trajan or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity, though as great as ever happened to mortal men, but as a halfprice, except they might have a friend to make it entire, and yet which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten what Commineus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy; namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none, and least of all those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on and saith, that towards his latter time, that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding. Surely, Commineus might have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master Louis XI., whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pytharogas is dark, but true, *Cor ne edito*, Eat not the heart. Certainly if a man would give it a hard phrase, those who want friends to open themselves unto, are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable, wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship, which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects: for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more: and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is in truth, of operation upon a man's mind of like virtue, as the alchymists use to attribute to their stone, for man's body; that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet without praying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature. For in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action, and on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression; and even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storm and tempests, but it maketh day-light in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts, neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel which a man receiveth from his friends; but before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another: he loseth his thoughts more easily: he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally he waxeth wiser than himself: and that, more by an hour's discourse, than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, That speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure, whereas, in thoughts,

they lie but as in packs. Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel; they indeed are best, but even without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

And now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation, which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas, Dry light is ever the best, and certain it is that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another, is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs: so as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer. For there is no such flatterer as a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self, as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts, the one concerning manners, the other concerning business, For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is, the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account, is a medicine sometimes too piercing and corrosive. Reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead. Observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case; but the best receipt, best I say to work, and best to take, is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many, especially of the greater sort, do commit, for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage of both their fame and fortune. For, as St. James saith, they are as men that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favour. As for business, a man may think if he will that two eyes see no more than one, or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker on, or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four and twenty letters, or that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest, and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all. But when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight. And if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces, asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man; it is well, that is to say better perhaps, than if he had asked none at all; but he runneth two dangers, one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled, for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it. The other that he shall have counsel given hurtful and unsafe, though with good meaning, and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy, even as if you would call a physician, that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body; and therefore may put you in way for a present cure but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate, will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And therefore, rest not upon scattered counsels; they will rather distract and mislead, than settle and direct,

After these two noble fruits of friendship, peace in the affections and support of the judgment, followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels. I mean aid and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here, the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship, is to cast and see how many things there are, which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients to

say 'that a friend is another himself;' for, a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart, the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend he may rest almost secure, that the care of those things will continue after him; so that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place, but where friendship is, all offices of life are, as it were, granted to him and his deputy, for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot with any face of comeliness, say or do himself? A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them. A man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg, and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son, but as a father; to his wife, but as a husband; to his enemy, but upon terms; whereas, a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless. I have given the rule where a man cannot play his own part: if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

4) OF REGIMEN OF HEALTH.

There is a wisdom in this beyond the rules of physic: a man's own observation, what he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health; but it is a safer conclusion to say, 'This agreeth not well with me, therefore I will not continue it;' than this, 'I find no offence of this, therefore I may use it:' for strength of nature in youth passeth over many excesses which are owing a man till his age. Discern of the coming on of years, and think not to do the same things still; for age will not be defied. Beware of sudden change in any great point of diet, and, if necessity enforce it, fit the rest to it; for it is a secret both in nature and state, that it is safer to change many things than one. Examine thy customs of diet, sleep, exercise, apparel, and the like; and try, in any thing thou shalt judge hurtful, to discontinue it by little and little; but so, as if thou dost find any inconvenience by the change, thou come back to it again: for it is hard to distinguish that which is generally held good and wholesome, from that which is good particularly, and fit for thine own body. To be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat and sleep, and of exercise, is one of the best precepts of long lasting. As for the passions and studies of the mind, avoid envy, anxious fears, anger, fretting inwards, subtile and knotty inquisitions, joys and exhilarations in excess, sadness not communicated. Entertain hopes, mirth rather than joy, variety of delights, rather than surfeit of them; wonder and admiration, and therefore novelties; studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature. If you fly physic in health altogether, it will be too strange for your body when you shall need it; if you make it too familiar, it will work no extraordinary effect when sickness cometh. I commend rather some diet for certain seasons, than frequent use of physic, except it be grown into a custom; for those diets alter the body more, and trouble it less. Despise no new accident in your body, but ask opinion of it. In sickness, respect health principally; and in health, action: for those that put their bodies to endure in health, may, in most sicknesses, which are not very sharp, be cured only with diet and tendering. Celsus could never have spoken it as a physician, had he not been a wise man withal, when he giveth it for one of the great precepts of health and lasting, that a man do vary and interchange contraries; but with an inclination to the more benign extreme: use fasting and full eating, but rather full eating; watching and sleep, but rather sleep; sitting and exercise, but rather exer-

cise, and the like: so shall nature be cherished, and yet taught masteries. Physicians are some of them so pleasing and conformable to the humour of the patient, as they press not the true cure of the disease; and some other are so regular in proceeding according to art for the disease, as they respect not sufficiently the condition of the patient. Take one of a middle temper; or, if it may not be found in one man, combine two of either sort; and forget not to call as well the best acquainted with your body, as the best reputed of for his faculty.

5) OF BEAUTY.

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set; and surely virtue is best in a body that is comely, though not of delicate features; and that hath rather dignity of presence, than beauty of aspect; neither is it almost seen, that very beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue; as if nature were rather busy not to err, than in labour to produce excellency; and therefore they prove accomplished, but not of great spirit; and study rather behaviour than virtue. But this holds not always: for Augustus Cæsar, Titus Vespasianus, Philip le Belle of France, Edward the Fourth of England, Alcibiades of Athens, Ismael the Sophy of Persia, were all high and great spirits, and yet the most beautiful men of their times. In beauty, that of favour is more than that of colour; and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favour. That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express; no, nor the first sight of the life. There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion. A man cannot tell whether Apelles, or Albert Durer, were the more trifler; whereof the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions: the other, by taking the best parts of divers faces, to make one excellent. Such personages, I think, would please nobody but the painter that made them: not but I think a painter may make a better face than ever was; but he must do it by a kind of felicity (as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music), and not by rule. A man shall see faces, that, if you examine them part by part, you shall find never a good; and yet altogether do well. If it be true, that the principal part of beauty is in decent motion, certainly it is no marvel, though persons in years seem many times more amiable; 'pulchrorum autumnus pulcher'; for no youth can be comely but by pardon, and considering the youth as to make up the comeliness. Beauty is as summer-fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last; and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but yet certainly again, if it light well, it maketh virtue shine, and vices blush.

VIII. SAMUEL PURCHAS,

geb. 1577, gest. 1628. Er war Geistlicher und kompilirte aus den hinterlassenen Papieren *Richard Hakluyt's* ein Reisewerk unter dem Titel: 'Purchas his Pilgrims' (Lond. 1625), nachdem er bereits 1613 ein selbständiges ähnliches Werk unter dem Titel: 'Purchas his Pilgrimage' publizirt hatte, welchem letzteren wir folgendes seltsame aber reizende 'Lob des Meeres' entlehnen:

THE SEA.

As God has combined the sea and land into one globe, so their joint combination and mutual assistance is necessary to secular happiness and glory. The sea covereth one-half of this patrimony of man, whereof God set him in possession when he said, 'Replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the

air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth'. * *

Thus should man at once lose half his inheritance, if the art of navigation did not enable him to manage this untamed beast, and with the bridle of the winds and saddle of his shipping to make him serviceable. Now for the services of the sea, they are innumerable: it is the great purveyor of the world's commodities to our use; conveyer of the excess of rivers; uniter, by traffick, of all nations: it presents the eye with diversified colours and motions, and is, as it were, with rich brooches, adorned with various islands. It is an open field for merchandise in peace; a pitched field for the most dreadful fights of war; yields diversity of fish and fowl for diet; materials for wealth, medicine for health, simples for medicines, pearls and other jewels for ornament; amber and ambergrise for delight; 'the wonders of the Lord in the deep' for instruction, variety of creatures for use, multiplicity of natures for contemplation, diversity of accidents for admiration, compendiousness to the way, to full bodies healthful evacuation, to the thirsty earth fertile moisture, to distant friends pleasant meeting, to weary persons delightful refreshing, to studious and religious minds a map of knowledge, mystery of temperance, exercise of continence; school of prayer, meditation, devotion, and sobriety; refuge to the distressed, portage to the merchant, passage to the traveller, customs to the prince; springs, lakes, rivers to the earth; is hath on it tempests and calms to chastise the sins, to exercise the faith of seamen; manifold affections in itself, to affect and stupify the subtlest philosopher; sustaineth moveable fortresses for the soldier; maintaineth (as in our island) a wall of defence and watery garrison to guard the state; entertains the sun with vapours, the moon with obsequiousness, the stars also with a natural looking-glass, the sky with clouds, the air with temperateness, the soil with suppleness, the rivers with tides, the hills with moisture, the valleys with fertility; containeth most diversified matter for meteors, most multiform shapes, most various, numerous kinds, most immense, difformed, deformed, unformed monsters; once (for why should I longer detain you?) the sea yields action to the body, meditation to the mind, the world to the world, all parts thereof to each part, by this art of arts, navigation.

IX. JAMES HOWELL,

geb. in Carmarthenshire um's Jahr 1596, gestorben als Historiograph im Jahre 1666. Er studirte zu Hereford und Oxford und bereiste dann, Anfangs als Oberaufseher einer Patentglassfabrik, später als Erzieher, und mit diplomatischen Aufträgen betraut, den grössten Theil Europa's und erwarb sich eine ausgebreitete Kenntniss der modernen Sprachen. Er war der erste Historiograph Englands, der diesen Titel trug, wie er auch der Erste war, der seine Memoiren in der Form des Briefstils niederschrieb. Von seinen 40 Schriften werden jetzt nur noch gelesen die 'Epistolae Ho-Elianae or Familiar Letters' (Lond. 1645 und später) und die 'Instructions for Foreign Travel' (Lond. 1645), denen wir nachstehendes Bruchstück entlehnen.

TALES OF TRAVELLERS.

Others have a custom to be always relating strange things and wonders, and they usually present them to the hearers through the multiplying-glasses, and thereby cause the thing to appear far greater than it is in itself; they make mountains of mole-hills, like Char-

enton-Bridge-Echo, which doubles the sound nine times. Such a traveller was he that reported the Indian fly to be as big as a fox; China birds to be as big as some horses, and their mice to be as big as monkeys; but they have the wit to fetch this far enough off, because the hearer may rather believe it than make a voyage so far to disprove it.

Every one knows the tale of him who reported he had seen a cabbage, under whose leaves a regiment of soldiers where sheltered from a shower of rain. An other, who was no traveller (yet the wiser man), said, he had passed by a place where there were 400 braziers making of a cauldron — 200 within and 200 without — beating the nails in; the traveller asking for what use that huge cauldron was? he told him — 'Sir, it was to boil your cabbage'

Such another was the Spanish traveller, who was so habituated to hyperbolise, and relate wonders, that he became ridiculous in all companies, so that he was forced at last to give order to his man, when he fell into any excess that way, and report anything improbable, he should pull him by the sleeve. The master falling into his wonted hyperboles, spoke of a church in China that was ten thousand yards long; his man, standing behind, and pulling him by the sleeve, made him stop suddenly. The company asking, 'I pray, sir, how broad might that church be?' he replied, 'But a yard broad, and you may thank my man for pulling me by the sleeve, else I had made it foursquare for you'.

* * *

X. JEREMY TAYLOR,

geb. 1613 zu Cambridge; gest. am 13. August 1667 als Bischof von Down und Connor und Kanzler der Universität Dublin. Nachdem er das Studium der Theologie auf der Universität Cambridge vollendet hatte, erhielt er das Rektorat zu Uppingham (Ratland) und schrieb auf Befehl des Königs *Karl's I.* seine Vertheidigungsschrift für das Episkopat. Nach des Königs Falle verlor auch *Taylor* sein Amt und wurde unter *Karl II.* zum Bischof der evangelischen Kirche ernannt. *Taylor* gehört unstreitig zu den beredtsten Kanzelrednern nicht nur Englands, sondern aller Nationen und Zeiten; seine Predigten werden noch heute in England viel gelesen; ebenso die Homelien: 'The Life of Christ or the Great Exemplar' (1648) und 'Treatises on Holy Living and Holy Dying.'

Kraft, Schönheit und Schärfe des Ausdrucks, Tiefe der Gedanken, Wahrheit des Gefühls, bisweilen ein hochpoetischer Aufschwung und vor Allem ein zu jener Zeit seltener Geist der Milde und christlichen Duldung zeichnen seine Schriften vor denen der meisten seiner Zeitgenossen aus. (S. Einleitung zu diesem Abschnitt. S. 31.)

Bischof *Heber* gab seine sämmtlichen Werke im J. 1822 in 15 Bänden heraus. Eine geschätzte Biographie *T.*'s besitzen wir von *Willmot*, 'Bishop Jeremy T., his Predecessors, Contemporaries and Successors.'

WEALTH NOT PRODUCTIVE OF A PROPORTIONATE DEGREE OF ENJOYMENT.

First, then, suppose a man gets all the world, what is it that he gets? It is a bubble and a fantasm, and hath no reality beyond a present transient use; a thing that is impossible to be enjoyed, because its fruits and usages are transmitted to us by parts and by succession. He that hath all the world (if we can

suppose such a man) cannot have a dish of fresh summer fruits in the midst of winter, not so much as a green fig: and very much of its possessions is so hid, so fugacious, and of so uncertain purchase, that it is like the riches of the sea to the lord of the shore; all the fish and wealth within all its hollownesses are his, but he is never the better for what he cannot get: all the shell fishes that produce pearl, produce them not for him; and the bowels of the earth shall hide her treasures in undiscovered retirements: so that it will signify as much to this great purchaser to be entitled to an inheritance in the upper region of the air; he is so far from possessing all its riches, that he does not so much as know of them, nor understand the philosophy of her minerals.

I consider that he that is the greatest possessor in the world, enjoys its best and most noble parts, and those which are of most excellent perfection, but in common with the inferior persons, and the most despicable of his kingdom. Can the greatest prince enclose the sun, and set one little star in his cabinet for his own use, or secure to himself the gentle and benign influence of any one constellation? Are not his subjects' fields bedewed with the same showers that water his gardens of pleasure?

Nay, those things which he esteems his ornament, and the singularity of his possessions, are they not of more use to others than to himself? For suppose his garments splendid and shining, like the robe of a cherub, or the clothing of the fields, all that he that wears them enjoys is, that they keep him warm, and clean, and modest; and all this is done by clean and less pompous vestments; and the beauty of them, which distinguishes him from others, is made to please the eyes of the beholders; and he is like a fair bird, or the meretricious painting of a wanton woman, made wholly to be looked on, that is, to be enjoyed by every one but himself: and the fairest face or the sparkling eye cannot perceive or enjoy their own beauties but by reflection. It is I that am pleased with beholding his gaiety; and the gay man, in his greatest bravery, is only pleased because I am pleased with the sight; so borrowing his little and imaginary complacency from the delight that I have, not from any inherency in his own possession.

The poorest artisan of Rome, walking in Cæsar's gardens, had the same pleasures which they ministered to their lord: and although, it may be, he was put to gather fruits to eat from another place, yet his other senses were delighted equally with Cæsar's: the birds made him as good music, the flowers gave him as sweet smells; he there sucked as good air, and delighted in the beauty and order of the place, for the same reason and upon the same perception as the prince himself; save only that Cæsar paid, for all that pleasure, vast sums of money, the blood and treasure of a province, which the poor man had for nothing.

Suppose a man lord af all the world (for still we are but in supposition), yet since every thing is received, not according to its own greatness and worth, but according to the capacity of the receiver, it signifies very little as to our content or to the riches of our possession. If any man should give to a lion a fair meadow full of hay, or a thousand quince trees; or should give to the goodly bull, the master and the fairest of the whole herd, a thousand fair stags; if a man should present to a child a ship laden with Persian carpets, and the ingredients of the rich scarlet, all these, being disproportionate either to the appetite or to the understanding, could add nothing of content, and might declare the freeness of the presenter, but they upbraid the incapacity of the receiver. And so it does if God should give the whole world to any man. He knows not what to do with it; he can use no more, but according to the capacities of a man; he can use nothing but meat, and drink, and clothes; and infinite riches, that can give him changes of raiment every day and a full table, do but give him a clean trencher every bit he eats; it signifies no more but wantonness and variety, to the same, not to any new purposes. He to

whom the world can be given to any purpose greater than a private estate can minister, must have new capacities created in him: he needs the understanding of an angel, to take the accounts of his estate; he had need have a stomach like fire or the grave, for else he can eat no more than one of his healthful subjects; and unless he hath an eye like the sun, and a motion like that of a thought, and a bulk as big as one of the orbs of heaven, the pleasures of his eye can be no greater than to behold the beauty of a little prospect from a hill, or to look upon the heap of gold packed up in a little room, or to dote upon a cabinet of jewels, better than which there is no man that sees at all, but sees every day. For, not to name the beauties and sparkling diamonds of heaven, a man's, or a woman's, or a hawk's eye, is more beauteous and excellent than all the jewels of his crown. And when we remember that a beast, who hath quicker senses than a man, yet hath not so great delight in the fruition of any objects, because he wants understanding and the power to make reflex acts upon his perception; it will follow, that understanding and knowledge is the greatest instrument of pleasure, and he that is most knowing hath a capacity to become happy which a less knowing prince, or a rich person, hath not; and in this only a man's capacity is capable of enlargement. But then, although they only have power to relish any pleasure rightly, who rightly understanding the nature, and degres, and essences, and ends of things; yet they that do so, understand also the vanity and unsatisfyingness of the things of this world, so that the relish, which could not be great but in great understanding, appears contemptible, because its vanity appears at the same time; the understanding sees all, and sees through it.

XI. JOHN MILTON,

geb. am 9. Decbr. 1608 zu London, gest. daselbst am 8. Novbr. 1674. Der berühmteste epische Dichter der Engländer (S. II. Theil dieses Handbuches), war er zu gleicher Zeit einer der tüchtigsten Schriftsteller in lateinischer und englischer Sprache. Er hatte sich auf der Universität Cambridge vorzüglich poetischen Studien gewidmet und schon um diese Zeit Proben seines dichterischen Genies gegeben. Nach einer Reise durch Frankreich und Italien wandte er sich beim Ausbruch der bürgerlichen Unruhen der Seite *Cromwell's* zu, der ihn zum lateinischen Geheimschreiber des Parlaments ernannte. Seine 'Areopagitica' (1644), aus der wir ein Bruchstück mittheilen, die 'Tenure of Kings and Magistrates' (1649), und die berühmte 'Defensio pro populo anglicano' (1651), der bald darauf die 'Defensio secunda' und die 'Defensio pro se' folgten, gehören diesem Zeitraume an und sind eben so viele Zeugen seines energischen, freien Geistes wie seiner ungemeinen Sprachgewandtheit. Nach der Wiederherstellung des Königthums blieb er von *Karl II.* ungekränkt und wendete sich nun mit ganzer Seele der Dichtkunst zu, sein unsterbliches Werk 'The Paradise Lost' vollendend.

Seine prosaischen Schriften wurden gesammelt von *Fletcher* (London, 1833). Eine Biographie von ihm lieferte *Hayley* (London, 1796.) und *Ivimey* (London, 1833). —

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

I deny not but that it is of the greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul

whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a kind of martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and soft essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. * *

I proceed, from the no good it can do, to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. It was a complaint and lamentation of prelates, upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities, and distribute more equally church revenues, that then all learning would be for ever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy; nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If, therefore, ye be loath to dishearten utterly and discontent, not the mercenary crew and false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study and love learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end, but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind; then know, that so far to distrust the judgment and honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning, and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism, or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity, to a free and knowing spirit, that can be put upon him. What advantage is it to be a man, over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferula to come under the fescue of an imprimatur? — if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammer lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporising and extemporising licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which is done, he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that writ before him; if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unlei-

sured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labour of bookwriting; and if he be not repulsed, or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title, to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer; it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning. * * And how can a man teach with authority, which is the life of teaching; how can he be a doctor in his book, as he ought to be, or else had better be silent, whenas all he teaches, all he delivers, is but under the tuition, under the correction of his patriarchal licenser, to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hidebound humour which he calls his judgment? When every acute reader, upon the first sight of a pedantic license, will be ready with these like words to ding the book a quoit's distance from him, I hate a pupil teacher, I endure not an instructor that comes to be under the wardship of an overseeing fist. * *

And lest some should persuade ye, Lords and Commons, that these urguments of learned men's discouragement at this your order are mere flourishes, and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannises; when I have sat among their learned men (for that honour I had), and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom, as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits; that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old a prisoner, to the inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought. And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the prelatical yoke, nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness that other nations were so persuaded of our liberty. Yet it was beyond my hope that those worthies were then breathing in her air, wo should be her leaders to such a deliverance, as shall never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish. * *

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, 'to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures', early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute! When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons, as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power; give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.

XII. THOMAS FULLER,

geb. 1608, gestorben 1661. — Einer der ausgezeichnetsten Prosaiker seiner Zeit. Studirte zu Cambridge und that sich so hervor, dass er früh die Lektorschaft an der Savoy in London erhielt. Er erlangte bald einen grossen Ruf, sowohl seines ungeheuren Gedächtnisses wegen (er konnte z. B. 500 Wörter nach zweimaligem Anhören in derselben Reihefolge wiederholen), als wegen seines umfangreichen Wissens, des heitern Humors, der ihn stets begleitete, und seines seltenen Conversationstalentes.

Sein bestes Werk 'the Worthies of England' (Lond. 1660), welches er aus dem Munde des Volkes sammelte 'sitting for hours together and listening to the prattle of old women, in order to obtain snatches of local history, traditionary anecdote, and proverbial wisdom' ist seines unzusammenhängenden Stiles wegen zu Auszügen wenig geeignet; seine 'Church History of Britain' (Lond. 1665) erschien erst nach seinem Tode und ist wegen des mit einfliessenden heitern Tones oft zu stark getadelt worden. Aus 'The Profane and Holy States', welches Werk viele schöne Charaktere enthält, theilen wir mit:

THE GOOD YEOMAN

Is a gentleman in ore, whom the next age may see refined; and is the wax capable of a gentle impression, when the prince shall stamp it. Wise Solon, who accounted Tellus, the Athenian, the most happy man for living privately on his own lands, would surely have pronounced the English yeomanry a fortunate condition, living in the temperate zone, betwixt greatness and want, an estate of people almost peculiar to England. France and Italy are like a die, which hath no points between six and ace, nobility and peasantry. Their walls, though high, must needs be hollow, wanting filling stones. Indeed, Germany hath her boors, like our yeomen, but by a tyrannical appropriation of nobility to some few ancient families, their yeomen are excluded from ever rising higher to clarify their bloods. In England the temple of honour is bolted against none who have passed through the temple of virtue: nor is a capacity to be genteel denied to our yeoman who thus behaves himself.

He wears russet clothes, but makes golden payment, having tin in his buttons, and silver in his pocket. If he chance to appear in clothes above his rank, it is to grace some great man with his service, and then he blusheth at his own bravery. Otherwise he is the surest landmark, whence foreigners may take aim of the ancient English customs; the gentry more floating after foreign fashions.

In his house he is bountiful both to strangers and to poor people. Some hold, when hospitality died in England, she gave her last groan amongst the yeomen of Kent. And still, at our yeoman's table you shall have as many joints as dishes: no meat disguised with strange sauces; no straggling joint of a sheep in the midst of a pasture of grass, beset with sallads on every side; but solid substantial food; no servitors, more nimble with their hands than the guests with their teeth, take away meat before stomachs are taken away. Here you have that which in itself is good, made better by the store of it, and best the welcome to it.

He hath a great stroke in making a knight of the shire. Good reason, for he makes a whole line in the subsidy book, where whatsoever he is rated he pays without any regret, not caring how much his purse is let blood, so it be done by the advice of the physicians of the state.

He seldom goes far abroad, and his credit stretcheth further than his travel. He goes not to London, but *se defendendo* to save himself of

a fine, being returned of a jury, where seeing the king once, he prays for him ever afterwards.

In his own country he is a main man in juries. Where if the judge please to open his eyes in matters of law, he needs not be led by the nose in matters of fact. He is very observant of the judges *item*, when it follows the truths *imprimis*; otherwise, though not mutinous in a jury, he cares not whom he displeaseth so he pleaseth his own conscience.

He improveth his land to a double value by his good husbandry. Some grounds that wept with water, or frowned with thorns, by draining the one, and clearing the other, he makes both to laugh and sing with corn. By marl and lime-stones burnt he bettereth his ground, and his industry worketh miracles, by turning stones into bread. Conquest and good husbandry both enlarge the King's dominions: the one by the sword, making the acres more in number: the other by the plough, making the same acres more in value. Solomon saith, 'The King himself is maintained by husbandry.' Pythis, a king, having discovered rich mines in his kingdom, employed all his people in digging of them, whence tilling was wholly neglected, insomuch as a great famine ensued. His queen, sensible of the calamities of the country, invited the King her husband to dinner, as he came home hungry from overseeing his workmen in the mines. She so contrived it, that the bread and meat were most artificially made of gold; and the King was much delighted with the conceit thereof, till at last he called for real meat to satisfy his hunger. 'Nay,' said the Queen, 'if you employ all your subjects in your mines, you must expect to feed upon gold, for nothing else can your kingdom afford.'

In time of famine he is the Joseph of the country, and keeps the poor from starving. Then he tameth his stacks of corn, which not his covetousness but providence hath reserved for time of need, and to his poor neighbours abateth somewhat of the high price of the market. The neighbour gentry court him for his acquaintance, which either he modestly waveth, or thankfully accepteth, but no way greedily desireth. He insults not on the ruins of a decayed gentleman, but pities and relieves him; and as he is called goodman, he desires to answer to the name, and to be so indeed.

In war, though he serveth on foot, he is ever mounted on a high spirit; as being a slave to none, and a subject only to his own prince. Innocence and independence make a brave spirit: whereas, otherwise one must ask his leave to be valiant on whom he depends. Therefore, if a state run up all to noblemen and gentlemen, so that the husbandmen be only mere labourers or cottagers, which one calls but housed beggars, it may have good cavalry, but never good bands of foot; so that their armies will be like those birds called *apodes*, without feet, always only flying on their wings of horse. Wherefore to make good infantry, it requireth men bred, not in a servile or indigent fashion, but in some free and plentiful manner. Wisely, therefore, did that knowing Prince, King Henry the Seventh, provide laws for the increase of his yeomanry, that his kingdom should not be like to coppice-woods; where the staddles being left too thick, all run to bushes and briers, and there is little clean underwood. For enacting that houses used to husbandry should be kept up with a competent proportion of land, he did secretly sow Hydra's teeth, whereupon, according to the poet's fiction, should rise up armed men for the service of this kingdom.

XIII. EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON,

geb. 1608 zu Dinton (Wiltshire), gest. in der Verbannung zu Rouen im December 1674. — Studirte die Rechte zu Oxford. — Als eifriger Verfechter der Monarchie folgte er *Karl I.*, dessen Grosskanzler er geworden war, nach der Insel Jersey, wo er den Plan zu seiner 'History of the Rebellion and Civils Wars of England' entwarf. Nach *Karl's I.* Enthauptung füllte er mehre Gesandtschaftsposten im Interesse des königlichen Hauses aus, und trug nach *Cromwell's* Tode ungemein viel zur Thronbesteigung *Karl's II.* bei. Er bekleidete fortan die höchsten Stellen des Reichs und ward mit Würden und Ehren überhäuft. Nichtsdestoweniger war er dem Könige und dem sittenlosen Hofe, seiner Strenge und Redlichkeit wegen, dem Volke aber wegen seiner religiösen Unduldsamkeit, verhasst und musste also allen Partheien ein willkommenes Opfer werden. Er ward gestürzt und verbannt, trotz der Vermählung seiner Tochter *Anna* mit dem Bruder des Königs, dem nachmaligen Könige *Jacob II.* und der Rechtsgültigkeit dieser Ehe, und verlebte noch sechs Jahre in Frankreich bis zu seinem Tode. Beifolgendes Bruchstück bekundet seine Vorliebe für *Karl I.* in hohem Grade; es ist der 'History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars of England' entlehnt, deren beste und vollständigste Ausgabe 1827 in Oxford herausgegeben wurde, woselbst auch 'The Life of Edward Earl of C.' erschien.

CHARLES I.

It will not be unnecessary to add a short character of his person, that posterity may know the inestimable loss which the nation then underwent, in being deprived of a Prince, whose example would have had a greater influence upon the manners and piety of the nation, than the most strict laws can have. To speak first of his private qualifications as a man, before the mention of his princely and royal virtues; he was, if ever any, the most worthy of the title of an honest man; so great a lover of justice, that no temptation could dispose him to a wrongful action, except it was so disguised to him that he believed it to be just. He had a tenderness and compassion of nature, which restrained him from ever doing a hard-hearted thing: and therefore he was so apt to grant pardon to malefactors, that the judges of the land represented to him the damage and insecurity to the public, that flowed from such his indulgence. And then he restrained himself from pardoning either murders or highway robberies, and quickly discerned the fruits of his severity by a wonderful reformation of those enormities. He was very punctual and regular in his devotions; he was never known to enter upon his recreations or sports, though never so early in the morning, before he had been at public prayers; so that on hunting days his chaplains were bound to a very early attendance. He was likewise very strict in observing the hours of his private cabinet devotions; and was so severe an exactor of gravity and reverence in all mention of religion, that he could never endure any light or profane word, with what sharpness of wit soever it was covered: and though he was well pleased and delighted with reading verses made upon any occasion, no man durst bring before him any thing that was profane or unclean. That kind of wit had never any countenance then. He was so great an example of conjugal affection, that they who did not imitate him in that particular durst not brag of

their liberty: and he did not only permit, but direct his bishops to prosecute those scandalous vices, in the ecclesiastical courts, against persons of eminence and near relation to his service.

His kingly virtues had some mixture and allay, that hindered them from shining in full lustre, and from producing those fruits they should have been attended with. He was not, in his nature, very bountiful, though he gave very much. This appeared more after the Duke of Buckingham's death, after which those showers fell very rarely; and he paused too long in giving, which made those to whom he gave less sensible of the benefit. He kept state to the full, which made his Court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be. He saw and observed men long, before he received them about his person: and did not love strangers nor very confident men. He was a patient hearer of causes, which he frequently accustomed himself to at the Council Board; and judged very well, and was dexterous in the meditating part: so that he often put an end to causes by persuasion, which the stubbornness of men's humours made dilatory in courts of justice.

He was very fearless in his person; but, in his riper years, not very enterprising. He had an excellent understanding, but was not confident enough of it; which made him oftentimes change his own opinion for a worse, and follow the advice of men that did not judge so well as himself. This made him more irresolute than the conjuncture of his affairs would admit. If he had been of a rougher and more imperious nature, he would have found more respect and duty; and his not applying some severe cures to approaching evils, proceeded from the lenity of his nature and the tenderness of his conscience, which, in all cases of blood, made him choose the softer way, and not hearken to severe counsels, how reasonably soever urged. This only restrained him from pursuing his advantage in the first Scottish expedition, when, humanly speaking, he might have reduced that nation to the most entire obedience that could have been wished. But no man can say he had then many who advised him to it, but the contrary, by a wonderful indisposition all his council had to the war, or any other fatigue. He was always a great lover of the Scottish nation, having not only been born there but educated by that people, and besieged by them always, having few English about him till he was King; and the major number of his servants being still of that nation, who he thought could never fail him. And among these, no man had such an ascendant over him, by the humblest insinuations, as Duke Hamilton had.

As he excelled in all other virtues, so in temperance he was so strict, that he abhorred all debauchery to that degree, that, at a great festival solemnity where he once was, when very many of the nobility of the English and Scots were entertained, being told by one who withdrew frem thence what vast draughts of wine they drank, and 'that there was one Earl who had drunk most of the rest down, and was not himself moved or altered', the King said, 'that he deserved to be hanged'; and that Earl coming shortly after into the room where his Majesty was in some gaiety, to shew how unhurt he was from that battle, the King sent one to bid him withdraw from his Majesty's presence; nor did he in some days after appear before him.

So many miraculous circumstances contributed to his ruin, that men might well think that heaven and earth conspired it. Though he was, from the first declension of his power, so much betrayed by his own servants, that there were very few who remained faithful to him, yet that treachery proceeded not always from any treasonable purpose to do him any harm, but from particular and personal animosities against other men. And afterwards, the terror all men were under of the Parliament, and the guilt they were conscious of themselves, made them watch all opportunities to make themselves gracious to those who could do them good; and so they became spies upon

their master, and from one piece of knavery were hardened and confirmed to undertake another; till at last they had no hope of preservation but by the destruction of their master. And after all this, when a man might reasonably believe that less than a universal defection of three nations could not have reduced a great King to so ugly a fate, it is most certain, that in that very hour when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the sun, he had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects in general, was as much beloved, esteemed, and longed for by the people in general of the three nations, as any of his predecessors had ever been. To conclude, he was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian, that the age in which he lived produced. And if he were not the greatest king, if he were without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments, and so much without any kind of vice.

XIV. SIR MATTHEW HALE,

(1609 — 1676), ein seiner Rechtlichkeit und Geschicklichkeit wegen berühmter Rechtsgelehrter. Er blühte vorzüglich unter der Republik und unter Karl II., der ihn 1660 zum Chief baron of the exchequer und 1671 zum Lord chief-justice of the king's bench ernannte. Aus der Zeit der erstgenannten Würde ruht der dunkle Flecken auf ihm im Jahre 1664. mehre der Hexerei angeklagte Personen zum Feuertode verurtheilt zu haben, doch that er es aus Ueberzeugung (S. Dr. Henry More S. 63) und war sonst von einem gütigen, leutseligen, rechtschaffenen Charakter. H. war Kalvinist und schrieb Viel und Verschiedenartiges. Am gerühmtesten sind seine 'Contemplations, Moral and Divine', so wie seine 'Letters', von denen wir einen, 1662 an seine Kinder gerichteten, nachstehend mittheilen.

ON CONVERSATION.

Dear children — I thank God I came well to Farrington this day, about five o'clock. And as I have some leisure time at my inn, I cannot spend it more to my own satisfaction, and your benefit, than, by a letter, to give you some good counsel. The subjects shall be concerning your speech; because much of the good or evil that befalls persons arises from the well or ill managing of their conversation. When I have leisure and opportunity, I shall give you my directions on other subjects.

Never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offence against humanity itself; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no colour of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as other people cannot believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not

equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion.

Let your words be few, especially when your superiors, or strangers, are present, lest you betray your own weakness, and rob yourselves of the opportunity, which you might otherwise have had, to gain knowledge, wisdom, and experience, by hearing those whom you silence by your impertinent talking.

Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise.

Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer.

Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak; or they speak, and then think.

Some men excel in husbandry, some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation, learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies; put him upon talking on that subject, observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing. By this means you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with; and, at an easy rate, acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious both in your conversation with them and in your general behaviour, that you may avoid their errors.

If any one, whom you do not know to be a person of truth, sobriety, and weight, relates strange stories, be not too ready to believe or report them; and yet (unless he is one of your familiar acquaintance) be not too forward to contradict him. If the occasion requires you to declare your opinion, do it modestly and gently, not bluntly nor coarsely; by this means you will avoid giving offence, or being abused for too much credulity.

If a man, whose integrity you do not very well know, makes you great and extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Problably, you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool.

Beware also of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who he thinks will tell you of it; most probably he has either deceived and abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations.

Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations.

Forbear scoffing and jesting at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offences leave a deep impression; and they often cost a man dear.

Be very careful that you give no reproachful, menacing, or spiteful words to any person. Good words make friends; bad words make enemies. It is great prudence to gain as many friends as we honestly can, especially when it may be done at so easy a rate as a good word; and it is great folly to make an enemy by ill words, which are of no advantage to the party who uses them. When faults are committed, they may, and by a superior they must, be re-

proved: but let it be done without reproach or bitterness; otherwise it will lose its due end and use, and, instead of reforming the offence, it will exasperate the offender, and lay the reprover justly open to reproof.

If a person be passionate, and give you ill language, rather pity him than be moved to anger. You will find that silence, or very gentle words, are the most exquisite revenge for reproaches; they will either cure the distemper in the angry man, and make him sorry for his passion, or they will be a severe reproof and punishment to him. But, at any rate, they will preserve your innocence, give you the deserved reputation of wisdom and moderation, and keep up the serenity and composure of your mind. Passion and anger make a man unfit ofr everything that becomes him as a man or as a Christian.

Never utter any profane speeches, nor make a jest of any Scripture expressions. When you pronounce the name of God or of Christ, or repeat any passages or words of Holy Scripture, do it with reverence and seriousness, and not lightly, for that is 'taking the name of God in vain.'

If you hear of any unseemly expressions used in religious exercises, do not publish them; endeavour to forget them: or, if you mention them at all, let it be with pity and sorrow, not with derision or reproach.

Read these directions often; think of them seriously; and practise them diligently. You will find them useful in your conversation; which will be every day the more evident to you, as your judgment, understanding, and experience increase.

I have little further to add at this time, but my wish and command that you will remember the former counsels that I have frequently given you. Begin and end the day with private prayer; read the Scriptures often and seriously; be attentive to the public worship of God. Keep yourselves in some useful employment; for idleness is the nursery of vain and sinful thoughts, which corrupt the mind and disorder the life. Be kind and loving to one another. Be respectful to all. Behave as if I were present among you and saw you. Remember, you have a greater father than I am, who always and in all places beholds you, and knows your hearts and thoughts. Study to requite my love and care for you with dutifulness, observance, and obedience; and account it for an honour that you have an opportunity, by your attention, faithfulness and industry, to pay some part of that debt which, by the laws of nature and of gratitude, you owe to me.

I pray God to fill your hearts with his grace, fear and love, and to let you see the comfort and advantage of serving him; and that his blessing, and presence, and direction, may be with you, and over you all. I am your ever loving father.

XV. SAMUEL BUTLER,

geb. 1612, gest. 1680 in grösster Armuth in einer dunkeln Strasse bei Covent-Garden. Er war der burleskeste Dichter Englands (S. den II. Theil dieses Handbuchs), dessen 'Hudribras' wir etwa unsere 'Jobsiade' oder 'die travestirte Aeneide' entgegenstellen können, mit dem Unterschiede, dass Hudibras eine gegen die Puritaner und ihr steifes, absonderliches Wesen gerichtete Satire ist, die in der brillantesten, edelsten Sprache noch heute von hohem literarischen Werthe ist, während die erwähnten deutschen komischen Heldengedichte an den niedrigsten Schichten der Sprache dahinstreifen und manche Schlacke mit sich führen. Beifolgendes Bruchstück in Prosa ist aus 'The Genuine Remains, in Prose and Verse, of Mr.

Samuel Butler, author of Hudibras. Published from the Original Mss. formerly in possession of W. Longueville, Esq.; with Notes by R. Thyer; Keeper of the Public Library at Manchester' (Lond. 1759) entlehnt, und entbehrt keinesweges des humoristischen Tones, der den ganzen Hudibras durchweht.

A VINTNER

Hangs out his bush to show he has not good wine; for that, the proverb says, needs it not. He had rather sell bad wine than good, that stands him in no more; for it makes men sooner drunk, and then they are the easier over-reckoned. By the knaveries he acts above-board, which every man sees, one may easily take a measure of those he does under-ground in his cellar; for he that will pick a man's pocket to his face, will not stick to use him worse in private, when he knows nothing of it. He does not only spoil and destroy his wines, but an ancient reverend proverb, with brewing and racking, that says, 'In vino veritas'; for there is no truth in his, but all false and sophisticated; for he can counterfeit wine as cunningly as Apelles did grapes, and cheat men with it, as he did birds. He is an Antichristian cheat, for Christ turned water into wine, and he turns wine into water. He scores all his reckonings upon two tables, made like those of the Ten Commandments, that he may be put in mind to break them as oft as possibly he can; especially that of stealing and bearing false witness against his neighbour, when he draws him bad wine, and swears it is good, and that he can take more for the pipe than the wine will yield him by the bottle — a trick that a Jesuit taught him to cheat his own conscience with. When he is found to overreckon notoriously, he has one common evasion for all, and that is, to say it was a mistake; by which he means, that he thought they had not been sober enough to discover it; for if it had passed, there had been no error at all in the case.

XVI. Dr JOHN WILKINS,

geb, 1614, gest. 1672 als Bischof von Chester. Er war der Schwiegervater *John Tillotson's* (s. d.) und nach der Aussage des Bischofs Burnet 'a man of as great a mind, as true a judgment, as eminent virtues, and of as good a soul, as any I ever knew.' Obgleich mit einer Schwester des Diktators *Oliver Cromwell* verheirathet, benutzte er seinen Einfluss unter *Oliver's* und seines Sohnes *Richard's* kurzer Regierung doch nur dazu Gutes zu thun und die Wissenschaft zu fördern. Er war der Gründer eines wissenschaftlichen Vereins, der unter Karl II. zum Range der ersten 'Royal Society' erhoben wurde, an welcher namentlich die Naturwissenschaften gepflegt wurden. Seltsam ist es, dass dieser hochstehende Mann, der mehre werthvolle Schriften theologischen und mathematischen Inhalts verfasst hat, in seinem ersten Werk (es ist freilich eine Jugendarbeit): 'The Discovery of a New-World; or a Discourse tending to prove that it is probable there may be an other Habitable World in the Moon: with a Discourse concerning the Possibility of a Passage thither' fest an die Möglichkeit einer dereinstigen Communikation mit dem Monde glaubte, die er in der Einleitung mit folgenden Worten rechtfertigt: 'If we do but consider by what steps and leisure all arts do usually rise to their growth, we shall have no cause to doubt why this also may not hereafter be found out amongst other secrets. It hath constantly yet been the

method of Providence not presently to show us all, but to lead us on by degrees from the knowledge of one thing to another. It was a great while ere the planets were distinguished from the fixed stars; and some time after that ere the morning and evening stars were found to be the same. And in greater space, I doubt not but this also, and other as excellent mysteries, will be discovered.' Mit Leichtigkeit findet er Mittel gegen alle Schwierigkeiten, lässt die Reisenden unterwegs wie 'serpents, crocodiles, bears, cuckoos, swallows and such like' von ihrem eigenen Fett leben, und findet für das Transportmittel folgenden Ausweg:

HOW A MAN MAY FLY TO THE MOON.

If it be here inquired, what means there may be conjectured for our ascending beyond the sphere of the earth's magnetical vigour, I answer, 1) It is not perhaps impossible that a man may be able to fly, by the application of wings to his own body; as angels are pictured, as Mercury and Dedalus are feigned, and as has been attempted by divers, particularly by a Turk in Constantinople, as Busbequius relates. 2) If there be such a great ruck in Madagascar as Marcus Polus, the Venetian, mentions, the feathers in whose wings are twelve feet long, which can soop up a horse and his rider, or an elephant, as our kites do a mouse: why, then, it is but teaching one of these to carry a man, and he may ride up thither, as Ganymede does upon an eagle.

Or if neither of these ways will serve, yet I do seriously, and upon good grounds, affirm it possible to make a flying chariot, in which a man may sit, and give such a motion unto it, as shall convey him through the air. And this, perhaps might be made large enough to carry divers men at the same time, together with food for their viaticum, and commodities for traffic. It is not the bigness of anything in this kind that can hinder its motion, if the motive faculty be answerable thereunto. We see a great ship swims as well as a small cork, and an eagle flies in the air as well as a little gnat. This engine may be contrived from the same principles by which Archytas made a wooden dove, and Regiomontanus a wooden eagle.

I conceive it were no difficult matter (if a man had leisure) to show more particularly the means of composing it.

XVII. Dr HENRY MORE,

geb. 1614, gest. 1687 zu Cambridge. Er sei der letzte der berühmten Kanzelredner dieser Epoche, von welchen wir hier sprechen. M. hing der Platonischen Philosophie an und glaubte dass die Weisheit der Hebräer auf Pythagoras und von diesem auf Plato gekommen sei, in dessen Lehre er daher den Inbegriff aller philosophischen Erkenntniss erblickte. Er hing so an Cambridge ('his paradise'), dass er durch keinen Vortheil, selbst nicht durch die Bischofswürde zu verleiten war, dasselbe zu verlassen. Seine Zeitgenossen verehrten ihn als einen Mann von ungewöhnlicher Herzensgüte, Seelenreinheit und aufrichtiger Frömmigkeit; er bemerkte in dieser Beziehung einstmals einem seiner Freunde: 'that he was thought by some to have a soft head, but he thanked God he had a soft heart.' Seine theologischen und philosophischen Schriften sind mit bewundernswerther Kraft und Schönheit der Sprache geschrieben, aber leider bisweilen vom Geist des Mysticismus jener Zeit (so glaubte er, wie viele der aufgeklärtesten Köpfe und der höchsten geistlichen Würdenträger seiner Zeit, an Gespenster, Hexerei und Zauberei) stark durchdrungen. Der besten derselben 'The Mystery of Godliness' entnehmen wir folgendes Bruchstück:

DEVOUT CONTEMPLATION OF THE WORKS OF GOD.

Whether therefore, our eyes be struck with that more radiant lustre of the sun, or whether we behold that more placid and calm beauty of the moon, or be refreshed with the sweet breathings of the open air, or be taken up with the contemplation of those pure sparkling lights of the stars, or stand astonished at the gushing downfalls of some mighty river, or admire the height of some insuperable and inaccessible rock or mountain; or with a pleasant horror and chillness look upon some silent wood, or solemn shade grove; whether the face of heaven smile upon us with a cheerful bright azure, or look upon us with a more sad and menacious countenance,dark pitchy clouds being charged with thunder and lightning to let fly against the earth; whether the air be cool, fresh and healthful; or whether it be sultry, contagious, and pestilential, so that while we gasp for life, we are forced to draw in a sudden and inevitable death; whether the earth stand firm, and prove favourable to the industry of the artificer; or whether she threaten the very foundations of our buildings with trembling and tottering earthquakes, accompanied with remugient echoes and ghastly murmurs from below; whatever notable emergencies happen for either good or bad to us, these are the Joves and Vejoves that we worship, which to us are not *many*, but *one God*, who has the only power to save or destroy. And therefore, from whatever part of his magnificent temple of his — the world — he shall send forth his voice, our hearts and eyes are presently directed thitherward with fear, love, and veneration.

XVIII. ABRAHAM COWLEY,

geb. 1618 zu London, gest. 1667 zu Chersey. Studirte zu Cambridge und zeigte von früher Jugend Talent zur Poesie. Er ward bald einer der populärsten Dichter seiner Zeit (S. II. Theil dieses Handbuchs, wo sich auch eine detaillirtere Biographie von ihm befindet), lebte aber beständig in grosser Armuth und starb auf einem kleinen Landgute, dessen lebenslänglicher Gebrauch ihm durch *Lord Albans* und *Duke of Buckingham* war ausgewirkt worden. Seine bekannt gewordenen prosaischen Aufsätze betragen nicht mehr als 65 Folio-Seiten und sind gleich ausgezeichnet durch Reinheit, Ungezwungenheit und Lebhaftigkeit der Sprache; an seinem Stile bildeten sich später *Dryden*, *Tillotson*, *Sir William Temple* und *Addison* weiter. *Dr. Johnson* sagt über ihn, dass: 'his thoughts are natural, and his style has a smooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due commendation. Nothing is far-sought, but all is easy without feebleness, and familiar without grossness.' (Life of Cowley). —

POETRY AND POETS.

It is, I confess, but seldom seen that the poet dies before the man; for when he once fall in love with that bewitching art, we do not use to court it as a mistress, but marry it as a wife, and take it for better or worse as an inseparable companion of our whole life. But as the marriages of infants do but rarely prosper, so no man ought to wonder at the diminution or decay of my affection to poesy, to which I had contracted myself so much under age, and so much to my own prejudice, in regard of those more profitable matches which I might have made among the richer sciences. As for the portion which this brings of fame,

it is an estate (if it be any, for men are not oftener deceived in their hopes of widows than in their opinion of exegi monumentum ære perennius) that hardly ever comes in whilst we are living to enjoy it, but is a fantastical kind of reversion to our own selves. Neither ought any man to envy poets this posthumous and imaginary happiness, since they find commonly so little in present, that it may be truly applied to them which St. Paul speaks of the first Christians, 'if their reward be in this life, they are of all men the most miserable.'

And if in quiet and flourishing times they meet with so small encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones? If wit be such a plant that it scarce receives heat enough to preserve it alive even in the summer of our cold climate, how can it choose but wither in a long and sharp winter? A warlike, various, and a tragical age is best to *write of*, but worst to *write in*.

There is nothing that requires so much serenity and cheerfulness of spirit; it must not be either overwhelmed with the cares of life, or overcast with the clouds of melancholy and sorrow, or shaken and disturbed with the storms of injurious fortune: it must, like the halcyon, have fair weather to breed in. The soul must be filled with bright and delightful ideas, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others, which is the main end of poesy.

Wir beschliessen diese Periode, indem wir einen Rückblick auf dieselbe thun und die Schriftsteller in Gruppen zusammenstellen:

1) WRITERS ON DIVINITY waren Richard Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Dr. John Wilkins und Dr. Henry Moore; hierher gehören noch folgende Schriftsteller, von denen wir nichts aufgenommen haben: *Joseph Hall, Owen Feltham, William Chillingworth, John Hales, John Gauden,* und die Schotten *John Knox, David Calderwood* und *John Spotiswood.*

2) MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS. Lord Burleigh, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, Milton, Lord Clarendon, Abrah. Cowley und Sir Matthew Hale.

3) TRAVELLERS. James Howell; es zeichneten sich als solche ferner aus: *John Davis, George Sandys, William Lithgow* und *Sir Thomas Herbert.* Stil und Orthographie ihrer Werke sind aber grösstentheils so vernachlässigt, dass sie uns für unsern Zweck keine Auszüge liefern konnten.

4) CHRONICLERS. John Stow, William Harrison, Samuel Purchas und Thomas Fuller; ferner: *Richard Crafton, Raphael Holinshed, John Hooker, Francis Boteville* und *Hakluyt,* von denen nichts aufgenommen wurde.

5) PHILOSOPHERS. Bacon; ferner: *Thomas Hobbes, Lord Herbert* und *James Usher*; von letzteren ward nichts von uns mitgetheilt.

6) HISTORIANS. Von ihnen theilten wir keine Bruchstücke mit, weil von den MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS bereits einige Artikel zur Zeitgeschichte entlehnt worden, auch der Mangel an Raum uns dazu zwang. Ihre Namen sind: *William Cambden, Sir Henry Spelman, Sir Robert Cotton, John Speed, Samuel Daniel, John Hayward, Thomas May, Richard Krolles, Arthur Wilson, Sir Richard Baker, Thomas Hobbes, Lord Herbert, Peter Heylin, James Usher* und die Schotten: *Sir James Melvil, George Buchanan* (*lat.*) und *Wm. Drummond.*

7) Ueber ARCHITECTURE schrieb *Sir Henry Wolton.*

8) Ueber DÆMONOLOGY: König *Jacob I.*, der die Existenz von Hexen, Zauberern u. s. w zu beweisen sucht.

9) Ueber LAW: *John Selden.*

10) Ueber COSMOGRAPHY: *Sir Thomas Browne,* und der Schotte *John Lesley.*

11) LETTERS und MEMOIRS schrieben: Richard Hooker, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Matthew Hale u. v. A.

12) Als HUMORISTICAL WRITERS zeichneten sich aus: Samuel Butler, *Robert Burton, Thomas Dekker, Sir Thomas Overbury* und *John Earle,* welche letztere werthvolle 'Characters' hinterliessen.

Die ersten ZEITUNGEN entstanden in England im Jahre 1588 ('The English Mercurie'); unter Jacob I. die 'News from Italy, Hungary etc.' u. A. m.

ZWEITER ABSCHNITT,

DIE REPUBLIK UND DIE REGIERUNGEN KARL'S II. UND JAKOB'S II. UMFASSEND. (1649—1689.)

Die *Bürgerkriege* und der sie hervorrufende *Fanatismus* hielten zwar das üppige Erblühen der englischen Literatur plötzlich auf; doch riefen auch sie Talente anderer Art in's Leben, wie das des ernsten, kräftigen Harrison, des für Volkswohl begeisterten Milton und seines geistigen Gegensatzes, Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon u. A; auch an Dichtern mangelte es in dieser Epoche nicht; nur das Drama ging leider total zu Grunde (S. Einleitung S. 19), und die Poesie verlor ihre Majestät und Kraft, ihre Fülle, ihr eigenthümlich Heimathliches.

Während der *Restauration* wurde es noch schlimmer, denn sie war es, welche die Barrieren der literarischen Unabhängigkeit und Selbständigkeit Englands vollends niederriss und die englische Literatur, so zu sagen, zu einem Distrikte der grossen europäischen Literatur machte. Mit ihr überkam das Land ein französirender Pygmäen-Geschmack, welchem die älteren englischen Geistesprodukte wie vorsündfluthliche Riesenlämmergeier vorkamen, denen erst Schwingen und Griffe bestutzt und berupft werden mussten, bevor man ein solches Ungethüm mit feiner, klassischer Sitte und echt parisischem Stutzeranstande zu lorgnettiren wagte. Natürlich fand das süssliche, höfische, tändelnde Gefolge des französirten Königs an dem erhabenen Schwunge begeisterter Vorfahren wenig Ergötzen, da er ihm finster, trübselig und langweilig erschien; hingegen liebte man wohl einen feinen Witz, eine zierlich gedrechselte Spitzfindigkeit, eine wohlklingende, 'vielbedeutende, nichtssagende' Phrase. Dazu gesellte sich der Umstand, dass die meisten Schriftsteller der ältern Schule unter dem Vorwurfe des Republikanismus kämpften, ferner dass England bisher

kaum irgend wie in einem lebhaften geistigen Verkehr mit dem übrigen Europa gestanden, die englische Sprache also dem letztern eine Terra incognita war und der biedere, naive, urthümliche Ton ihrer Schriftsteller es wie aus einer andern Welt antönte!

Da sich die Wirkungen aller dieser und anderer Umstände erst im nächstfolgenden Zeitabschnitte recht fühlbar machten, so werden wir auch dort erst specieller auf deren Darstellung eingehen.

I. JOHN EVELYN,

geb. 1620, gest. 1706. Der erste englische Schriftsteller über Gartenanlagen und Ackerbau. Sein Werk 'Sylva, or A Discourse of Forest Trees, and the Propagation of Timber in His Majesty's Dominions,' 1664, veranlasste die Landeigenthümer, mit Unterstützung der Regierung, eine unermessliche Zahl von Eichen zu pflanzen, die später zur Herstellung der Flotte so nothwendig waren. Sein zweites grösseres Werk: 'Terra, or Discourse of the Earth, relating to the Culture and Improvement of it, for Vegetation and the Propagation of Plants,' erschien 1675. Ausserdem schrieb er mehre 'Essays' und ein 'Diary' über die Ereignisse seiner Zeit, welches über manche dunkle Punkte der Zeitgeschichte die wichtigsten Aufschlüsse gewährt. Das nachstehende Bruchstück ist demselben entlehnt. Seine Gärten in der Nähe von Sayes-Court bei Deptford erregten seiner Zeit die grösste Bewunderung. Peter der Grosse bewohnte sein Landhaus, richtete aber in dessen herrlichen Anlagen eine solche Verwüstung an, dass dem bejahrten Manne seine alten Tage dadurch recht verbittert wurden.

A FORTUNATE COURTIER NOT ENVIED.

Sept. 6. 1680. — I dined with Sir Stephen Fox, now one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. This gentleman came first a poor boy from the quire of Salisbury, then was taken notice of by Bishop Duppa, and afterwards waited on my Lord Percey (brother to Algernon, Earl of Northumberland), who procured for him an inferior place amongst the clerks of the kitchen and green cloth side, where he was found so humble, diligent, industrious, and prudent in his behaviour, that his majesty being in exile, and Mr. Fox waiting, both the king and lords about him frequently employed him about their affairs; trusted him both with receiving and paying the little money they had. Returning with his majesty to England, after great wants and great sufferings, his majesty found him so honest and industrious, and withal so capable and ready, that being advanced from Clerk of the Kitchen to that of the Green Cloth, he procured to be paymaster to the whole army; and by his dexterity and punctual dealing, he obtained such credit among the bankers, that he was in a short time able to borrow vast sums of them upon any exigence. The continual turning thus of money, and the soldiers' moderate allowance to him for his keeping touch with them, did so enrich him, that he is believed to be worth at least *l.* 200,000, honestly gotten and unenvied, which is next to a miracle. With all this, he continues as humble and ready to do a courtesy as ever he was. He is generous, and lives very honourably; of a sweet nature, well spoken, well bred, and is so highly in his majesty's esteem, and so useful, that, being long since made a knight, he is also advanced to be one of the Lords Commissioners of the

Treasury, and has the reversion of the Cofferer's place after Harry Brounker. He has married his eldest daughter to my Lord Cornwallis, and gave her *l.* 12,000 and restored that entangled family besides. He matched his eldest son to Mrs. Trollope, who brings with her (besides a great sum) near, if not altogether, *l.* 2000 per annum. Sir Stephen's lady, an excellent woman, is sister to Mr. Whittle, one of the king's chirurgeons. In a word, never was man more fortunate than Sir Stephen; he is a handsome person, virtuous, and very religious.

II. GEORGE FOX,

geb. 1624, gest. zu London 1690. Der Begründer der Gesellschaft der Freunde oder Quäker. Er war der Sohn eines Webers zu Drayton (Leicestershire) und wurde zu einem Schuhmacher in die Lehre gegeben, der nebenbei einen Woll- und Viehhandel trieb; da *F.* hier den grössten Theil seiner Zeit damit verbrachte Schafe zu scheeren und zu hüten, so konnte er seinen Hang zur Einsamkeit recht befriedigen, der bald in enthusiastische Visionen ausartete. Nunmehr verliess *F.* seinen Geburtsort und irrte unter den grössten Entbehrungen mehre Jahre umher, von prophetischen Träumen und Erscheinungen verfolgt. Da er die göttliche Mission erhalten zu haben glaubte, seine Landsleute zu bekehren, so predigte er auf öffentlichen Plätzen, Märkten und in Versammlungen mit einer Heftigkeit, die bisweilen an Wahnsinn grenzte und zog sich dadurch Misshandlungen zu, wie er solche in beifolgendem Auszuge aus seinem Journale schildert. Nach einer Unterredung mit Cromwell gestattete ihm dieser die vollkommenste persönliche und Glaubensfreiheit und nun gewann sein System, mit Hülfe mehrer seiner Schüler, die Gelehrte waren und es in eine positive Form brachten, mehr Consistenz und Ansehen. *F.* war bis zum Ende seines Lebens in England, Holland und Amerika unermüdlich thätig seine Lehre zu verbreiten, welche namentlich in letzterem Welttheile feste Wurzel fasste. (S. noch Penn in diesem Abschnitte.)

FOX'S ILL-TREATMENT AT ULVERSTONE.

The people were in a rage, and fell upon me in the steeple-house before his (Justice Sawrey's) face, knocked me down, kicked me, and trampled upon me. So great was the uproar, that some tumbled over their seats for fear. At last he came and took me from the people, let me out of the steeple-house, and put me into the hands of the constables and other officers, bidding them whip me, and put me out of the town. Many friendly people being come to the market, and some to the steeple-house to hear me, divers of these they knocked down also, and broke their heads, so that the blood ran down several; and Judge Fell's son running after, to see what they would do with me, they threw him into a ditch of water, some of them crying: 'Knock the teeth out of his head.' When they had haled me to the common moss side, a multitude following, the constables and other officers gave me some blows over my back with willow-rods, and thrust me among the rude multitude, who, having furnished themselves with staves, hedge-stakes, holm or holly-bushes, fell upon me, and beat me upon the head, arms, and shoulders, till they had deprived me of sense; so

that I fell down upon the wet common. When I recovered again, and saw myself lying in a watery common, and the people standing about me, I lay still a little while, and the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the eternal refreshings revived me, so that I stood up again in the strengthening power of the eternal God, and stretching out my arms amongst them, I said with a loud voice, 'Strike again! here are my arms, my head, and cheeks!' Then they began to fall out among themselves.

III. JOHN BUNYAN,

geb. 1628 zu Elton (Bedfordshire), gest. 1688 zu London. *Macaulay* giebt in seiner 'History of England' folgende meisterhafte Charakteristik von ihm:

'To the names of Baxter and Howe must be added the name of a man far below them in station and in acquired knowledge, but in virtue their equal, and in genius their superior, John Bunyan. He had been bred a tinker, and had served as a private soldier in the parliamentary army. Early in his life he had been fearfully tortured by remorse for his youthful sins, the worst of which seem, however, to have been such as the world thinks venial. His keen sensibility and his powerful imagination made his internal conflicts singularly terrible. He fancied that he was under sentence of reprobation, that he had committed blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, that he had sold Christ, that he was actually possessed by a demon. Sometimes loud voices from heaven cried out to warn him. Sometimes fiends whispered impious suggestions in his ear. He saw visions of distant mountain tops, on which the sun shone brightly, but from which he was separated by a waste of snow. He felt the Devil behind him pulling his clothes. He thought that the brand of Cain had been set upon him. He feared that he was about to burst asunder like Judas. His mental agony disordered his health. One day he shook like a man in the palsy. On another day he felt a fire within his breast. It is difficult to understand how he survived sufferings so intense and so long continued. At length the clouds broke from the depths of despair, the penitent passed to a state of serene felicity. An irresistible impulse now urged him to impart to others the blessing of which he was possessed. He joined the Baptists, and became a preacher and writer. His education had been that of a mechanic. He knew no language but the English, as it was spoken by the common people. He had studied no great model of composition, with the exception, an important exception undoubtedly, of our noble translation of the Bible. His spelling was bad. He frequently transgressed the rules of grammar. Yet his native force of genius, and his experimental knowledge of all the religious passions, from despair to ecstacy, amply supplied in him the want of learning. His rude oratory roused and melted hearers who listened without interest to the laboured discourses of great logicians and Hebraists. His works were widely circulated among the humbler classes. One of them, the Pilgrim's Progress, was, in his own lifetime, translated into several foreign languages. It was, however, scarcely known to the learned and polite, and had been, during near a century, the delight of pious cottagers and artisans before it was publicly commended by any man of high literary eminence. At length critics condescended to inquire where the secret of so wide and so durable a popularity lay. They were compelled to own that the ignorant multitude had judged more correctly than the learned, and that the despised little book was really a masterpiece. Bunyan is, indeed, as decidedly the first of allegorists, as Demosthenes is the first of orators, or

Shakspeare the first of dramatists. Other allegorists have shown equal ingenuity; but no other allegorist has ever been able to touch the heart and to make abstractions objects of terror, of pity and of love. It may be doubted whether any English Dissenter had suffered more severely under the penal law than Bunyan. Of the 27 years which had elapsed since the Restoration, he had passed twelve in confinement. He still persisted in preaching, but, that he might preach, he was under the necessity of disguising himself like a carter. He was often introduced into meetings through back doors, with a smock frock on his back and a whip in his hand. If he had thought only of his own ease and safety, he would have hailed the Indulgence with delight. He was now, at length, free to pray and exhort in open day. His congregation rapidly increased: thousands hung upon his words; and at Bedford, where he ordinarily resided, money was plentifully contributed to build a meeting house for him. His influence among the common people was such that the government would willingly have bestowed on him some municipal office: but his vigorous understanding and his stout English heart were proof against all delusion and all temptation. He felt assured that the proffered toleration was merely a bait intended to lure the Puritan party to destruction; nor would he, by accepting a place for which he was not legally qualified, recognise the validity of the dispensing power. One of the last acts of his virtuous life was to decline an interview to which he was invited by an agent of the government.'

CHRISTIAN IN THE HANDS OF GIANT DESPAIR.

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds? They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant: You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling and lying on my ground, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of those two men. Here they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did: they were, therefore here in evil case, and were far from friends, and acquaintance. Now, in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised haste that they were brought into this distress.

Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence: so when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound, and he told her. Then she counselled him, that when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste: then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress: so all that day they spent their time

in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night she talked with her husband about them further, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison. For why, said he, should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go; with which he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end to them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sun-shiny weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands; wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse:

Chr. Brother, said Christian, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know not whether it is best to live thus, or die out of hand. 'My soul chooseth strangling rather than life,' and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon! Shall we be ruled by the giant?

Hope. Indeed our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me, than thus for ever to abide; but let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, Thou shalt do no murder: no, not to any man's person; much more then are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another can but commit murder on his own body; but for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell, whither for certain the murderers go? For no murderer hath eternal life, etc. And let us consider, again, that all laws are not in the hand of Giant Despair: others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die; or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in; or that he may in a short time have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? and if ever that should come to pass again, for my part I am resolved so pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure a while: the time may come that he may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers. With these words Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together (in the dark) that day in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards the evening, the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there he found them alive; and truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them, that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now, Christian again seemed to be for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth:

Hope. My brother, said he, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? What hardships, terror, and amazement, hast thou already gone through, and art thou now nothing but fear? Thou seest that I am

in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art; also this giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth, and with thee I mourn without the light. But let us exercise a little more patience.

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being a-bed, she asked concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel; to which he replied: They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves. Then said she: Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those thou hast already despatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt also tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims, as you are, once; and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done; and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces, and so within ten days I will do you; go, get ye down to your den again; and with that he beat them all the way thither.

They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband the giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and, withal, the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, I fear, said she, that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear? said the giant; I will therefore search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in his passionate speech: What a fool am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty? I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful: That's good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try.

Then Christian pulled it out o his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon- loor, whose bolt (as he turned the key) ga e back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outer door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went very hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the door to make their escape with speed, but that gate, as it opened, made such a cracking, that it waked Giant Despair, who hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the king's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the stile thereof this sentence: 'Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims.' Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger.

IV. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE,

geb. 1628 in Irland — nach Andern 1625 in London — gest. auf seinem Gute Shene bei Richmond, war ein ausgezeichneter Staatsmann, der sich auf seinen Reisen in Deutschland, Holland und Frankreich grosse Menschen- und Sprachkenntniss erworben hatte, und nach der Restauration (1661) Mitglied des irländischen Parlaments für die Grafschaft Carlow wurde. Er ward vielfach zu Gesandschaftsgeschäften verwendet und war bei mehren Friedenschlüssen besonders thätig, (Münster 1665, Haag 1667, Aachen 1669, Nimwegen 1675). Von Karl II. zum Staatssecretair erhoben (1679), sprach er sich auf das Heftigste gegen die Parlamentsauflösung aus, und zog sich alsbald gänzlich in die Stille des Landlebens, auf sein Gut Shene bei Richmond, zurück, wo er die vortrefflichen Abhandlungen schrieb, die ihm eine ehrenwerthe Stelle in der englischen Literatur sichern. — Sein Stil ist klar und bestimmt; die etwaigen Mängel werden durch Gedankenreichthum und edle Gesinnung reichlich aufgewogen. Eine Ausgabe seiner 'Memoirs' besorgte Swift, in 2 Bänden, London 1709, die seiner 'Letters,' ebendaselbst in 2 Bänden. — Seine sämmtlichen Werke erschienen in 2 Bänden, London 1750 und 1814.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE TO THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

(Upon her grief occasioned by the loss of her only daughter.)

Shene, Jan. 29. 1674.

Perhaps none can be at heart more partial than I am in whatever touches your Ladyship, nor more inclined to defend you upon this very occasion, how unjust and unkind soever you are to yourself. But when you go about to throw away your health, or your life, so great a remainder of your own family, and so great hopes of that into which you are enter'd, and all by a desperate melancholy, upon an accident past remedy, and to which all mortal race is perpetually subject; for God's sake, Madam, give me leave to tell you, that what you do is not at all agreeable either with so good a christian, or so reasonable and so great a person as your Ladyship appears to the world in all other lights.

I know no duty in Religion more generally agreed on, nor more justly required by God Almighty, than a perfect submission to his will in all things; nor do I think any disposition of mind can either please him more, or become us better, than that of being satisfied with all he gives, and contented with all he takes away. None, I am sure, can be of more honour to God, nor of more ease to ourselves: for if we consider him as our maker, we ought not to distrust him: so that we may be confident, whatever be does is intended for our good, and whatever happens that we interpret otherwise, yet we can get nothing by repining, nor save any thing by resisting. * * *

In this world, Madam, there is nothing perfectly good, and whatever is called so, is it but either comparatively with other things of its kind or else with the evil that is mingled in its composition; so he is a good man that is better than men commonly are, or in whom the good qualities are more than the bad; so in the course of life, his condition is esteemed good, which is better than that of most other men, or wherein the good circumstances are more than the ill. By this measure, I doubt, Madam, your complaints ought to be turned into aknowledgments, and your friends would have cause to rejoice rather than condole with you: for the goods or blessings of life are usually esteemed to be birth,

health, beauty, friends, children, honour, riches. Now, when your Ladyship has fairly considered how God Almighty has dealt with you in what he has given you of all these, you may be left to judge yourself how you have dealt with him in your complaints for what he has taken away. But if you look about you, and consider other lives as well as your own, and what your lot is in comparison with those that have been drawn in the circle of your knowledge; if you think how few are born with honour, how many die without name or children, how little beauty we see, how few friends we hear of, how many diseases, and how much poverty there is in the world, you will fall down upon your knees, and instead of repining at one affliction, will admire so many blessings as you have received at the hand of God.

To put your Ladyship in mind of what you are, and the advantages you have in all these points, would look like a design to flatter you: but this I may say, that we will pity you as much as you please, if you will tell us who they are that you think upon all circumstances you have reason to envy. Now, if I had a master that gave me all I could ask, but thought fit to take one thing from me again, either because I used it ill, or gave myself so much over to it, as to neglect what I owed either to him or the rest of the world; or perhaps because he would shew his power, and put me in mind from whom I held all the rest; would you think I had much reason to complain of hard usage, and never to remember any more what was left me, never to forget what was taken away?

'Tis true you have lost a child, and therein all that could be lost in a child of that age; but you have kept one child, and are likely to do so long; you have the assurance of another, and the hopes of many more. You have kept a husband great in employment, and in fortune, and (which is more) in the esteem of good men. You have kept your beauty and your health, unless you have destroyed them yourself, or discouraged them to stay with you by using them ill. You have friends that are as kind to you as you can wish or as you can give them leave to be by their fears of losing you, and being thereby so much the unhappier, the kinder they are to you. But you have honour and esteem from all that know you; or if ever it fails in any degree, 'tis only upon that point of your seeming to be fallen out with God and the whole world, and neither to care for yourself, or any thing else, after what you have lost.

You will say, perhaps, that one thing was all to you, and your fondness of it made you indifferent to every thing else. But this, I doubt, will be so far from justifying you, that it will prove to be your fault as well as your misfortune. God Almighty gave you all the blessings of life, and you set your heart wholly upon one, and despise or undervalue all the rest: is this his fault or yours? Nay, is it not to be very unthankful to heaven, as well as very scornful to the rest of the world; is it not to say, because you have lost one thing God hath given you, you thank him for nothing he has left, and care not what he takes away? Is it not to say, since that one thing is gone out of the world, there is nothing left in it which you think can deserve your kindness or esteem? A friend makes me a feast, and sets all before me that his care or kindness could provide; but I set my heart upon one dish alone, and if that happen to be thrown down, I scorn all the rest; and though he sends for another of the same, yet I rise from the table in a rage, and say my friend is my enemy, and has done me the greatest wrong in the world; have I reason, Madam, or good grace in what I do? Or would it become me better to eat of the rest that is before me, and think no more of what had happened, and could not be remedied?

All the precepts of christianity agree to teach and command us to moderate our passions, to temper our affections towards all things below; to be thankful for the possession, and patient under the loss whenever he that gave it shall see fit to take away. Your extreme fond-

ness was perhaps as displeasing to God before, as now your extreme affliction; and your loss may have been a punishment for your faults in the manner of enjoying what you had. 'Tis at least pious to ascribe all the ill that befalls us to our own demerits rather than to injustice in God: and becomes us better to adore all the issues of his Providence in the effects, than inquire into the causes: for submission is the only way of reasoning between a creature and its maker; and contentment in his will is the greatest duty we can pretend to, and the best remedy we can apply to all our misfortunes.

But, Madam, though Religion were no party in your case, and that for so violent and injurious a grief you had nothing to answer to God, but only to the world and yourself; yet I very much doubt how you would be acquitted. We bring into the world with us a poor needy uncertain life, short at the longest, and unquiet at the best; all the imaginations of the witty and the wise have been perpetually busied to find out the ways how to revive it with pleasures, or relieve it with ease, and settle it with safety. To some of these ends have been employed the institutions of lawgivers, the reasonings of philosophers, the inventions of poets, the pains of labouring, and the extravagances of voluptuous men. All the world is perpetually at work about nothing else, but only that our poor mortal lives should pass the easier and happier for that little time we possess them, or else end the better when we lose them. Upon this occasion riches came to be coveted, honours to be esteemed, friendship and love to be pursued, and virtues themselves to be admired in the world. Now, Madam, is it not to bid defiance to all mankind, to condemn their universal opinions and designs, if instead of passing your life as well and easily, you resolve to pass it as ill and as miserably as you can? You grow insensible to the conveniences of riches, the delights of honour and praise, the charms of kindness or friendship, nay to the observance or applause of virtues themselves; for who can you expect, in these excesses of passion, will allow you to shew either temperance or fortitude, to be either prudent or just? And for your friends, I suppose, you reckon upon losing their kindness, when you have sufficiently convinced them, they can never hope for any of yours, since you have none left for yourself or any thing else. You declare upon all occasions, you are incapable of receiving any comfort or pleasure in any thing that is left in this world; and I assure you, Madam, none can ever love you, that can have no hopes ever to please you.

Among the several inquiries and endeavours after the happiness of life, the sensual men agree in pursuit of every pleasure they can start, without regarding the pains of the chase, the weariness when it ends, or how little the quarry is worth. The busy and ambitious fall into the more lasting pursuits of power and riches; the speculative men prefer tranquillity of mind, before the different motions of passion and appetite, or the common successions of desire and satiety, of pleasure and pain; but this may seem too dull a principle for the happiness of life, which is ever in motion; and passions are perhaps the things, without which they say no honey is made; yet I think all sorts of men have ever agreed, they ought to be our servants, and not our masters; to give us some agitation for entertainment or exercise, but never to throw our reason out of its seat. Perhaps I would not always sit still, or would be sometimes on horse-back; but I would never ride a horse that galls my flesh, or shakes my bones, or that runs away with me as he pleases, so as I can neither stop at a river or precipice. Better no passions at all, than have them too violent; or such alone, as instead of hightening our pleasures, afford us nothing but vexation and pain.

In all such losses as your Ladyship's has been, there is something that common nature cannot be denied, there is a great deal that good nature may be allowed; but all excessive and outrageous grief or lamentation for the dead was accounted, among the ancient christians,

to have something of heathenish; and among the civil nations of old, to have something of barbarous; and therefore it has been the care of the first to moderate it by their precepts, and of the latter to restrain it by their laws. The longest time that has been allowed to the forms of mourning by the custom of any country, and in any relation, has been but that of a year, in which space the body is commonly supposed to be mouldered away to earth, and to retain no more figure of what it was; but this has been given only to the loss of parents, of husband, or wife. On the other side, to children under age, nothing has been allowed; and I suppose with particular reason (the common ground of all general customs), perhaps because they die in innocence, and without having tasted the miseries of life, so as we are sure they are well when they leave us, and escape much ill, which would in all appearance have befallen them, if they had stayed longer with us. Besides, a parent may have twenty children, and so his mourning may run through all the best of his life, if his losses are frequent of that kind: and our kindness to children so young is taken to proceed from common opinions, or fond imaginations, not friendship or esteem; and to be grounded upon entertainment, rather than use, in the many offices of life: nor would it pass from any person, besides your Ladyship, to say, you lost a companion and a friend of nine years old, though you lost one, indeed, who gave the fairest hopes that could be of being both in time, and every thing else that was esteemable and good; but yet, that itself God only knows, considering the changes of humour and disposition, which are as great as those of feature and shape the first sixteen years of our lives; considering the chances of time, the infection of company, the snares of the world, and the passions of youth; so that the most excellent and agreeable creature of that tender age, and that seemed born under the happiest stars, might, by the course of years and accidents, come to be the most miserable herself, and a greater trouble to her friends by living long, than she could have been by dying young.

Yet after all, Madam, I think your loss so great, and some measure of your grief so deserved, that, would all your passionate complaints, all the anguish of your heart, do any thing to retrieve it; could tears water the lovely plant so as to make it grow again, after once 'tis cut down; would sighs furnish new breath, or could it draw life and spirits from the wasting of yours, I am sure, your friends would be so far from accusing your passion, that they would encourage it as much, and share it as deep as they could. But alas! the eternal laws of the creation extinguish all such hopes, forbid all such designs: nature gives us many children and friends to take them away, but takes none away to give them us again. And this makes the excesses of grief to have been so universally condemned as a thing unnatural, because so much in vain; whereas nature they say does nothing in vain: as a thing so unreasonable, because so contrary to our own designs; for we all design to be well, and at ease, and by grief we make ourselves ill of imaginary wounds, and raise ourselves troubles most properly out of the dust, whilst our ravings and complaints are but like arrows shot up into the air, at no mark, and so to no purpose, but only to fall back upon our heads, and destroy ourselves, instead of recovering or revenging our friends.

Perhaps, Madam, you will say, this is your design, or if not, your desire; but I hope you are not yet so far gone, or so desperately bent: your Ladyship knows very well, your life is not your own, but his that lent it you to manage, and preserve the best you could, and not to throw it away, as if it came from some common hand. It belongs in a great measure to your country, and your family; and therefore by all human laws, as well as divine, self-murder has ever been agreed on as the greatest crime, and is punish'd here with the utmost shame, which is all that can be inflicted upon the dead. But is the crime much less to kill ourselves by a

slow poison, than by a sudden wound? Now, if we do it, and know we do it by a long and a continual grief, can we think ourselves innocent? What great difference is there if we break our hearts or consume them; if we pierce them, or bruise them; since all determines in the same death, as all arises from the same despair? But what if it goes not so far? it is not indeed so bad as might be, but that does not excuse it from being very ill: though I do not kill my neighbour, is it no hurt to wound him, or to spoil him of the conveniences of life? The greatest crime is for a man to kill himself; is it a small one to wound himself by anguish of heart, by grief, or despair, to ruin his health, to shorten his age, to deprive himself of all the pleasures, or eases, or enjoyments of life?

Next to the michiefs we do ourselves, are those we do our children, and our friends, as those who deserve best of us, or at least deserve no ill. * * Where it a small injury to my Lord Capell, to deprive him of a mother, from whose prudence and kindness he may justly expect the cares of his health and education, the forming of his body, and the cultivating of his mind; the seeds of honour and virtue, and thereby the true principles of a happy life? how has my Lord of Essex deserved that you should go about to lose him a wife he loves with so much passion, and which is more, with so much reason; who is so great an honour and support to his family, so great a hope to his fortune, and comfort to his life? Are there so many left of your own great family, that you should desire in a manner wholly to reduce it, by suffering the greatest and almost last branch of it to wither away before its time? or is your country in this age so stored with great persons, that you should envy it those whom we may justly expect from so noble a race?

Whilst I had any hopes your tears would ease you, or that your grief would consume itself by liberty and time, your Ladyship knows very well I never once accused it, nor ever increased it, like many others, by the common formal ways of attempting to assuage it; and this I am sure is the first office of this kind I ever performed, otherwise than in the most ordinary forms. I was in hopes what was so violent, could not be so long; but when I observed it to grow stronger with age, and increase like a stream the further it run; when I saw it draw out to so much unhappy consequences, and threaten no less than your child, your health, and your life, I could no longer forbear this endeavour. Nor can I end it without begging of your Ladyship, for God's sake, and for your own, for that of your children, and your friends, for your country and your family, that you would no longer abandon yourself to so disconsolate a passion, but that you would at length awaken your piety, give way to your prudence, or at least, rouse up the invincible spirit of the Percies, that never yet shrunk at any disaster; that you would sometimes remember the great honours and fortunes of your family, not always the losses; cherish those veins of good humour that are sometimes so natural to you, and sear up those of ill, that would make you so unnatural to your children, and to yourself: but, above all, that you would enter upon the cares of your health and your life, for your friends' sake at least, if not for your own. For my part, I know nothing could be to me so great an honour and satisfaction, as if your Ladyship would own me to have contributed towards this cure; but, however, none can perhaps more justly pretend to your pardon for the attempt, since there is none, I am sure, that has always had at heart a greater honour for your Ladyship's family, nor can have for your person more devotion and esteem than, Madam,

Your Ladyship's
most obedient and most humble servant.

V. ISAAC BARROW,

geb. 1630, gest. 1677 als Vice-Kanzler der Universität Cambridge, woselbst er auch studirt hatte. *B.* war ein eben so grosser Mathematiker als Theologe und nahm vor Newton während eines Zeitraums von 6 Jahren den Lehrstuhl für Mathematik in Cambridge ein. König *Karl II.* hielt ihn für 'the best scholar in England.' Grosse Rechtschaffenheit, Offenheit, Bescheidenheit und Uneigennützigkeit sind die Hauptzüge seines Charakters. 'As a writer', sagt Mr. Stewart, 'he is equally distinguished by the redundancy of his matter, as by the pregnant brevity of his expression; but what more peculiarly characterises his manner, is a certain air of powerful and of conscious facility in the execution of whatever he undertakes. Whether the subject be mathematical, metaphysical, or theological, he seems always to bring to it a mind which feels itself superior to the occasion; and which, in contending with the greatest difficulties, "puts forth but half its strength" (First Preliminary Dissertation to Encyclopædia Britannica p. 45).'

B. schrieb mit so grosser Sorgfalt, dass er jede Predigt 3 bis 4 mal kopirte, bevor er sie hielt.

SERMON, EPHES. V. 4.

What is Wit?

But first it may be demanded what the thing we speak of is, or what this facetiousness doth import? To which question I might reply as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man, 'It is that which we all see and know:' any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance, than I can inform him by description. It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale: sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound: sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression: sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude: sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting, or cleverly retorting an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it: sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness giveth it being: sometimes it riseth from a lucky hitting upon what is strange, sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose: often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way, such as reason teacheth and proveth things by, which by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto. It raiseth ad-

miration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit, and reach of wit more than vulgar: it seemeth to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable; a notable skill, that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him; together with a lively briskness of humour, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination. Whence in Aristotle such persons are termed ἐπιδέξιοι, *dexterous* men; and εὔτροποι, men of facile or versatile manners, who can easily turn themselves to all things, or turn all things to themselves. It also procureth delight, by gratifying curiosity with its rareness or semblance of difficulty; as monsters, not for their beauty, but their rarity; as juggling tricks, not for their use, but their abstruseness, are beheld with pleasure; by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts; by instilling gaiety and airiness of spirit; by provoking to such dispositions of spirit in the way of emulation or complaisance; and by seasoning matters, otherwise distasteful or insipid, with an unusual, and thence grateful tang.

VI. JOHN TILLOTSON,

geb. 1630 zu Severby bei Halifax, gest. 1694 als Bischof von Canterbury. Er war der Sohn eines calvinistischen Tuchmachers, ging aber bereits während seiner Studienzeit zu Cambridge, nach Durchlesung von *Chillingsworth's* 'Religion of the Protestants' zu letzteren über, und wurde bald einer der grössten Redner seiner Zeit. Mit einer Nichte Oliver Cromwell's verheirathet, trat er in nähern Verkehr mit dem berühmten Dr. *Wilkins* (S. 62) und gab nach dessen Tode seine hinterlassenen Schriften heraus. *T.* starb arm und hinterliess seiner Wittwe weiter nichts, als seine Predigten, für die ihr aber die Summe von *l.* 2500 gezahlt wurden. Sein Stil ist bisweilen nachlässig und schleppend, seine Sätze unmelodisch und kunstlos, seine Metaphern nicht immer edel genug; dahingegen durchglüht seine Reden eine Wärme des Gefühls, ein Ernst, eine Reinheit des Gemüths, dass sie trotz der angeführten Mängel zu den Meisterwerken der englischen Kanzelberedtsamkeit gehören.

OF SINCERITY TOWARDS GOD AND MAN.

(Fragment of a Sermon preached at Kingston, July 29, 1694.)

Jesus saw Nathanael coming to him, and saith of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile. (John 1, 47.)

— Having explained the nature of sincerity to God and Man, by declaring the properties of it, and in what instances we ought chiefly to practise it, and what things are contrary to it; that which remains, is, to persuade men, to endeavour after his excellent quality, and to practise it in all the words and actions of their lives.

Let us then in the first place be *sincere in our Religion*, and serve God in truth and uprightness of heart, out of conscience of our duty and obligations to him, and not with sinister respects to our private interest or passion, to the public approbation or censure of men. Let us never make use of Religion to serve any base and unworthy ends, cloaking our designs of covetousness, or ambition, or revenge, with pretences of conscience and zeal for God, and let us endeavour after the reality of Religion, always remembering that a sincere piety doth not consist in show, but substance, not in appearance but in effect; that the spirit of true Religion is still and calm, charitable and peaceable. * * It is a very ill sign, if a

man affect to make a great noise and bustle about Religion, if he blow a trumpet before his good works, and by extraordinary shows of devotion summon the eyes of men to behold him, and do, as it were, call aloud to them to take notice of his piety, and to *come and see his zeal for the Lord of hosts.* It is not impossible but such a man with all his vanity and ostentation may have some real goodness in him; but he is *as the hypocrites* are, and does as like one, as is possible; and by the mighty show that he makes, to wise and considerate men, greatly brings in question the sincerity of his Religion.

And with the sincerity of our piety towards God, let us join the *simplicity and integrity of manners in our conversation with men.* Let us strictly charge ourselves to use truth and plainness in all our words and doings; let our tongue be ever the true interpreter of our mind, and our expressions the lively image of our thoughts and affections, and our outward actions exactly agreeable to our inward purposes and intentions.

Amongst too many other instances of the great corruption and degeneracy of the age wherein we live, the great and general want of sincerity in conversation is none of the least. The world is grown so full of dissimulation and compliment, that mens' words are hardly any signification of their thoughts; and if any man measure his words by his heart, and speak as he thinks, and do not express more kindness to every man, than men usually have for any man, he can hardly escape the censure of rudeness and want of breeding. The old English plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature and honesty of disposition, which always argues true greatness of mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, is in a great measure lost amongst us; there hath been a long endeavour to transform us into foreign manners and fashions, and to bring us to a servile imitation of none of the best of our neighbours, in some of the worst of their qualities. The dialect of conversation is now-a-days so swell'd with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) of expressions of kindness and respect, that if a man that lived an age or two ago should return into the world again, he would really want a dictionary to help him to understand his own language, and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion, and would hardly at first believe at what low a rate the highest strains and expression of kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current payment; and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself, with a good countenance and a good conscience, to converse with men upon equal terms and in their own way.

And in truth it is hard to say, whether it should more provoke our contempt or our pity, to hear what solemn expressions of respect and kindness will pass between men, almost upon no occasion: how great honour and esteem they will declare for one whom perhaps they never heard of or saw before, and how entirely they are all on the sudden devoted to his service and interest for no reason; how infinitely and eternally obliged to him for no benefit, and how extremely they will be concerned for him, yea, and afflicted too for no cause. I know it is said in justification of this hollow kind of conversation, that there is no harm, no real deceit in compliment, but the matter is well enough, so long as we understand one another, *et verba valent ut nummi, words are like money,* and when the current value of them is generally understood, no man is cheated by them. This is something, if such words were any thing; but being brought into the account, they are mere cyphers. However it is still a just matter of complaint, that sincerity and plainness are out of fashion, and that our language is running into a lye; that men have almost quite perverted the use of speech, and made words to signify nothing; that the greatest part of the conversation of mankind, and of their intercourse with one another, is little else but driving a trade of dissimulation. * *

To this end give me leave to offer these following considerations.

First, *that sincerity is the highest commendation*, and the very best character, that can be given of any man; it is the solid foundation of all virtue, the heart and soul of all piety and goodness; it is in scripture called *perfection*, and frequently joined with it: and throughout the Bible, there is the greatest stress and weight laid upon it; it is spoken of as the sum and comprehension of all Religion. Psal. 32, 2. *Blessed is the man, unto whom the Lord imputeth no sin, and in whose spirit there is no guile.* —

And 'tis observable, that this character of our Saviour here given of Nathanael, is the only full and perfect commendation that we read was ever given by him of any particular person. He commends some particular acts of piety and virtue in others, as St. Peter's confession of him, the faith of the centurion, and of the woman that was healed by touching the hem of his garment, the charity of the woman that cast her two mites into the treasury, and the bounty of that other devout woman, who poured upon him a box of precious ointment; but here he gives the particular character of a good man, when he says of Nathanael, that he was *an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile.*

Secondly, *the rarity of this virtue is a farther commendation of it.* A sincerely pious and good man, without any guile or disguise, is not a sight to be seen every day. Our Saviour in the text speaks of it, as a thing very extraordinary and of special remark and observation, and breaks out into some kind of wonder upon the occasion, as if to see a man of perfect integrity and simplicity were an occurrence very rare and unusual, and such as calls for our more especial attention and regard. *Behold*, saith he, *an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile.*

Thirdly, *the want of sincerity will quite spoil the virtue and acceptance of all our piety and obedience, and certainly deprive us of the reward of it.* All that we do in the service of God, all our external obedience to his laws, if not animated by sincerity, is like a sacrifice without a heart, which is an abomination to the Lord.

Fourthly, *hypocrisy and insincerity is a very vain and foolish thing;* it is designed to cheat others, but is in truth a deceiving of ourselves. No man would flatter or dissemble, did he believe he were seen and discover'd; an open knave is a great fool, who destroys at once both his design and his reputation: and this is the case of every hypocrite; all the disagreement, which is between his tongue and his thoughts, his actions and his heart, is open to that eye, from which nothing can be hid: *for the ways of man are before the eyes of the Lord, and he seeth all his goings; there is no darkness nor shadow of death, where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves.*

Fifthly, *truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more.* If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure, sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one, but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man's conscience,

but which is much more, to God, who searcheth and seeth our hearts, so that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it hath less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it: it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greater trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

But a dissembler must always be upon his guard, and watch himself carefully, that he do not contradict his own pretence; for he acts an unnatural part, and therefore must put a continual force and restraint upon himself. Truth always lies uppermost, and if a man do not carefully attend, he will be apt to bolt it out: whereas he that acts sincerily, hath the easiest task in the world; because he follows nature and so is put to no trouble and care about his words and actions; he needs not invent any pretences before-hand, not make excuses afterwards for any thing he hath said or done.

But insincerity is very troublesome to manage; a man hath so many things to attend to, so many ends to bring together, as make his life a very perplexed and intricate thing. *Oportet mendacem esse memorem; a lyer has need have a good memory,* lest he contradict at one time what he said at another; but truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lye is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. Sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery, of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many enquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words: it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end, than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly: when a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought, that God hath in great wisdom hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our wordly affairs; these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, tho' by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far, as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men

wise and clearsighted enough to discern this, they would be honest, out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interest; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means. * *

'Tis the observation of Salomon, Proverbs 12, 19. *The lip of truth is established for ever: but a lying tongue is but for a moment.* And the wiser any man is, the more clearly will he discern, how serviceable sincerity is to all the great ends and purposes of human life; and that man hath made a good progress, and profited much in the school of wisdom, who valueth truth and sincerity according to their worth. Every man will readily grant them to be great virtues, and arguments of a generous mind, but that there is so much of true wisdom in them, and that they really serve to profit our interest in this world, seems a great paradox to the generality of men; and yet I doubt not but it is undoubtedly true, and generally found to be so, in the experience of mankind.

Lastly, consider that it is not worth our while to dissemble, considering the shortness and especially the uncertainty of our lives. To what purpose should we be so cunning, when our abode in this world is so short and uncertain? Why should any man, by dissembling his judgment, or acting contrary to it, incur at once, the displeasure of God, and the discontent of his own mind? Especially if we consider, that all our dissimulation shall one day be made manifest and published on the open theatre of the world, before God and men, to our everlasting shame and confusion; all disguise and vizards shall then be plucked off, and every man shall appear in his true colours. For *then the secrets of men shall be judged, and God will bring every work into judgment, and every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil. Nothing is now covered, which shall not then be revealed, nor hid, which shall not then be known.*

Let us then be now what we would be glad to be found in that day, when all the pretences shall be examined, and the closest hypocrisy of men shall be laid open and dashed out of countenance; when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, and all the hidden works of darkness shall be revealed, and all our thoughts, words and actions shall be brought to a strict and severe trial, and be censured by that impartial and infallible judgment of God, which is according to truth; *in the day, when God shall judge the secrets of men, by Jesus Christ.*

To whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, be glory now and for ever. Amen.

VII. JOHN DRYDEN,

geb. den 9. August 1631 zu Oldwinkle in Nottinghamshire, gest. den 1. Mai 1701, studirte zu Cambridge und schrieb zuerst eine Elegie auf den Tod *Cromwell's* (1658). Dies hinderte ihn jedoch nicht gleich nach der Restauration ein Lobgedicht auf die Rückkehr *Karl's II.*, seine 'Astraea redux', zu veröffentlichen. 1665 vermählte er sich mit *Elisabeth Howard*, der Tochter des Grafen *von Berkshire* und begann, wie er sagt, gegen seine Neigung, für die Bühne zu schreiben, weil er sich dadurch den besten Erwerb versprach. Nach *Davenant's* Tode wurde er zum Hofpoeten ernannt, doch verminderten sich die heftigen Angriffe, denen er bisher ausgesetzt gewesen war, dadurch keinesweges. — In seinem 54. Jahre trat er öffentlich zur katholischen Kirche über, ein Schritt, den er bereits in seinem didaktischen Gedichte 'Religio Laici' angedeutet hatte und durch sein allegorisches

Gedicht: 'The Hind and the Panther' vertheidigte. Nach dem Regierungsantritte *Wilhelm's* verlor er sein Amt und gerieth dadurch in die bedrängteste Lage. Er richtete nunmehr seine Thätigkeit hauptsächlich auf poetische Uebersetzungen; seine 'Fables,' so wie sein berühmtes Gedicht 'Alexander's Feast' waren seine letzten Werke. — *Dryden* wird gewöhnlich der Stifter einer neuen Dichterschule England's genannt: vielleicht würde er aber richtiger als derjenige zu bezeichnen sein, welcher den poetischen Stil seiner Zeit zu einer ungemeinen, wenn nicht zur höchsten Vollendung brachte, die er überhaupt erreicht hat. Treffende Reflexionen, korrekte Sprache und vollendete Versifikation zeichnen ihn aus; dagegen fehlt ihm Reichthum der Phantasie, Stärke, Innigkeit und Reinheit des Gefühls. (S. Vorwort zur III. Periode.) Am höchsten erhob sich seine Kunst in seinem 'Annus Mirabilis' (1666), und in seinem 'Absalom und Achitophel', worin er *Karl II.* schmeichelnd huldigte. Glücklicher als in seinen Lustspielen, in denen übrigens der Dialog natürlich, wenn auch zuweilen trivial ist, war er in den Trauerspielen. Auch als feiner Satyriker zeichnet er sich vortheilhaft aus; mit Recht wird er aber von den Literatoren 'der Vater der englischen Kritik' genannt, eine Benennung, die er seinen Vorreden und Abhandlungen verdankt. Acht grössere, eine grosse Anzahl kleinerer Gedichte, achtundzwanzig Bühnenstücke, — Lustspiele, Trauerspiele, Tragikomödien und Opern — mehre Bände poetischer Uebersetzungen von Chaucer, Boccaccio, Ovid, Theokrit, Lukrez, Horaz, Juvenal, Persius und Virgil, so wie seine zahlreichen prosaischen Abhandlungen zeugen von seinem Fleisse und der Fruchtbarkeit seines Geistes. — *Malone* gab seine kritischen und prosaischen Werke, (4 Bde., London 1802,) *Todd* seine poetischen, (4 Bde., London 1812,) heraus. Eine Ausgabe seiner sämmtlichen Werke besitzen wir von *W. Scott*, 18 Bde., London 1818. — Vergl. Geschichte der englischen Poesie und Beredtsamkeit von *Bouterwek*.

1) TRAGEDY COMPARED WITH EPIC POETRY.

To raise, and afterwards to calm the passions: to purge the soul from pride, by the examples of human miseries, which befall the greatest; in few words, to expel arrogance, and introduce compassion, are the great effects of tragedy. Great, I must confess, if they were altogether as true as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours warning? are radical diseases so suddenly removed? A mountebank may promise such a cure, but a skilful physician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not so much in haste: it works leisurely; the changes which it makes are slow, but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be lasting. If it be answered, that for this reason tragedies are often to be seen, and the dose to be repeated; this is tacitly to confess, that there is more virtue in one heroic poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chymical medicines are observed to relieve oftener than to cure: for it is the nature of spirits to make swift impressions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare an epic poem, have more of body in them; they work by their substance and their weight. It is one reason of Aristotle's to prove that tragedy is the more noble, because it turns in a shorter compass; the whole action being circumscribed within the space of four and twenty hours. He might prove as well that a mushroom is to be preferred before a peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a night. A chariot may be driven round the pillar in less space than a large machine, because the bulk is not so great. Is the Moon a more noble planet than Saturn, because she makes her revolution in less than thirty days,

and he in little less than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their several magnitudes; and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or less perfection. And besides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epic poem? where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice punished; and those more amply treated, than the narrowness of the drama can admit? The shining quality of an epic hero, his magnanimity, his piety, or whatever characteristical virtue his poet gives him, raises first our admiration: we are naturally prone to imitate what we admire: and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious, as for example, the choler and obstinate desire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is instructive: and besides, we are informed in the very proposition of the Iliad, that his anger was pernicious; that it brought a thousand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is proposed to imitation, not his pride and disobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the selling his body to his father. We abhor these actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate; the poet only shews them like rocks or quicksands, to be shunned.

By this example, the critics have concluded that it is not necessary the manners of the hero should be virtuous. They are poetically good if they are of a piece. Though where a character of perfect virtue is set before us, it is more lovely: for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the Eneas of Virgil: this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem, which painters and statuaries have only in their minds, and which no hands are able to express. These are the beauties of a god in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with those warts, and moles, and hard features, by those who represent him on the stage, or he is no more Achilles; for his creator Homer has so described him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the stage with all those imperfections. Therefore they are either not faults in an heroic poem, or faults common to the drama. After all, on the whole merits of the cause, it must be acknowledged that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the passions. The passions, as I have said, are violent: and acute distempers require medicines of a strong and speedy operation. Ill habits of the mind are, like chronical diseases, to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives: wherein though purges are sometimes necessary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exercise, have the greatest part. The matter being thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of poetry are of use for their proper ends. The stage is more active, the epic poem works at greater leisure, yet is active too, when need requires. For dialogue is imitated by the drama, from the more active part of it. One puts off a fit like the quinquina, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the distemper, and gives a healthful habit. The sun enlightens and cheers us, dispels fogs, and warms the ground with his daily beams; but the corn is sowed, increases, is ripened, and is reaped for use, in process of time, and in its season. — I proceed from the greatness of the action, to the dignity of the actors, I mean the persons employed in both poems. There likewise tragedy will be seen to borrow from the epopee; and that which borrows is always of less dignity, because it has not of its own. A subject, it is true, may lend to his sovereign, but the act of borrowing makes the king inferior, because be wants, and the subject supplies. And suppose the persons of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention, because it was first, and Homer the common father of the stage. I know not of any one advantage which tragedy can boast above heroic poetry, but that it is repre-

sented to the view, as well as read; and instructs in the closet, as well as on the theatre. This is an uncontested excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative; yet I may be allowed to say, without partiality, that herein the actors share the poet's praise. Your Lordship knows some modern tragedies which are beautiful on the stage, and yet I am confident you would not read them; Tryphon, the stationer, complains they are seldom asked for in his shop. The poet who flourished in the scene, is damned in the ruelle; nay more, he is not esteemed a good poet by those who see and hear his extravagancies with delight. They are a sort of stately fustian, and lofty childishness. Nothing but nature can give a sincere pleasure; where that is not imitated, it is grotesque painting, the fine woman ends in a fish's tail.

2) SHAKSPEARE.

To begin, then, with Shakspeare. He was the man, who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not labouriously, but luckily. When he describes anything, you more than see it—you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakspeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakspeare far above him.

VIII. JOHN LOCKE,

geb. 29. August 1632 zu Wrington in Sommersetshire, gest. 28. October 1704, studirte zu Oxford (1651), machte darauf mehre Reisen und übernahm dann die Erziehung des spätern Grafen *Shaftesbury*, durch welchen er eine einträgliche Stelle erhielt, die er indessen wieder verlor, als sein Gönner in Ungnade fiel (1673). Aus Gesundheitsrücksichten begab er sich 1677 nach Montpellier, später nach Paris. Im Jahre 1679 nach England zurückgekehrt, musste er sein Vaterland nach dem Sturze des Grafen *Shaftesbury*, mit dem er in vertrauten Verhältnissen lebte, verlassen, und ging mit demselben nach Holland, 1683. Auch bis dahin wurde er verfolgt; er verlor seine Stelle im Christ-College zu Oxford, obschon er sich von aller Theilnahme an den politischen Bewegungen fern gehalten hatte. Nach der Erhebung Wilhelms auf den englischen Thron kehrte er (1689) wieder nach England zurück und erhielt einen Posten im Ministerium der Colonien, den er indessen 1700 in Folge seiner geschwächten Gesundheit niederlegte. Auf der Besitzung eines Freundes, in

der Nähe von London, lebte er bis zu seinem Tode. — Locke's erste Schriften, sein 'Adversariorum Methodus' oder 'New Method of a Common-Place-Book', ferner ein Auszug aus seinem berühmten 'Essay' und sein 'First Letter on Toleration' erschienen sämmtlich französisch in 'Leclerc's Bibliothèque', 1686, 87 und 88. Erst im Jahre 1690 erschien sein 'Essay concerning Human Understanding' (deutsch von Tennemann, 3 Bde., Leipzig 1795—97). Diesem folgte: 'Second Letter on Toleration' und zwei 'Treatises on Government'. Seine 'Considerations on Lowering the Interest of Money' erschienen 1691; sein 'Third Letter on Toleration' 1692: 'Thoughts concerning Education' 1693: 'Reasonableness of Christianity' 1695, und mehre Streitschriften von da bis 1704. Nach seinem Tode erschienen sein 'Conduct of the Understanding' und mehre theologische Abhandlungen. Bereits im Jahre 1670 hatte er den Auftrag erhalten, eine Constitution für die nordamerikanische Colonie Carolina auszuarbeiten, welche auch eingeführt wurde. Locke war ein Mann von hohem moralischen Werthe und edler Gesinnung, uneigennützig, gerecht, tolerant und besass einen ausserordentlichen Scharfsinn. Die beste Ausgabe seiner sämmtlichen Werke ist die in 10 Bdn., London 1801 und 1812.

1) OF THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

There is scarce any one that does not observe something that seems odd to him, and is in itself really extravagant in the opinions, reasonings, and actions of other men. The least flaw of this kind, if at all different from his own, every one is quick-sighted enough to espy in another, and will by the authority of reason forwardly condemn, though he be guilty of much greater unreasonableness in his own tenets and conduct, which he never perceives, and will hardly, if at all, be convinced of.

This proceeds not only from self-love, though that has often a great hand in it. Men of fair minds, and not given up to the overweening of self-flattery, are frequently guilty of it; and in many cases one with amazement hears the arguings, and is astonished at the obstinacy of a worthy man, who yields not to the evidence of reason, though laid before him as clear as day-light.

This sort of unreasonabless is usually imputed to education and prejudice, and for the most part truly enough, though that reaches not the bottom of the disease, nor shews distinctly enough whence it rises, or wherein it lies. Education is often rightly assigned the cause, and prejudice is a good general name for the thing itself: but yet, I think, he ought to look a little farther, who would trace this sort of madness to the root it springs from, and to explain it, as to shew whence this flaw has its original in very sober and rational minds, and wherein it consists,

I shall be pardoned for calling it by so harsh a name as *madness*, when it is considered, that opposition to reason deserves that name, and is really madness; and there is scarce a man so free from it, but that if he should always, on all occasions, argue or do as in some cases he constantly does, would not be thought fitter for Bedlam, than civil conversation. I do not here mean when he is under the power of an unruly passion, but in the steady calm course of his life. That which will yet more apologize for this harsh name, and ungrateful imputation on the greatest part of mankind, is, that enquiring a little by the by into the nature of madness, I found it to spring from the very same root, and to depend on the very same cause we are here speaking of. And if this be a weakness to which all men are so liable; if this be a taint which so universally infects mankind, the greater care should be taken to lay it open under its due name, thereby to excite the greater care in its prevention and cure.

Some of our ideas have a natural correspondence and connexion with one another: it is the office and excellency of our reason to trace these, and hold them together in that union and correspondence which is founded in their peculiar beings. Besides this, there is another connexion of ideas, wholly owing to chance or custom; ideas that in themselves are not at all of kin, come to be so united in some mens' minds, that it is very hard to separate them; they always keep in company, and the one no sooner at any time comes into the understanding, but its associate appears with it: and if they are more than two, which are thus united, the whole gang, always inseparable, shew themselves together.

This strong combination of ideas, not allied by nature, the mind makes in itself either voluntarily, or by chance; and hence it comes in different men to be very different according to their different inclinations, educations, interests, etc. Custom settles habits of thinking in the understanding, as well as of determining in the will, and of motions in the body; all which seems to be but trains of motion in the animal spirits, which once set a going, continue in the same steps they have been used to, which by often treading, are worn into a smooth path, and the motion in it becomes easy, and, as it were, natural. As far as we can comprehend thinking, thus ideas seem to be produced in our minds; or if they are not, this may serve to explain their following one another in an habitual train, when once they are put into that tract, as well as it does to explain such motions of the body. A musician used to any tune, will find, that, let it but once begin in his head, the ideas of the several notes of it will follow one another orderly in his understanding, without any care or attention, as regularly as his fingers move orderly over the keys of the organ, to play out the tune he has begun, though his unattentive thoughts be elsewhere a wandering. Whether the natural cause of these ideas, as well as of that regular dancing of his fingers, be the motion of his animal spirits, I will not determine, how probable soever, by this instance, it appears to be so: but this may help us a little to conceive of intellectual habits, and of the tying together of ideas.

That there are such associations of them made by custom in the minds of most men, I think no body will question, who as well considered himself or others; and to this, perhaps, might be justly attributed most of the sympathies and antipathies observable in men, which work as strongly, and produce as regular effects as if they were natural, and are therefore called so, though they at first had no other original but the accidental connexion of two ideas, which either the strength of the first impression, or future indulgence so united, that they always afterwards kept company together in that man's mind, as if they were but one idea. I say, most of the antipathies, I do not say, all, for some of them are truly natural, depend upon our original constitution, and are born with us; but a great part of those which are counted natural, would have been known to be from unheeded, though, perhaps, early impressions, or wanton fancies at first, which would have been acknowledged the original of them, if they had been warily observed. A grown person, surfeiting with honey, no sooner hears the name of it, but his fancy immediately carries sickness and qualms to his stomach, and he cannot bear the very idea of it; other ideas of dislike and sickness and vomiting presently accompany it, and he is disturbed; but he knows from whence to date this weakness, and can tell how he got this indisposition; had this happened to him by an over-dose of honey, when a child, all the same effects would have followed, but the cause would have been mistaken, and the antipathy counted natural.

I mention this not out of any great necessity there is in this present argument, to distinguish nicely between natural and acquired antipathies, but I take notice of it for another purpose, viz, that those who have children, or the charge of their education, would think it

worth their while diligently to watch, and carefully to prevent the undue connexion of ideas in the minds of young people. This is the time most susceptible of lasting impressions; and though those relating to the health of the body, are by discreet people minded and fenced against; yet I am apt to doubt, that those which relate more peculiarly to the mind, and terminate in the understanding, or passions, have been much less heeded than the thing deserves; nay, those relating purely to the understanding, have, as I suspect, been by most men wholly overlooked.

This wrong connexion in our minds of ideas, in themselves loose and independent one of another, has such an influence, and is of so great force to set us awry in our actions, as well moral as natural, passions, reasonings, and notions themselves, that perhaps there is not any one thing that deserves more to be looked after.

The ideas of goblins and sprights have really no more to do with darkness, than light; yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other.

A man receives a sensible injury from another, thinks on the man and that action over and over, and by ruminating on them strongly, or much in his mind, so cements those two ideas together, that be makes them almost one; never thinks on the man, but the pain and displeasure he suffered comes into his mind with it, so that he scarce distinguishes them, but has as much an aversion for the one as the other. Thus hatreds are often begotten from slight and almost innocent occasions, and quarrels propagated and continued in the world.

A man has suffered pain or sickness in any place, he saw his friend die in such a room; though these have in nature nothing to do with another, yet when the idea of the place occurs to his mind, it brings (the impression being once made) that of the pain and displeasure with it, he confounds them in his mind, and can as little bear the one as the other.

When this combination is settled, and whilst it lasts, it is not in the power of reason to help us, and relieve us from the effects of it. Ideas in our minds, when they are there, will operate according to their natures and circumstances; and here we see the cause why time cures certain affections, which reason, though in the right, and allowed to be so, has not power over, nor is able against them to prevail with those who are apt to hearken to it in other cases. The death of a child, that was the daily delight of his mother's eyes, and joy of her soul, rends from her heart the whole comfort of her life, and gives her all the torment imaginable: use the consolation of reason in this case, and you were as good preach ease to one on the rack, and hope to allay, by rational discourses, the pain of his joints tearing asunder: till time has by disuse separated the sense of that enjoyment, and its loss, from the idea of the child returning to her memory, all representations, though never so reasonable, are in vain; and therefore some, in whom the union between these ideas is never dissolved, spend their lives in mourning, and carry an incurable sorrow to their graves.

Many children imputing the pain they endured at school to their books they were corrected for, so join those ideas together, that a book becomes their aversion, and they are never reconciled to the study and use of them all their lives after, and thus reading becomes a torment to them, which otherwise possibly they might have made the great pleasure of their lives. There are rooms convenient enough, that some men cannot study in, and fashions of vessels, which though never so clean and commodious, they cannot drink out of, and that by reason of some accidental ideas which are annexed to them, and make them offensive; and who is there that has not observed

some man to flag at the appearance, or in the company of some certain person, not otherwise superior to him, but because having once on some occasion got the ascendant; the idea of authority and distance goes along with that of the person, and he, that has been thus subjected, is not able to separate them.

Instances of this kind are so plentiful every where, that if I add one more, it is only for the pleasant oddness of it. It is of a young gentleman, who having learned to dance, and that to great perfection, there happened to stand an old truuk in the room where he learned. The idea of his remarkable piece of household-stuff had so mixed itself with the turns and steps of all his dances, that though in that chamber he could dance excellently well, yet it was only whilst that trunk was there, nor could he perform well in any other place, unless that, or some such other trunk, had its due position in the room. If this story shall be suspected to be dressed up with some comical circumstances, a little beyond precise nature: I answer for myself, that I had it some years since from a very sober and worthy man, upon his own knowledge, as I report it; and I dare say, there are very few inquisitive persons, who read this, who have not met with accounts, if no examples, of this nature, that may parallel, or at least justify this.

Intellectual habits and defects, this way contracted, are not less frequent and powerful, though less observed. Let the ideas of being and matter be strongly joined either by education or much thought, whilst these are still combined in the mind, what notions, what reasonings, will there be about separate spirits?

Some such wrong and unnatural combination of ideas will be found to establish the irreconcileable opposition between different sects of philosophy and religion; for we cannot imagine every one of their followers to impose willfully on himself, and knowingly refuse truth offered by plain reason. Interest, though it does a great deal in the case, yet cannot be thought to work whole societies of men to so universal a perverseness, as that every one of them to a man should knowingly maintain falsehood; some at least must be allowed to do what all pretend to, i. e. to pursue truth sincerely; and therefore there must be something that blinds their understandings, and makes them not see the falsehood of what they embrace for real truth. That which thus captivates their reasons, and leads men of sincerity blindfold from common sense, will, when examined, be found to be what we are speaking of: some independent ideas, of no alliance to one another, are by education, custom, and the constant din of their party, so coupled in their minds, that they always appear there together, and they can no more separate them in their thoughts, than if they were but one idea, and they operate as if they were so. This gives sense to jargon, demonstration to absurdities, and consistency to nonsense and is the foundation of the greatest, I had almost said, of all the errors in the world; or if it does not reach so far, it is at least the most dangerous one, since, so far as it obtains it hinders men from seeing and examining. When two things in themselves disjoined, appear to the sight constantly united; if the eye sees these things riveted, which are loose, where will you begin to rectify the mistakes that follow in two ideas, that they have been accustomed so to join in their minds, as to substitute one for the other, and, as I am apt to think, often without perceiving it themselves? This, whilst they are under the deceit of it, makes them uncapable of conviction, and they applaud themselves as zealous champions for truth, when indeed they are contending for error; and the confusion of two different ideas which a customary connexion of them in their minds has to them made in effect but one, fills their heads with false views, and their reasonings with false consequences.

2) THE CONDUCT OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

SECTION I.

The last ressort a man has recourse to in the conduct of himself is his understanding; for though we distinguish the faculties of the mind, and give the supreme command to the will, as to an agent; yet the truth is, the man which is the agent determines himself to this or that voluntary action, upon some precedent knowledge, or appearance of knowledge, in the understanding. No man ever sets himself about any thing but upon some view or other, which serves him for a reason for what he does: and whatsoever faculties he employs, the understanding, with such light at it has, well or ill informed, constantly leads; and by that light, true or false, all his operative powers are directed. The will itself, how absolute and uncontrollable soever it may be thought, never fails in its obedience to the dictates of the understanding. Temples have their sacred images, and we see what influence they have always had over a great part of mankind. But, in truth, the ideas and images in men's minds are the visible powers that constantly govern them', and to these they all universally pay a ready submission. It is therefore of the highest concernment that great care should be taken of the understanding, to conduct it right in the search of knowledge, and in the judgments it makes.

The logic now in use has so long possessed the chair, as the only art taught in the schools for the direction of the mind in the study of the arts and sciences, that it would perhaps be thought an affectation of novelty to suspect, that rules, that have served the learned world these two or three thousand years, and which without any complaint of defect the learned have rested in, are not sufficient to guide the understanding. And I should not doubt but this attempt would be censured as vanity or presumption, did not the great lord Verulam's authority justify it: who, not servilely thinking learning could not be advanced beyond what it was, because for many ages it had not been, did not rest in the lazy approbation and applause of what was, because it was; but enlarged his mind to what might be. In his preface to his Novum organum, concerning logic he pronounces thus: 'Qui summas dialecticæ partes tribuerunt, atque inde fidissima scientiis præsidia comparari putarunt, verissime et optime viderunt intellectum humanum sibi permissum merito suspectum esse debere. Verum infirmior omnino est malo medicina; nec ipsa mali expers. Siquidem dialectica, quæ recepta est licet ad civilia et artes, quæ in sermone et opinione positæ sunt, rectissime adhibeatur; naturæ tamen subtilitatem longo intervallo non attingit, et prensando, quod non capit, ad errores potius stabiliendos et quasi figendos quam ad viam veritati aperiendam valuit.'

They, says he, who attributed so much to logic, perceived very well and truly, that is was not safe to trust the understanding to itself, without the guard of any rules. But the remedy reached not the evil, but became a part of it: for the logic which took place, though it might do well enough in civil affairs, and the arts which consisted in talk and opinion, yet comes very far short of subtilty in the real performances of nature; and, catching at what it cannot reach, has served to confirm and establish errors, rather than to open a way to truth. And therefore a little after he says, that it is absolutely necessary that a better and perfecter use and employment of the mind and understanding should be introduced: 'Necessario requiritur ut melior et perfectior mentis et intellectus humani usus et adoperatio introducatur.'

SECTION II.

PARTS.

There is, it is visible, great variety in men's understandings, and their natural constitutions put so wide a difference between some men in this respect, that art and industry would never be able to master: and their very natures seem

to want a foundation to raise on it that which other men easily attain unto. Amongst men of equal education there is a great inequality of parts. And the woods of America, as well as the schools of Athens, produce men of several abilities in the same kind. Though this be so, yet I imagine most men come very short of what they might attain unto in their several degrees, by a neglect of their understandings. A few rules of logic are thought sufficient in this case for those who pretend to the highest improvement; whereas I think there are a great many natural defects in the understanding capable of amendment, which are overlooked and wholly neglected. And it is easy to perceive that men are guilty of a great many faults in the exercise and improvement of this faculty of the mind, which hinder them in their progress, and keep them in ignorance and error all their lives. Some of them I shall take notice of, and endeavour to point out proper remedies for, in the following discourse.

SECTION III.

REASONING.

Besides the want of determined ideas, and of sagacity and exercise in finding out and laying in order intermediate ideas, there are three miscarriages that men are guilty of in reference to their reason, whereby this faculty is hindered in them from that service it might do and was designed for. And he that reflects upon the actions and discourses of mankind, will find their defects in this kind very frequent, and very observable.

1) The first is of those who seldom reason at all, but do and think according to the example of others, whether parents, neighbours, ministers, or who else they are pleased to make choice of to have an implicit faith in, for the saving of themselves the pains and trouble of thinking and examining for themselves.

2) The second is of those who put passion in the place of reason, and being resolved that shall govern their actions and arguments, neither use their own, nor hearken to other people's reason any farther than it suits their humour, interest, or party; and these one may observe commonly content themselves with words which have no distinct ideas to them, though, in other matters, that they come with an unbiassed indifferency to, they want not abilities to talk and hear reason, where they have no secret inclination that hinders them from being untractable to it.

3) The third sort is of those who readily and sincerily follow reason, but for want of having that which one may call large, sound, round-about sense, have not a full view of all that relates to the question, and may be of moment to decide it. We are all short-sighted, and very often see but one side of the matter: our views are not extended to all that has a connexion with it. From this defect I think no man is free. We see but in part, and we know but in part, and therefore it is no wonder we conclude not right from our partial views. This might instruct the proudest esteemer of his own parts how useful it is to talk and consult with others, even such as came short of him in capacity, quickness, and penetration; for since no one sees all, and we generally have different prospects of the same thing, according to our different, as I may say, positions to it, it is not incongruous to think, nor beneath any man to try, whether another may not have notions of things which have escaped him, and which his reason would make use of if they came into his mind. The faculty of reasoning seldom or never deceives those who trust to it; its consequences from what it builds on are evident and certain, but that which it oftenest, if not only, misleads us in, is, that the principles from which we conclude, the grounds upon which we bottom our reasoning, are but a part, something is left out which should go into the reckoning to make it just and exact.

In this we may see the reason why some men of study and thought, that reason right, and are lovers of truth, do make no great ad-

vances in their discoveries of it. Error and truth are uncertainly blended in their minds; their decisions are lame and defective, and they are very often mistaken in their judgments: the reason whereof is, they converse but with one sort of men, they read but one sort of books, they will not come in the hearing but of one sort of notions; the truth is, they canton out to themselves a little Goshen in the intellectual world, where light shines, and, as they conclude, day blesses them; but the rest of that vast expansum they give up to night and darkness, and so avoid coming near it. They have a petty traffic with known correspondents in some little creek: within that they confine themselves, and are dexterous managers enough of the wares and products of that corner with which they content themselves; but will not venture out into the great ocean of knowledge, to survey the riches that nature hath stored other parts with, no less genuine, no less solid, no less useful, than what has fallen to their lot in the admired plenty and sufficiency of their own little spot, which to them contains whatsoever is good in the universe. Those who live thus mewed up within their own contracted territories, and will not look abroad beyond the boundaries that chance, conceit, or laziness has set to their inquiries, but live separate from the notions, discourses, and attainments of the rest of mankind, may not amiss be represented by the inhabitants of the Marian islands; which being separated by a large tract of sea from all communion with the habitable parts of the earth, thought themselves the only people of the world. And though the straitness and conveniences of life amongst them had never reached so far as to the use of fire till the Spaniards, not many years since, in their voyages from Acapulco to Manilla brought it amongst them; yet in the want and ignorance of almost all things, they looked upon themselves, even after the Spaniards had brought amongst them the notice of variety of nations abounding in sciences, arts, and conveniences of life, of which they knew nothing, — they looked upon themselves, I say, as the happiest and wisest people in the universe. But for all that, nobody, I think, will imagine them deep naturalists, or solid metaphysicians; nobody will deem the quickest-sighted amongst them to have very enlarged views in ethics or politics, nor can any one allow the most capable amongst them to be advanced so far in his understanding, as to have any other knowledge but of the few little things of his and the neighbouring islands within his commerce; but far enough from that comprehensive enlargement of mind, which adorns a soul devoted to truth, assisted with letters, and a free consideration of the several views and sentiments of thinking men of all sides. Let not men therefore that would have a sight of what every one pretends to, be desirous to have a sight of truth in its full extent, yet narrow and blind in their own prospect. Let not men think there is no truth but in the sciences that they study, or the books that they read. To prejudge other men's notions before we have looked into them, is not to shew their darkness, but to put out our own eyes. *Try all things, hold fast that which is good,* is a Divine rule, coming from the Father of light and truth: and it is hard to know what other way men can come at truth, to lay hold of it, if they do not dig and search for it as for gold and hid treasure; but he that does so must have much earth and rubbish before he gets the pure metal: sand, and pebbles, and dross, usually lie blended with it, but the gold is nevertheless gold, and will enrich the man that employs his pains to seek and separate it. Neither is there any danger he should be deceived by the mixture. Every man carries about him a touchstone, if he will make use of it, to distinguish substantial gold from superficial glittering, truth from appearances. And indeed the use and benefit of this touchstone, which is natural reason, is spoiled and lost only by assumed prejudices, overweening presumption, and narrowing our minds. The want of exercising it in the full extent of things intelli-

gible, is that which weakens and extinguishes this noble faculty in us. Trace it, and see whether it be not so.

SECTION VI.

PRINCIPLES.

There is another fault that stops or misleads men in their knowledge, which I have also spoken something of, but yet is necessary to mention here again, that we may examine it to the bottom, and see the root it springs from, and that is a custom of taking up with principles that are not self-evident, and very often not so much as true, It is not unusual to see men rest their opinions upon foundations that have no more certainty nor solidity than the propositions built on them, and embraced for their sake. Such foundations are these and the like, viz. The founders or leaders of my party are good men, and therefore their tenets are true; it is the opinion of a sect that is erroneous, therefore it is true; or it is new, and therefore false.

These, and many the like, which are by no means the measures of truth and falsehood, the generality of men make the standards by which they accustom their understanding to judge. And thus, they falling into a habit of determining of truth and falsehood by such wrong measures, it is no wonder they should embrace error for certainty, and be very positive in things they have no ground for.

There is not any one who pretends to the least reason, but when any of these his false maxims are brought to the test, must acknowledge them to be fallible, and such as he will not allow in those that differ from him; and yet, after he is convinced of this, you shall see him go on in the use of them, and the very next occasion that offers argue again upon the same grounds. Would one not be ready to think that men are willing to impose upon themselves, and mislead their own understanding, who conduct them by such wrong measures, even after they see they cannot be relied on? But yet they will not appear so blamable as may be thought at first sight; for I think there are a great many that argue thus in earnest, and do it not to impose on themselves or others. They are persuaded of what they say, and think there is weight in it, though in a like case they have been convinced there is none; but men would be intolerable to themselves, and contemptible to others, if they should embrace opinions without any ground, and hold what they could give no manner of reason for. True or false, solid or sandy, the mind must have some foundation to rest itself upon; and, as I have remarked in another place, it no sooner entertains any proposition, but it presently hastens to some hypothesis to bottom it on; till then it is unquiet and unsettled. So much do our own very tempers dispose us to a right use of our understandings, if we would follow as we should the inclinations of our nature.

In some matters of concernment, especially those of religion, men are not permitted to be always wavering and uncertain: they must embrace and profess some tenets or other; and it would be a shame, nay a contradiction too heavy for any one's mind to lie constantly under, for him to pretend seriously to be persuaded of the truth of any religion, and yet not to be able to give any reason of his belief, or to say any thing for his preference of this to any other opinion; and therefore they must make use of some principles or other, and those can be no other than such as they have and can manage; and to say they are not in earnest persuaded by them, and do not rest upon those they make use of, is contrary to experience, and to allege that they are not misled when we complain they are.

If this be so, it will be urged, Why then do they not rather make use of sure and unquestionable principles, rather than rest on such grounds as may deceive them, and will, as is visible, serve to support error as well as truth?

To this I answer, the reason why they do not make use of better and surer principles, is because they cannot: but this inability proceeds

not from want of natural parts (for those few whose case that is, are to be excused), but for want of use and exercise. Few men are from their youth accustomed to strict reasoning, and to trace the dependence of any truth in a long train of consequences to its remote principles, and to observe its connexion; and he that by frequent practice has not been used to this employment of his understanding, it is no more wonder that he should not, when he is grown into years, be able to bring his mind to it, than that he should not be on a sudden able to grave or design, dance on the ropes, or write a good hand, who has never practised either of them.

Nay, the most of men are so wholly strangers to this, that they do not so much as perceive their want of it; they despatch the ordinary business of their callings by rote, as we say, as they have learnt it; and if at any time they miss success, they impute it to any thing rather than want of thought or skill; that they conclude (because they know no better) they have in perfection: or if there be any subject that interest or fancy has recommended to their thoughts, their reasoning about it is still after their own fashion, be it better or worse; it serves their turns, and is the best they are acquainted with; and therefore when they are led by it into mistakes, and their business succeeds accordingly, they impute it to any cross accident, or default of others, rather than to their own want of understanding; that is what nobody discovers or complains of in himself. Whatsoever made his business to miscarry, it was not want of right thought or judgment in himself: he sees no such defect in himself, but is satisfied that he carries on his designs well enough by his own reasoning; or at least should have done, had it not been for unlucky traverses not in his power. Thus being content with this short and very imperfect use of his understanding, he never troubles himself to seek out methods of improving his mind, and lives all his life without any notion of close reasoning, in a continued connexion of a long train of consequences from sure foundations, such as is requisite for the making out and clearing most of the speculative truths most men own to believe and are most concerned in. Not to mention here what I shall have occasion to insist on by and by more fully, viz. that in many cases it is not one series of consequences will serve the turn, but many different and opposite deductions must be examined and laid together, before a man can come to make a right judgment of the thing in question. What then can be expected from men that neither see the want of any such kind of reasoning as this; nor, if they do, know they how to set about it, or could perform it? You may as well set a countryman, who scarce knows the figures, and never cast up a sum of three particulars, to state a merchant's long account, and find the true balance of it.

What then should be done in the case? I answer, we should always remember, that the faculties of our souls are improved and made useful to us, just after the same manner as our bodies are. Would you have a man write or paint, dance or fence well, or perform any other manual operation dexterously and with ease, let him have never so much vigour and activity, suppleness and address, naturally, yet nobody expects this from him unless he has been used to it, and has employed time and pains in fashioning and forming his hand or outward parts to these motions. Just so it is in the mind; would you have a man reason well, you must use him to it betimes, exercise his mind in observing the connexion of ideas, and following them in train. Nothing does this better than mathematics, which therefore I think should be taught all those who have the time and opportunity; not so much to make them mathematicians, as to make them reasonable creatures; for though we all call ourselves so, because we are born to it, if we please, yet we may truly say nature gives us but the seeds of it; we are born to be, if we please, rational creatures, but it is use and exercise only that makes us so, and we are indeed so no farther than industry

and application has carried us. And therefore in ways of reasoning which men have not been used to, he that will observe the conclusions they take up, must be satisfied they are not at all rational.

SECTION XXIX.

WORDS.

I have copiously enough spoken of the abuse of words in another place, and therefore shall upon this reflection, that the sciences are full of them, warn those that would conduct their understandings right, not to take any term, howsoever authorized by the language of the schools, to stand for any thing, until they have an idea of it. A word may be of frequent use and great credit with several authors, and be by them made use of, as if it stood for some real being; but yet, if he that reads cannot frame any distinct ideas of that being, it is certain to him a mere empty sound without a meaning, and he learns no more by all that is said of it, or attributed to it, than if it were affirmed only of that bare empty sound. They who would advance in knowledge, and not deceive and swell themselves with a little articulated air, should lay down this as a fundamental rule, not to take words for things, nor suppose that names in books signify real entities in nature, until they can frame clear and distinct ideas of those entities. It will not perhaps be allowed, if I should not set down *substantial forms* and *intentional species*, as such that may justly be suspected to be of this kind of insignificant terms. But this I am sure, to one that can form no determined ideas of what they stand for, they signify nothing at all; and all that he thinks he knows about them, is to him so much knowledge about nothing, and amounts at most but to learned ignorance. It is not without all reason supposed, that there are many such empty terms to be found in some learned writers, to which they had recourse to etch out their systems, where their understandings could not furnish them with conceptions from things. But yet I believe the supposing of some relatives in nature, answering those and the like words, have much perplexed some, and quite misled others in the study of nature. That which in any discourse signifies *I know not what*, should be considered *I know not when.* Where men have any conceptions, they can, if they are never so abstruse or abstracted, explain them and the terms they use for them. For our conceptions being nothing but ideas, which are all made up of simple ones; if they cannot give us the ideas their words stand for, it is plain they have none. To what purpose can it be to hunt after his conceptions, who has none, or none distinct? He that knew not what he himself meant by a learned term, cannot make us know any thing by his use of it, let us beat our heads about never so long. Whether we are able to comprehend all the operations of nature and the manners of them, it matters not to inquire; but this is certain, that we can comprehend no more of them than we can distinctly conceive, and therefore to obtrude terms where we have no distinct conceptions, as if they did contain or rather conceal something, is but an artifice of learned vanity, to cover a defect in hypothesis, or our understandings. Words are not made to conceal, but to declare and shew something; where they are, by those who pretend to instruct, otherwise used, they conceal indeed something; but that which they conceal is nothing but the ignorance, error, or sophistry of the talker, for there is in truth nothing else under them.

IX. Dr. ROBERT SOUTH,

geb. 1633 zu Hackney, gest. 1696. — Berühmt als 'The wittiest of English divines'; studirte zu Oxford und erhielt durch den *Earl of Clarendon*, nach mehren andern guten Stellen, zuletzt die eines Rektors von Islip in Oxfordshire, woselbst er viel Gutes wirkte. *S.* war ein enthusiastischer Verehrer aller absolutistischen Ideen und deshalb auch der erklärte Gegner der Independenten und Presbyterianer, gegen die er mit einem Ungestüm zu Felde zog, das zuletzt dergestalt in Persönlichkeiten und Unanständigkeiten ausartete, dass der König selbst sich veranlasst sah, diese Streitigkeiten zu verbieten. Seine 'Sermons' indessen, in einem echt christlichen Geiste geschrieben, gehören mit zu den schönsten der ganzen Epoche.

RELIGION NOT HOSTILE TO PLEASURE.

That pleasure is man's chiefest good (because, indeed, it is the perception of good that is properly pleasure), is an assertion most certainly true, though, under the common acceptance of it, not only false, but odious. For, according to this, pleasure and sensuality pass for terms equivalent; and therefore he that takes it in this sense, alters the subject of the discourse. Sensuality is indeed a part, or rather one kind of pleasure, such a one as it is. For pleasure, in general, is the consequent apprehension of a suitable object suitably applied to a rightly disposed faculty; and so must be conversant both about the faculties of the body and of the soul respectively, as being the result of the fruitions belonging to both.

Now, amongst those many arguments used to press upon men the exercise of religion, I know none that are like to be so successful as those that answer and remove the prejudices that generally possess and bar up the hearts of men against it: amongst which there is none so prevalent in truth, though so little owned in pretence, as that it is an enemy to men's pleasures, that it bereaves them of all the sweets of converse, dooms them to an absurd and perpetual melancholy, designing to make the world nothing else but a great monastery; with which notion of religion nature and reason seem to have great cause to be dissatisfied. For since God never created any faculty, either in soul or body, but withal prepared for it a suitable object, and that in order to its gratification, can we think that religion was designed only for a contradiction to nature, and with the greatest and most irrational tyranny in the world, to tantalise and tie men up from enjoyment, in the midst of all the opportunities of enjoyment? to place men with the furious affections of hunger and thirst in the very bosom of plenty, and then to tell them that the envy of Providence has sealed up every thing that is suitable under the character of unlawful? For certainly, first to frame appetites fit to receive pleasure, and then to interdict them with a Touch not, taste not, can be nothing else than only to give them occasion to devour and prey upon themselves, and so to keep men under the perpetual torment of an unsatisfied desire; a thing hugely contrary to the natural felicity of the creature, and consequently to the wisdom and the goodness of the great Creator.

He, therefore, that would persuade men to religion both with art and efficacy, must found the persuasion of it upon this, that it interferes not with any rational pleasure, that it bids nobody quit the enjoyment of any one thing that his reason can prove him ought to be enjoyed. 'Tis confessed, when, through the cross circum-

stances of a man's temper or condition, the enjoyment of a pleasure would certainly expose him to a greater inconvenience, then religion bids him quit it; that is, it bids him prefer the endurance of a lesser evil before a greater, and nature itself does no less. Religion, therefore, entrenches upon none of our privileges, invades none of our pleasures; it may, indeed, sometimes command us to change, but never totally to abjure them.

X. THOMAS BURNET,

geb. 1635, gest. 1715, war 'Master of the Charter-House in London und wäre nach *Tillotson* wahrscheinlich Bischof von Canterbury geworden, hätte man nicht an seiner Heterodoxie Anstoss genommen. Grossen Ruf erwarb er sich durch ein Werk, welches zu den seltsamsten gehört, die gedacht werden können. Es ist dies seine 'Sacred Theory of the Earth; containing an Account of the Original of the Earth, and of all the General Changes which it has already undergone, or is to undergo, till the Consummation of all Things', Lond. 1691. In genealogischer Beziehung ist das Werk vollkommen werthlos, da es jeder wissenschaftlichen Basis durchaus entbehrt; dahingegen enthält diese phantastische Träumerei die herrlichsten Beschreibungen in meisterhaft gehandhabter Sprache und beurkundet eine Fülle der Phantasie, wie wir sie bei Jean Paul anzutreffen gewohnt sind. Der Autor wurde zu dieser abenteuerlichen Composition durch den Anblick der Alpen und Apenninen veranlasst, deren zackige, unregelmässige Felsengebilde ihn so frappirten, dass er fortan den Gedanken nicht mehr los werden konnte: diese Welt sei nichts anders, als die wild durcheinandergeworfenen Ueberreste einer frühern, schönern Gestaltung. Nun entwarf er sich eine Theorie, die an Abenteuerlichkeit und Absurdität nichts zu wünschen lässt. Wir geben sie nach dem Auszuge, den *Chambers* in seiner 'Cyclopaedia' I. 450 davon mittheilt, um sodann ein Bruchstück aus dem Werke selbst folgen zu lassen. 'The globe in its chaotic state was a dark fluid mass, in which the elements of air, water, and earth were blended into one universal compound. Gradually, the heavier parts fell towards the centre, and formed a nucleus of solid matter. Around this floated the liquid ingredients, and over them was the still lighter atmospheric air. By and by, the liquid mass became separated into two layers, by the separation of the watery particles from those of an oily composition, which, being the lighter, tended upwards, and, when hardened by time, became a smooth and solid crust. This was the surface of the antediluvean globe. 'In this smooth earth were the first scenes of the world, and the first generations of mankind; it had the beauty of youth and blooming nature, fresh and fruitful, and not a wrinkle, scar, or fracture in all its body (!); no rocks, nor mountains, no hollow caves nor gaping channels, but even and uniform all over. And the smoothness of the earth made the face of the heavens so too; the air was calm and serene; none of those tumultuary motions and conflicts of vapours, which the mountains and winds cause in ours. 'T was suited to a golden age, and to the first innocence of nature.' By degrees, however, the heat of the sun, penetrating the superficial crust, converted a portion of the water beneath into steam, the expansive force of which at length burst the superincumbent shell, already weakened by the dryness and cracks occasioned by the solar rays. When, therefore, the 'appointed time was come that All-wise Providence had designed for the punishment of a sinful world, the whole fabric brake, and the frame of the earth was torn in pieces as by an earthquake; and those great portions or fragments into which it was divided fell into the abyss, some in one posture and

some in another.' The waters of course now appeared, and the author gives a fine description of their tumultuous raging, caused by the precipitation of the solid fragments into their bosom. The pressure of such masses falling into the abyss, 'could not but impel the water with so much strength as would carry it up to a great height in the air, and to the top of anything that lay in its way; any eminency, or high fragment whatsoever: and then rolling back again, it would sweep with it whatsoever it rushed upon — woods, buildings, living creatures — and carry them all headlong into the great gulf. Sometimes a mass of water would be quite struck off and separate from the rest, and tossed through the air like a flying river; but the common motion of the waves was to climb up the hills or inclined fragments and then return into the valleys and deeps again, with a perpetual fluctuation going and coming, ascending and descending, till the violence of them being spent by degrees, they settled at last in the places allotted to them; etc. etc.

ON THE COMING OF OUR SAVIOUR.

Certainly there is nothing in the whole course of nature, or of human affairs, so great and so extraordinary as the two last scenes of them, The Coming of our Saviour, and The Burning of the World. If we could draw in our minds the pictures of these in true and lively colours, we should scarce be able to attend to any thing else, or ever divert our imagination from these two objects: for what can more affect us than the greatest glory that ever was visible upon earth, and at the same time the greatest terror; — a God descending at the head of an array of Angels, and a burning World under his feet?

As to the face of nature just before the coming of our Saviour, that may be best collected from the signs of his coming mentioned in the precedent chapter. Those, all meeting together, help to prepare and make ready a theatre fit for an angry God to come down upon. The countenance of the heavens will be dark and gloomy; and a veil drawn over the face of the sun. The earth in a disposition every where to break into open flames. The tops of the mountains smoking; the rivers dry; earthquakes in several places; the sea sunk and retired into its deepest channel, and roaring as against some mighty storm. These things will make the day dead and melancholy; but the night-scenes will have more of horror in them, when the blazing stars appear, like so many furies with their lighted torches, threatening to set all on fire. For I do not doubt but the comets will bear a part in this tragedy, and have something extraordinary in them at that time, either as to number or bigness, or nearness to the earth. Besides the air will be full of flaming meteors, of unusual forms and magnitudes; balls of fire rolling in the sky, and pointed lightnings darted against the earth, mixed with claps of thunder and unusual noises from the clouds. The moon and the stars will be confused and irregular, both in their light and motions; as if the whole frame of the heavens was out of order, and all the laws of nature were broken or expired.

When all things are in this languishing or dying posture, and the inhabitants of the earth under the fears of their last end, the heavens will open on a sudden and the glory of God will appear. A glory surpassing the sun in its greatest radiancy; which though we cannot describe, we may suppose it will bear some resemblance or proportion with those representations that are made in Scripture of God upon his throne. This wonder in the heavens, whatsoever its form may be, will presently attract the eyes of all the Christian world. Nothing can more affect than an object so unusual and so illustrious, and that probably brings along with it their last destiny, and will put a period to all human affairs.

As it is not possible for us to express or conceive the dread and majesty of his appearance, so neither can we, on the other hand, express the passions and consternation of the people that behold it. These things exceed the measures of human affairs, and of human thoughts: we have neither words nor comparisons to make them known by. The greatest pomp and magnificence of the Emperors of the East, in their armies, in their triumphs, in their inaugurations, is but the sport and entertainment of children, if compared with this solemnity. When God condescends to an external glory, with a visible train and equipage; when, from all the provinces of his vast and boundless empire, he summons his nobles, as I may so say—the several orders of angels and archangels—to attend his person, though we cannot tell the form or manner of his appearance, we know there is nothing in our experience, or in the whole history of this world, that can be a just representation of the least part of it. No armies so numerous as the host of Heaven; and, instead of the wild noises of the rabble, which makes a great part of our worldly state, this blessed company will breathe their hallelujahs into the open air, and repeated acclamations of salvation to God, which sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb .

Imagine all Nature now standing in a silent expectation to receive its last doom; the tutelary and destroying angels to have their instructions; every thing to be ready for the fatal hour; and then, after a little silence, all the host of heaven to raise their voice, and sing aloud: Let God arise; let his enemies be scattered; as smoke is driven away, so drive them away; As wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God. And upon this, as upon a signal given, all the sublunary world breaks into flames, and all the treasures of fire are opened in heaven and in earth.

Thus the conflagration begins.

XI. SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE,

geb. 1636, gest. 1691, Lord Advokat unter *Karl II.* und *Jakob II.*, ist der Verfasser der 'Institutions of the Laws of Scotland' und vieler juristischen, historischen und anderer Werke, von denen wir nur seine 'Aretina, or the Serious Romance', 1660, 'Religio Stoici or the Virtuoso,' 1663, 'Solitude preferred to Public Employment,' 1665, 'Moral Gallantry,' 1667, nennen. Er stand mit *Dryden* und andern ausgezeichneten Männern in Briefwechsel; trotz der grossen Sorgfalt, die er auf den Stil verwandte, mangelt es ihm doch an Grazie des Ausdrucks. Seine historischen Abhandlungen sind oft eben so trocken, wie sein Stil pedantisch und unbeholfen ist.

THE TRUE PATH TO ESTEEM.

I have remarked in my own time, that some, by taking too much care to be esteemed and admired, have by that course missed their aim; whilst others of them who shunned it, did meet with it, as if it had fallen on them whilst it was flying from the others; which proceeded from the unfit means these able and reasonable men took to establish their reputation. It is very strange to hear men value themselves upon their honour, and their being men of their word in trifles, when yet that same honour cannot tie them to pay the debts they have contracted upon solemn promise of secure and speedy repayment; starving poor widows and orphans to feed their lusts; and adding thus robbery and oppression to the dis-

honourable breach of trust. And how can we think them men of honour, who, when a potent and foreign monarch is oppressing his weaker neighbours, hazard their very lives to assist him, though they would rail at any of their acquaintance, that, meeting a strong man fighting with a weaker, should assist the stronger in his oppression?

The surest and most pleasant path to universal esteem and true popularity, is to be just; for all men esteem him most who secures most their private interest, and protects best their innocence. And all who have any notion of a Deity, believe that justice is one of his chief attributes; and that, therefore, whoever is just, is next in nature to Him, and the best picture of Him, and to be reverenced and loved. But yet how few trace this path! most men choosing rather to toil and vex themselves, in seeking popular applause, by living high, and in profuse prodigalities, which are entertained by injustice and oppression; as if rational men would pardon robbers because they feasted them upon a part of their own spoils; or did let them see fine and glorious shows, made for the honour of the giver upon the expence of the robbed spectators. But when a virtuous person appears great by his merit, and obeyed only by the charming force of his reason, all men think him descended from that heaven which he serves, and to him they gladly pay the noble tribute of deserved praises.

XII. LADY RACHEL RUSSEL,

geb. 1636, gest. 1723. — *Rachel Wriothesley* war die zweite Tochter und Miterbin des *Earl of Southampton.* Obgleich fünf Jahre älter als ihr Gemahl, verstand sie es, ihn durch Liebenswürdigkeit und Klugheit so zu fesseln, dass sie ihn nicht nur von seinem ausschweifenden Leben gänzlich abzog, sondern ihn auf jene glorreiche Laufbahn leitete, in welcher er sich bekanntlich so auszeichnete. Als *Lord William Russel* im Jahre 1683 hingerichtet wurde, flehte sie, obgleich vergebens, für ihn, und begleitete ihn auf seinem letzten bittern Lebenswege zum Schaffot. Er starb, von ihr getröstet, mit den Worten: 'The bitterness of death is now past.'

Ihre Briefe haben ihr einen eben so dauernden Platz in der Geschichte der englischen Literatur, wie ihre treue Gattenliebe in der Weltgeschichte, erworben. Sie erschienen zuerst London 1773.

1) DOMESTIC MISFORTUNES

To Dr. Fitzwilliam.

If you have heard of the dismal accident in this neighbourhood, you will easily believe Tuesday night was not a quiet one with us. About one o'clock in the night, I heard a great noise in the square, so little ordinary, I called up a servant, and sent her down to learn the occasion. She brought up a very sad one, that Montague House was on fire; and it was so indeed; it burnt with so great violence, the whole house was consumed by five o'clock. The wind blew strong this way, so that we lay under fire a great part of the time, the sparks and flames continually covering the house, and filling the court. My boy awaked, and said he was almost stifled with smoke, but being told the reason, would see it, and so was satisfied without fear; took a strange bedfellow very willingly, Lady Devonshire's youngest boy, whom his nurse had brought wrapped in a blanket. Lady Devonshire came towards morning, and lay here; and had done so still, but

for a second ill accident. Her brother, Lord Arran, who has been ill of a fever twelve days, was despaired of yesterday morning, and spots appeared; so she resolved to see him, and not to return hither, but to Somerset House, where the queen offered her lodgings. He is said to be dead, and I hear this morning it is a great blow to the family; and that he was a most dutiful son and kind friend to all his family.

Thus we see what a day brings forth! and how momentary the things we set our hearts upon. O, I could heartily cry out, 'When will longed-for eternity come!' but our duty is to possess our souls with patience.

I am unwilling to shake off all hopes about the brief, though I know them that went to the chancellor since the refusal to seal it, and his answer does not encourage one's hopes. But he is not a lover of smooth language, so in that respect we may not so soon despair.

I fancy I saw the young man you mentioned to be about my son. One brought me six prayer-books as from you; also distributed three or four in the house. I sent for him, and asked him if there was no mistake. He said no. And after some other questions, I concluded him the same person. Doctor, I do assure you I put an entire trust in your sincerity to advise; but, as I told you, I shall ever take Lord Bedford along in all the concerns of the child. He thinks it early yet to put him to learn in earnest; so do you, I believe. My lord is afraid, if we take one for it, he will put him to it; yet I think perhaps to overcome my lord in that, and assure him he shall not be pressed. But I am much advised, and indeed inclined, if I could be fitted to my mind, to take a Frenchman; so I shall do a charity, and profit the child also, who shall learn French. Here are many scholars come over, as are of all kinds, God knows.

I have still a charge with me, Lady Devonshire's daughter, who is just come into my chamber; so must break off. I am, sir, truly your faithful servant.

The young lady tells me Lord Arran is not dead, but rather better.

2) BEREAVEMENT

To Lord Cavendish.

Though I know my letters do Lord Cavendish no service, yet, as a respect I love to pay him, and to thank him also for his last from Limbeck, I had not been so long silent, if the death of two persons, both very near and dear to me, had not made me so uncomfortable to myself, that I knew I was utterly unfit to converse where I would never be ill company. The separation of friends is grievous. My sister Montague was one I loved tenderly; my Lord Gainsborough was the only son of a sister I loved with too much passion: they both deserved to be remembered kindly by all that knew them. They both began their race long after me, and I hoped should have ended it so too; but the great and wise Disposer of all things, and who knows where it is best to place his creatures, either in this or in the other world, has ordered it otherwise. The best improvement we can make in these cases, and you, my dear lord, rather than I, whose glass runs low, while you are young, and I hope have many years to come, is, I say, that we should all reflect there is no passing through this to a better world without some crosses; and the scene sometimes shifts so fast, our course of life may be ended before we think we have gone half way; and that a happy eternity depends on our spending well or ill that time allotted us here for probation.

Live virtuously, my lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long. I hope the last shall be your lot, with many blessings attending it.

XIII. DR. WILLIAM SHERLOCK,

geb. 1641, gest. 1707. Vorzüglich berühmt durch seine theologischen Streitschriften. Er wurde des Tritheismus angeklagt, auf Grund seines Satzes, dass 'there were three eternal minds, two of them issuing from the Father, but that they were one by a mutual consciousness in the three to every of their thoughts' und fand seinen heftigsten Gegner in Dr. *Robert South* (S. 97). Seine Hauptwerke sind: 'A Vindication of the Doctrine of the Holy and Ever-Blessed Trinity' (1691); ein 'Practical Discourse concerning Death' (1690) und eine Abhandlung 'On the Immortality of the Soul,' in welcher er die künftige Fortdauer aus Gründen herleitet, die in der Natur sichtbar vorhanden sind. Wir entlehnen ihr folgendes Bruchstück.

LONGING AFTER IMMORTALITY.

Let us now consider the force of this argument: how far these natural desires of immortality prove that we are by nature immortal. For (say the objectors) is there any thing in the world more extravagant than some men's desires are; and is this an argument, that we shall have whatever we desire, because we fondly and passionately, and, it may be, very unreasonably desire it? And therefore, to explain the force of this argument, I shall observe two things; 1st, That all natural passions and appetites are immediately implanted in our nature by God; and 2dly, That all natural passions have their natural objects.

As for the first, it is certain, as I have already shown at large, that our passions and appetites are the life and sense of the soul, without which it would be dead and stupid, without any principle of vital sensation. For what is life without fear, and love, and hope, and desire, and such like passions, whereby we feel all things else, and feel ourselves? Now, whatever fancies men may have about our notions and ideas, that they may come into our minds from without, and be formed by external impressions, yet no man will be so absurd as to say, that external objects can put a principle of life into us; and then they can create no new passions in us, which are essential to our natures, and must be the work of that God who made us.

And therefore, secondly, every natural desire must have its natural object to answer that desire, or else the desire was made in vain; which is a reproach to our wise Maker, if he have laid a necessity on us of desiring that which is not in nature, and therefore cannot be had. We may as well suppose that God has made eyes without light, or ears without sounds, as that he has implanted any desires in us which he has made nothing to answer. There is no one example can be given of this in any kind whatsoever; for should any man be so extravagant as to desire to fly in the air, to walk upon the sea, and the like, you would not call these the desires of nature, because our natures are not fitted for them; but all the desires which are founded in nature have their natural objects. And can we then think, that the most natural and most necessary desire of all has nothing to answer it? that nature should teach us above all things to desire immortality, which is not to be had? especially when it is the most noble and generous desire of human nature, that which most of all becomes a reasonable creature to desire; nay, that which is the governing principle of all our actions, and must give laws to all our other passions, desires, and appetites. What a strange creature has God made man, if he deceive him in the most fundamental and most universal principle of action; which makes his whole life nothing else but one continued cheat and imposture!

XIV. GILBERT BURNET,

geb. 1643 zu Edinburg, gest. 1715 als Bischof von Salisbury. Er war eine Zeit lang Professor der Theologie zu Glasgow, ging dann nach London und machte später eine Reise durch Italien, die Schweiz und Deutschland nach dem Haag, wo er sehr freundlich aufgenommen wurde. 1688 schiffte er sich mit *Wilhelm von Oranien* nach England ein und verfasste die Proclamation, welche dieser an die Engländer erliess. 1689 erhob ihn *Wilhelm* zum Bischof von Salisbury. — In seinen historischen sowohl, als biographischen Werken giebt *Burnet* nur Thatsachen, ohne irgend welche Reflexionen. Grazie, Phantasie, Tiefe der Gedanken gehen ihm gänzlich ab. Dagegen ist er als fleissiger Sammler schätzenswerth; seine Werke enthalten Vieles, was sich anderswo nicht findet und werden immer zu den Quellen der englischen Geschichte gerechnet werden. Sein Stil, wenn auch in seiner 'History of his Own Time' kraftlos und nachlässig im höchsten Grade, ist doch im Allgemeinen einfach und ungezwungen; die Thatsachen sind klar aneinandergereiht, und nicht nur verständlich, sondern grösstentheils auch auf eine lebendige und anziehende Weise erzählt. — Seine Werke sind: 'Memoirs of James and William Dukes of Hamilton,' 1676 Fol. — 'History of the Reformation of the Church of England,' 3 Vol. Fol. 1679, 1681, 1714. — 'History of his Own Time,' 2 Vol. Fol. 1723, 1734, nach seinem Tode von seinem Sohne herausgegeben. 'Some Passages of the Life and Death of the Right Honourable John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester,' 1680. — 'Life of Bishop Bedel,' 1685. — 'Travels through France, Italy, Germany and Switzerland,' 1685. — 'Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles,' 1699. — 'Thoughts on Education,' nach seinem Tode gedruckt, und eine grosse Anzahl kleinerer Abhandlungen und Predigten.

THE CZAR PETER IN ENGLAND IN 1698.

I mentioned, in the relation of the former year, the Czar's coming out of his own country, on which I will now enlarge. He came this winter over to England, and stayed some months among us. I waited often on him, and was ordered, both by the king and archbishop and bishops, to attend upon him, and to offer him such informations of our religion and constitution as he was willing to receive. I had good interpreters, so I had much free discourse with him. He is a man of a very hot temper, soon inflamed, and very brutal in his passion. He raises his natural heat by drinking much brandy, which he rectifies himself with great application; he is subject to convulsive motions all over his body, and his head seems to be affected with these; he wants not capacity, and has a larger measure of knowledge than might be expected from his education, which was very indifferent; a want of judgment, with an instability of temper, appear in him too often and too evidently; he is mechanically turned, and seems designed by nature rather to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince. This was his chief study and exercise while he stayed here; he wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. He told me he designed a great fleet at Azuph, and with it to attack the Turkish empire; but he did not seem capable of so great a design, though his conduct in his wars since this has discovered a greater genius in him than appeared at that time. He was desirous to understand our doctrine, but he did not seem disposed to mend matters in Moscovy. He was, indeed, resolved to encourage

learning, and to polish his people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live among them. He seemed apprehensive still of his sister's intrigues. There was a mixture both of passion and severity in his temper. He is resolute, but understands little of war, and seemed not at all inquisitive that way. After I had seen him often, and had conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depth of the providence of God, that had raised up such a furious man to so absolute an authority over so great a part of the world.

David, considering the great things God had made for the use of man, broke out into the meditation: 'What is man that thou art so mindful of him?' But here there is an occasion for reversing these words, since man seems a very contemptible thing in the sight of God, while such a person as the Czar has such multitudes put, as it were, under his feet, exposed to his restless jealousy and savage temper. He went from hence to the court of Vienna, where he purposed to have stayed some time; but he was called home, sooner than he had intended, upon a discovery or a suspicion of intrigues managed by his sister. The strangers, to whom he trusted most, were so true to him, that those designs were crushed before he came back. But on this occasion he let loose his fury on all whom he suspected. Some hundreds of them were hanged all round Moscow; and it was said that he cut off many heads with his own hand. And so far was he from relenting, or showing any sort of tenderness, that he seemed delighted with it. How long he is to be the scourge of that nation, or of his neighbours God only knows. So extraordinary an incident will, I hope, justify such a digression.

XV. WILLIAM PENN.

Der Gründer der Colonie Pennsylvanien, *Wilhelm Penn*, geboren zu London, am 14. Oct. 1644, war der Sohn des Admiral *Sir William Penn*. Schon als Knabe zu religiösem Separatismus geneigt, wurde er später zu Oxford, wegen Nichtachtung der herrschenden Kirche bestraft und ein Jahr darauf von der Anstalt ausgeschlossen. Von einer Reise auf dem Continent nach Irland zurückgekehrt, liess er sich unter die Sekte der Quäker aufnehmen. Wegen unbefugten Predigens von dort vertrieben, kam er 1666 nach London, wurde aber von seinem Vater nicht eben freundlich empfangen, und von diesem, als er erfuhr dass sein Sohn Quäker geworden, sogar aus dem Hause verstossen. Er predigte nun in den Strassen von London und riss durch seine gewaltige Beredtsamkeit alle seine Zuhörer hin. 'The sandy foundation shaken,' (1668) zog ihm Einsperrung in dem Tower zu, wo er seine berühmten Werke 'No cross, no crown' und 'Innocency with her open face' schrieb. Er ging dann ein zweitesmal nach Irland, später mit *Fox* nach Holland und Deutschland, und erregte namentlich in Holland, grosses Aufsehn. Sein Vater, der sich auf seinem Sterbebette mit ihm versöhnte, hinterliess ihm ausser einem nicht unbeträchtlichen jährlichen Einkommen eine Schuldforderung an die Regierung, welche er derselben, da er sich fortwährenden Verfolgungen augesetzt sah, gegen einen Strich Landes am Delaware abtrat. Hier gründete er die Colonie Pennsylvanien mit der Hauptstadt Philadelphia. Er kehrte später nach England zurück, lebte, nach einer zweiten Verheirathung, ganz zurückgezogen und schrieb sein letztes Werk: 'Fruits of Solitude.' Im Jahre 1712 trat er der Krone sein Eigenthumsrecht an Pennsylvanien gegen die Summe von *l.* 280,000 ab und starb d. 30. Mai 1718 auf seiner Besitzung in Buckinghamshire. Penn war ein durchaus ehrenhafter Charakter; sein ganzes

Streben war nur auf das Wohl seiner Nebenmenschen gerichtet, deren Verfolgungen er mit der grössten Resignation ertrug. — Seine Schriften erschienen in 4 Bänden, London 1726 und 1782. — Vergl. *Clarkson*: 'Memoirs of the Private and Public Life of William Penn', London 1813.

ADVICE TO HIS CHILDREN.

Next, betake yourselves to some honest, industrious course of life and that not of sordid covetousness, but for example, and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition and marry, choose with the knowledge and consent of your mother, if living, or guardians, or those that have the charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord, and a sweet and amiable disposition, such as you can love above all this world, and that may make your habitations pleasant and desirable to you.

And being married, be tender, affectionate, patient and meek. Live in the fear of the Lord, and he will bless you and your offspring. Be sure to live within compass; borrow not, neither be beholden to any. Ruin not yourselves by kindness to others; for that exceeds the due bounds of friendship, neither will a true friend expect it. Small matters I heed not.

Let your industry and parsimony go no further than for a sufficiency for life, and to make a provision for your children, and that in moderation, if the Lord gives you any. I charge you help the poor and needy; let the Lord have a voluntary share of your income for the good of the poor, both in our society and others; for we are all his creatures; remembering that 'he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'

Know well your incomings, and your outgoings may be better regulated. Love not money nor the world: use them only, and they will serve you; but if you love them, you will serve them, which will debase your spirits as well as offend the Lord.

Pity the distressed, and hold out a hand of help to them; it may be your case, and as you mete to others, God will mete to you again.

Be humble and gentle in your conversation; of few words I charge you, but always pertinent when you speak, hearing out before you attempt to answer, and then speaking as if you would persuade, not impose.

Affront none, neither revenge the affronts that are done to you; but forgive, and you shall be forgiven by your heavenly Father.

In making friends, consider well first; and when you are fixed, be true, not wavering by reports, nor deserting in affliction, for that becomes not the good and virtuous.

Watch against anger; neither speak nor act in it; for, like drunkenness, it makes a man a beast, and throws people into desperate inconveniences.

Avoid flatterers, for they are thieves in disguise; their praise is costly, designing to get by those they bespeak; they are the worst of creatures; they lie to flatter, and flatter to cheat; and, which is worse, if you believe them, you cheat yourselves most dangerously. But the virtuous, though poor, love, cherish and prefer. * * *

Next, my children, be temperate in all things: in your diet, for that is physic by prevention; it keeps, nay, it makes people healthy, and their generation sound. This is exclusive of the spiritual advantage it brings. Be also plain in your apparel; keep out that lust which reigns too much over some; let your virtues be your ornaments, remembering life is more than food, and the body than raiment. Let your furniture be simple and cheap. Avoid pride, avarice, and luxury. Read my 'No Cross, no Crown.' There is instruction. Make your conversation with the most eminent for wisdom and piety, and shun all wicked men as you hope for the blessing of God and the comfort of your father's living and dying prayers. Be sure you speak no evil of any, not of the

meanest; much less of your superiors, as magistrates, guardians, tutors, teachers, and elders in Christ.

Be no busybodies; meddle not with other folk's matters, but when in conscience and duty pressed; for it procures trouble, and is ill manners, and very unseemly to wise men. * * *

Let the fear and service of the living God be encouraged in your houses, and that plainness, sobriety and moderation in all things, as becometh God's chosen people; and as I advice you, my beloved children, do you counsel yours, if God should give you any. Yea, I counsel and command them as my posterity, that they love and serve the Lord God with an upright heart, that he may bless you and yours from generation to generation.

And as for you, who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania and my parts of East Jersey, especially the first, I do charge you before the Lord God and his holy angels, that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live, therefore, the lives yourselves you would have the people live, and then you have right and boldness to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the square, for God sees you: therefore, do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears. Entertain no lurchers, cherish no informers for gain or revenge, use no tricks, fly to no devices to support or cover injustice; but let your hearts be upright before the Lord, trusting in him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant. —

UEBERSICHTSTABELLE DER SCHRIFTSTELLER DIESER PERIODE.

1) WRITERS ON DIVINITY: John Bunyan, Dr. Isaac Barrow, John Tillotson, Dr. Robert South, Thomas Burnet, Dr. Wm. Sherlock; ferner: *Dr. John Pearson* (1613—1686) 'An Exposition on the Creed', 1659. *Dr. Ralph Cudworth* (1617—1688) 'The True Intellectual System of the Universe' 1678. 'A Treatise concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality'; zuerst gedruckt 1731. *Dr. Rich. Cumberland* (1632—1718) 'Essay towards the Recovery of the Jewish Weights and Measures', und lateinische Werke. *Edward Stillingfleet* (1635—1699) 'Origines Sacrae; or a Rational Account of the Grounds of Natural and Revealed Religion.' 'A Defence of the Doctrine of the Trinity.' *Dr. Thomas Sprat* (1636—1713), 'Sermons.' — NON-CONFORMISTS: Matthew Henry; ferner: *Edmund Calamy* (1600—1666), 'Smectymnuus' (gegen die Episkopalkirche; Titel, von den Anfangsbuchstaben der bischöflichen Schriftsteller). *Richard Baxter* (1615—1691), 'A Call to the Unconverted' (in einem Jahre wurden 20,000 Exemplare davon verkauft); schrieb ausserdem noch 167 Schriften und Abhandlungen. *John Owen* (1616—1683), schrieb 57 Bände. Hauptwerke: 'Sermons'; 'An Exposition on the Epistle to the Hebrews'; 'The Divine Original and Authority of the Scripture.' Obgleich er Independent war, liebte ihn Cromwell sehr, seines liebenswürdigen Charakters wegen. *John Flavel* (1627—1691), 'Sermons.' — QUAKERS: George

Fox, William Penn; ferner: *Robert Barclay* (1648—1690), Hauptwerk: 'An Apology for the True Christian Divinity, as the Same is held forth and Preached by the People in Scorn called Quakers.' London 1678.

2) MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS. Sir George Mackenzie, John Dryden; ferner: *James Harrington* (1611—1677), 'Oceana', 'a political romance' (*Chambers*). *Sir Roger l'Estrange* (1616—1704), 'he was constantly occupied in the editing of newspapers and pamphlets, mostly in behalf of the court, and is generally considered to have been the first writer who sold his services in defence of any measure, good or bad.' *Algernon Sidney* (1621—1683), 'Discourses on Government.' 1698. 'They are admirably written, and contain great historical knowledge, and a remarkable propriety of diction' *Lord Overy* (Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift p. 236.) *Sir Wm. Temple* (1628—1698), 'Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands', 'a master piece.' *William Wotton* (1666—1726), 'Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning.' Grosses Sprachgenie; verstand in seinem 5. Jahre Lateinisch, Griechisch und Hebräisch so gut wie Englisch; im 13. ausser mehrern europäischen Sprachen noch Arabisch, Syrisch und Chaldäisch. — *Izaac Walton* (1593—1683), 'The Complete Angler', 1653 und später.

3) WRITERS ON PHILOSOPHY. John Locke; ferner: *Walter Charleton* (1619—1707) Arzt Karl's II.; Polyhistor und Uebersetzer. Hauptwerk: 'A Brief Discourse concerning the Different Wits of Men' 1675 (Erstes englisches Werk über Phrenologie.) *Thomas Stanley* (1625—1678), 'The History of Philosophy, containing the Lives, Opinions, Actions and Discourses of the Philosophers of every Sect.' London 1655—62. 4 Bände. *The Honourable Robert Boyle* (1627—1691), Hauptwerk: 'Considerations on the Usefulness of Experimental Philosophy' und zahlreiche andere philosophische Schriften. *Sir Isaac Newton* (1642—1727), Hauptwerk: 'Optics, or a Treatise of the Reflexions, Refractions, Inflexions and Colours of Light'; Engl. 1704, mehre lateinische Werke über Mathematik, und englische über Theologie.

4) HISTORIANS. John Evelyn, Gilbert Burnet; ferner: *Bulstrode Whitelock* (1605 bis 1676), 'Memorials of English Affairs.' *Dr. Thomas Sprat* (1636—1713) 'History of the Royal Society' 1667.

5) BIOGRAPHERS. *Izaac Walton* (1593—1683), 'Lives of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, Bishop Sanderson.' *Anthony Wood* (1632—1695), Athenae Oxoniensis, 'being an account of the lives and writings of almost all the eminent authors educated at Oxford, and many of those educated at the university of Cambridge.' — *Dr. Thomas Sprat* (1636—1713), 'Life of Cowley.' 1668. — *Thomas Ellwood* (1639—1713), Freund und Schüler Milton's; schrieb eine werthvolle Autobiography.

6) TRAVELLERS. *John Ray* (1628—1705), 'Observations, Topographical, Moral and Physiological, made in a Journey through Part of the Low Countries, Germany, Italy and France.' 1673.

7) NATURAL HISTORY. Derselbe: 'A General History of Plants.' 1686. 'A work of prodigious labour' — und John Evelyn.

8) HERALDRY. *Sir William Dugdale* (1605—1686), 'The Baronage of England'; 'The Antiquities of Warwickshire Illustrated' 1656.

9) ANTIQUITIES. *Elias Ashmole* (1617—1692), 'The Institution, Laws, and Ceremonies of the Most Noble Order of the Garter' 1672. *John Aubrey* (1626—1700), 'Miscellanies.' *Thomas Rymer* († 1715), 'Foedera' etc. (lat.)

10) LETTERS. Sir William Temple. Lady Rachel Russell.

11) MEMOIRS. Sir George Mackenzie (S. S. 100.), 'Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland, from the Restoration of Charles II.' u. A. m.

DRITTE PERIODE,

DIE REGIERUNGEN WILHELM'S III., ANNA'S UND GEORG'S I.

UMFASSEND (1689—1727).

Wir haben im vorigen Abschnitte auf die Umstände hingedeutet, durch welche das Ende der grossartigsten Epoche der englischen Literatur herbeigeführt, Inhalt und Form der Geistesprodukte aber einer gänzlichen Umwandlung unterworfen worden waren, so dass der herrschende Stil nunmehr einen ganz anderen, gemeinförmigeren, flacheren Charakter erhalten hatte. Diesen neuen, zunächst durch die Hofleute Karl's II. eingeführten Stil, schildert die 'Edinburgh Review' *) auf folgende Weise: 'The courtiers were not only disposed to see all the peculiarities of the old style with an eye of scorn and aversion, but had even a good deal to say in favour of that very opposite style to which they had been habituated. It was a witty, and a grand, and a splendid style. It showed more scholarship and art, than the luxuriant negligence of the old English school; and was not only free from many of its hazards and some of its faults, but possessed merits of its own, of a character more likely to please those who had then the power of conferring celebrity, or condemning to derision. Then it was a style which it was peculiarly easy to justify by argument; and in support of which, great authorities, as well as imposing reasons, were always ready to be produced. It came upon us with the air and the pretension of being the style of cultivated Europe, and a true copy of the style of polished antiquity.' 'It was more worldly, and more townish, — holding more of reason, and ridicule, and authority — more elaborate and more assuming — adressed more to the judgment than to the feelings, and somewhat ostentatiously accommodated to the habits, or supposed habits, of persons in fashionable life. Instead of tenderness and fancy, we had satire and sophistry — artificial declamation, in place of the spontaneous animations of genius — and for the universal language of Shakespeare, the personalities, the party politics, and the brutal obscenities of Dryden.'

Nach demselben Aufsatze kann den Geschmack, die Richtung dieser Zeit nichts besser charakterisiren, als 'the alterations and additions which this eminent person (Dryden) presumed — and thought it necessary — to make on the productions of Shakespeare and Milton. The heaviness, the coarseness, and the bombast of that abominable travesty, in which he has exhibited the Paradise Lost in the form of an opera, and the atrocious indelicacy and compassionable stupidity of the new characters with which he has polluted the enchanted solitude of Miranda and Prospero, in the Tempest, are such instances of degeneracy as we would be apt to impute rather to some transient hallucination in the author himself, than to the general prevalence of

*) Vol. XVIII. pg. 275 ff. August 1811.

any systematic bad taste in the public, did we not know that Wycherly and his coadjutors were in the habit of converting the neglected dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher into popular plays, merely by leaving out all the romantic sweetness of their characters — turning their melodious blank verse into vulgar prose — and aggravating the indelicacy of their lower characters, by lending a more disgusting indecency to the whole *dramatis personae*.'

Nichtsdestoweniger wurden diese Schriftsteller, ward diese ganze Epoche während des ganzen achtzehnten Jahrhunderts so sehr als das Höchste bewundert, was Englands intellektuelles Leben hervorgebracht hatte, dass der Zeitraum von 1702—14, die Regierung der Königin Anna umfassend, gewöhnlich '*The Augustan Era of English Literature*' genannt wurde. — In unserem Jahrhunderte jedoch ist man fast einstimmig darin übereingekommen, dass dieses Lob ein übertriebenes sei; nachstehende Kritik der 'Edinburgh Review',*) die in England grosse Autorität besitzt, kann als eine ziemlich vollständige Charakteristik derselben angesehen werden.

'The writers of this age had not a great deal more than their judgment and industry to depend on, and were always much more remarkable for the fewness of their faults than the greatness of their beauties. Their laurels were won much more by good conduct and discipline, than by enterprising boldness or native force; — nor can it be regarded as any very great merit in those who had so little of the inspiration of genius, to have steered clear of the dangers to which that inspiration is liable. Speaking generally of that generation of authors, it may be said, that, as poets, they had no force or greatness of fancy — no pathos, and no enthusiasm; — and, as philosophers, no comprehensiveness, depth, or originality. They are sagacious, no doubt, neat, clear, and reasonable; but for the most part cold, timid, and superficial. They never meddle with the great scenes of nature, or the great passions of man; but content themselves with just and sarcastic representations of city life, and of the paltry passions and meaner vices that are bred in that lower element. Their chief care is to avoid being ridiculous in the eyes of the witty, and above all to eschew the ridicule of excessive sensibility or enthusiasm — to be witty and rational themselves with a good grace, and to give their countenance to no wisdom, and no morality, which possess the standards that are current in good company. — Their inspiration, accordingly, is little more than a sprightly sort of good sense; and they have scarcely any invention but what is subservient to the purposes of derision and satire. Little gleams of pleasantry, and sparkles of wit, glitter through their compositions; but no glow of feeling – no blaze of imagination — no flashes of genius, ever irradiate their substance. They never pass beyond 'the visible diurnal sphere,' or deal in anything that can either lift us above our vulgar nature, or ennoble its reality. With these accomplishments they may pass well enough for sensible and polite writers, — but scarcely for men of genius. No genius arose sufficiently powerful to break the spell that still withheld us from the use of our own peculiar gifts and faculties. On the contrary, it was the unfortunate ambition of this generation of authors to improve and perfect the new style, rather than to return to the old one; and it cannot be denied that they did improve it. They corrected its gross indecency, increased its precision and correctness, made its pleasantry and sarcasm more polished and elegant, and spread through the whole of its irony, its narration, and its reflection, a tone of clear and condensed good sense, which recommended itself to all who had, and all who had not, any relish for higher beauties. This is the praise of Queen Anne's wits, — and to this praise they were entitled. This was left for them to do, — and they did it well. * * * These, and similar considerations, will go

*) Vol. XXVII. p. 1 ff. September 1816.

far to account for the celebrity which those authors acquired in their day; but it is not quite so easy to explain how they should have so long retained their ascendant.' —

Es wird im nächstfolgenden Abschnitte unsere Aufgabe sein, diesen Punkt weiter zu erörtern.

Wir beschliessen diese Periode, indem wir noch einer neuen Errungenschaft derselben erwähnen, die seit ihrem ersten Eintritt in die Literatur von den wichtigsten Folgen war und einen sehr bedeutenden und bedeutsamen Theil derselben bildet; wir meinen die Einführung periodischer Wochenschriften, welche kurze Abhandlungen über Sitten und Gebräuche der Gegenwart enthielten, die nicht nur Skizzen, kleine Erzählungen und Anekdoten aus dem täglichen Leben brachten, und einen treuen Spiegel des gesellschaftlichen Zustandes jener Zeit bildeten, sondern auch die Lächerlichkeiten und Gebrechen mancher veralteten Gewohnheiten oft auf's Unbarmherzigste zur Schau stellten. Steele war der Erste, der in England auf den Gedanken verfiel, nach dem Vorbilde Montaigne's, eine Art Zeitung zu schaffen, die mehr eine Rundschau nationaler Charakteristiken, als eine blosse Chronik der Tagesbegebenheiten enthalte, in welchen er 'die Philosophen die Wahrheit aus Bechern, die Kinder aus Löffeln trinken liess, während man den Frauen die schwierigsten Probleme mit einer brillanten Einfassung als Medaillon mit in die Salons gab.' Dem von ihm im Jahre 1709 gegründeten '*Tatler*' folgte bald eine grössere Anzahl Wochenschriften, von denen sich in dieser Periode besonders der berühmte '*Spectator*', der '*Guardian*', der '*Rambler*' u. A. auszeichneten.

I. DANIEL DEFOE,

geb. zu London 1660, gest. daselbst 1731; war der Sohn eines Fleischers und anfänglich für den Handel bestimmt, trat aber schon im 23. Jahre als Schriftsteller auf, seit welcher Zeit seine Feder über 30 Jahre lang thätig war. In die politischen Angelegenheiten seines Vaterlandes verwickelt, entging er dennoch der Gefahr. Seine Schrift: 'The shortest Way with the Dissenters' gegen die bischöfliche Kirche zog ihm indessen Prangeraussellung, Geldstrafe und Gefängniss zu; wie er die Strafe ertrug, zeigt seine Hymne auf den Pranger. Seinen zahlreichen politischen Schriften verdankt er indessen nur den geringsten Theil seines literarischen Rufes. Mit seinem 58. Jahre begann eine neue Epoche seiner schriftstellerischen Thätigkeit. Sein bekanntestes, fast in alle lebende Sprachen übersetztes Werk: 'The Life and strange Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York' erschien 1719. 'The Dumb Philosopher' in demselben Jahre; 'Captain Singleton' und 'Duncan Campbell' 1720; 'Moll Flanders' 1721; 'Colonel Jacques', 'The Journal of the Plague', 'Memoirs of a Cavalier' 1722; 'The Fortunate Mistress or Roxana' 1724; 'The New Voyage round the World' 1725; 'Political History of the Devil' 1726; 'Memoirs of Captain Carleton' 1728. — Wahrheit, Einfachheit und Natürlichkeit charakterisiren diese zahlreichen Schöpfungen seiner Phantasie, während in seinen politischen Schriften sein Stil sich nicht selten bis zum Erhabenen aufschwingt. (Vergl. über ihn 'Cibber's Lives of the Poets', Vol. IV.)

THE GREAT PLAGUE IN LONDON.

Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river, and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection, to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked a while also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked him how people did there-abouts? Alas! sir, says he, almost desolate, all dead or sick. Here are very few families in this part, or in that village, pointing at Poplar, where half of them are not dead already, and the rest sick. Then pointing to one house, There they are all dead, said he, and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief, says he, ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too, last night. Then he pointed to several other houses. There, says he, they are all dead, the man and his wife and five children. There, says he, they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door; and so of other houses. Why, says I, what do you here all alone? Why, says he, I am a poor desolate man; it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead. How do you mean then, said I, that you are not visited? Why, says he, that is my house, pointing to a very little low boarded house, and there my poor wife and two children live, said he, if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them. And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

But, said I, why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood? Oh, sir, says he, the Lord forbid; I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and, blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want. And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness, that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. Well, says I, honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all? Why, sir, says he, I am a waterman, and there is my boat, says he, and the boat serves me for a house; I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night, and what I get I lay it down upon that stone, says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; and then, says he, I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it.

Well, friend, says I, but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times? Yes, sir, says he, in the way I am employed there does. Do you see there, says he, five ships lie at anchor? pointing down the river a good way below the town; and do you see, says he, eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder? pointing above the town. All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's

boats, and there I sleep by myself; and blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto.

Well, said I, friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?

Why, as to that, said he, I very seldom go up the ship-side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board; if I did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no, not of my own family; but I fetch provisions for them.

Nay, says I, but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody; for the village, said I, is, as it were, the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it.

That is true, added he, but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here; I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there; then I go to single farmhouses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here; and I came only now to call my wife, and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night.

Poor man! said I, and how much hast thou gotten for them?

I have gotten four shillings, said he, which is a great sum, as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish, and some flesh; so all helps out.

Well, said I, and have you given it them yet?

No, said he, but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet; but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman! says he, she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord! Here he stopt, and wept very much.

Well, honest friend, said I, thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; he is dealing with us all in judgment.

Oh, sir, says he, it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared, and who am I to repine!

Say'st thou so, said I: and how much less is my faith than thine! And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was, on which he staid in the danger, than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not; and mine was mere presumption, his a true dependence and a courage resting on God; and yet, that he used all possible caution for his safety.

I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me; for indeed, I could no more refrain from tears than he.

At length, after some farther talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called Robert, Robert; he answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a sack in which was the provisions he had brought from the ships; and when he returned, he hallooed again; then he went to the great stone which he showed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away; and he called, and said, such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing; and at the end adds, God has sent it all, give thanks to him. When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak, she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither; so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

Well, but, says I to him, did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay?

Yes, yes, says he, you shall hear her own it. So he calls again, Rachel, Rachel, which, it seems, was her name, did you take up the money? Yes, said she. How much was it? said he. Four shillings and a groat, said she. Well, well, says he, the Lord keep you all; and so he turned to go away.

As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance; so I called him, Hark thee, friend, said I, come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee; so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before. Here, says I, go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me; God will never forsake a family that trust in him as thou dost: so I gave him four other shillings, and bid him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness, neither could he express it himself, but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed.

II. MATTHEW HENRY,

(1662 — 1714) war der Sohn eines frommen und gelehrten nonkonformistischen Predigers und veröffentlichte, neben zahlreichen andern Schriften, einen sehr geschätzten Kommentar über die Bibel, der noch heutzutage wegen der 'copiousness, variety, and pious ingenuity of the thoughts; the simplicity, strength and pregnancy of the expressions' in Ansehen steht. Nachstehender Auszug (über Matth. VI., 24.) möge als ein Beispiel der nervigen und scharfen Bemerkungen dienen, an welchen das ganze Werk so reich ist:

YE CANNOT SERVE GOD AND MAMMON.

Mammon is a Syriac word that signifies gain, so that whatever is, or is accounted by us to be gain, is mammon. 'Whatever is in the world — the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life' — is mammon. To some, their belly is the mammon, and they serve that; to others, their ease, their sports and pastimes, are their mammon; to others, worldly riches; to others, honours and preferments: the praise and applause of men was the Pharisees' mammon: in a word, self — the unity in which the world's trinity centres — sensual secular self, is the mammon which cannot be served in conjunction with God; for if it be served, it is in competition with him, and in contradiction to him. He does not say we *must* not, or we *should* not, but we *cannot* serve God and mammon; we cannot love both, or hold to both, or hold by both, in observance, obedience, attendance, trust, and dependence, for they are contrary the one to the other. God says, 'My son, give me thine heart'; Mammon says, 'No — give it me.' God says, 'Be content with such things as you have'; Mammon says, 'Grasp at all that ever thou canst — "Rem, rem, quocunque modo, rem" — money, money, by fair means or by foul, money.' God says, 'Defraud not; never lie; be honest and just in thy dealings'; Mammon says, 'Cheat thy own father if thou canst gain by it.' God says, 'Be charitable'; Mammon says, 'Hold thy own; this giving undoes us all.' God says, 'Be careful for nothing'; Mammon says, 'Be careful for everything.' God says, 'Keep holy the Sabbath day'; Mammon says, 'Make use

of that day, as well as any other, for the world.' Thus inconsistent are the words of God and Mammon, so that we cannot serve both. Let us not, then, halt between God and Baal, but 'choose ye this day whom ye will serve', and abide by your choice.

III. JONATHAN SWIFT,

geb. 1667, gest. 1745, studirte anfangs zu Dublin und später Theologie zu Oxford. In seinen Hoffnungen, ein *einträgliches* Amt zu erhalten, getäuscht, wurde er politischer Schriftsteller und blieb es auch, nachdem er von den Tories (1773) das Dechanat von St. Patrick in Dublin erhalten hatte. Anfangs vom Volke gehasst, nahm er sich dennoch der Sache desselben mit solchem Muthe und solchem Feuer an, (Letters by M. B. Drapier, 1724), dass er bald von ihm vergöttert wurde. Gegen das Ende seines Lebens hatte er das Unglück, den Verstand zu verlieren; man musste ihn in das von ihm selbst gestiftete Hospital für Wahnsinnige bringen. In diesem traurigen Zustande starb er, völlig kindisch, nach einem 10 jährigen Leiden. *S.* ist der grösste politische Satiriker der Engländer; seinen Ruf verdankt er hauptsächlich seiner: 'Tale of a Tub,' (1704), einer Satire, in welcher er die gesunde Vernunft dem blinden Aberglauben und der Schwärmerei gegenüber geltend zu machen sucht; zugleich veröffentlichte er seine 'Battle of the Books,' eine Satire auf den Streit, der über die Vorzüge der alten und der neueren Schriftsteller geführt wurde. Von seinen übrigen Werken erschienen: 'Conduct of the Allies,' 1712; 'Public Spirit of the Whigs,' 1714; 'Drapier's Letters' 1724; 'Gulliver's Travels' 1727, unübertroffen in ihrem einfachen und doch stets geistreichen Stile, und 'Polite Conversation', 1738, obgleich viel früher geschrieben. 'The History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne', deren Verfasser er unzweifelhaft ist, seine 'Directions for Servants', viele seiner Gedichte und sein 'Diary written to Stella', erschienen sämmtlich erst nach seinem Tode. Sein Freund *Pope* sagt sehr treffend von ihm:

'O thou, whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind, —'

Ausgaben von seinen Werken besitzen wir von *Hawkesworth,* 14 Bände, London 1755; von *Thom. Sheridan,* 17 Bände, London 1784 und — die beste — von *Walter Scott,* 19 Bände, London 1814.

1) A MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK, ACCORDING TO THE STYLE AND MANNER OF THE HON. ROBERT BOYLE'S MEDITATIONS.

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; it is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to

do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make her things clean, and be nasty itself; at length, worn out to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself, 'Surely mortal man is a broomstick! nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasonable vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk; he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head; but now, should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellences, and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head: and pray, what is a man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be—grovelling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances; rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away. His last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till, worn to the stumps, like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by. —

2) THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

When a true genius appeareth in the world, you may know him by this infallible sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

It is in disputes as in armies, where the weaker side setteth up false lights, and maketh a great noise, that the enemy may believe them to be more numerous and strong than they really are.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices: so, climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

Censure is the tax a man payeth to the public for being eminent.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like; by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told: whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

Every man desireth to live long, but no man would be old.

Very few men, properly speaking, *live* at present, but are providing to live another time.

Praise is the daughter of present power.

3) THE ACADEMY OF LAGADO.

(Abridged.)

This academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street, which growing waste, was purchased and applied to that use.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room has in it one or more projectors, and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meager aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged and singed in several places; his clothes, shirt, and skin, were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into vials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me, he did not doubt in eight years more, he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and intreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise shewed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof and working downwards to the foundation, which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

There was a man born blind, who had several apprentices in his own condition: their employment was to mix colours for painters, which their master taught them to distinguish by feeling and smelling. It was indeed my misfortune to find them at that time not very perfect in their lessons, and the professor himself happened to be generally mistaken: this artist is much encouraged and esteemed by the whole fraternity.

In another apartment I was highly pleased with a projector, who had found a device of plowing the ground with hogs, to save the charges of ploughs, cattle and labour. The method is this: in an acre of ground you bury at six inches distance, and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chesnuts, and other mast or vegetables, whereof these animals are fondest; then you drive six hundred or more of them into the field, where in a few days they will root up the whole ground in search of their food, and make it fit for sowing, at the same time manuring it with their dung. It is true, upon experiment they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop: however, it is not doubted that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

I went into another room, where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to go in and out. At my entrance he called aloud to me not to disturb his webs. He lamented the fatal mistake the world had been so long in, of using silk-worms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects, who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave as well as spin. And he proposed farther, that by employing spiders, the charge of dying silks should be wholly saved, whereof I was fully convinced when he shewed me a vast number of flies most beautifully coloured; wherewith he fed his spiders, assuring us, that the webs would take a tincture from them; and as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit every body's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter to give a strength and consistence to the threads.

There was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sun-dial upon the great

weather-cock on the town-house by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind.

I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my reader with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

I had hitherto seen only one side of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning, of whom I shall say something when I have mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them *the universal artist.* He told us, he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life. He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work. Some were condensing air into a dry tangible substance, by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others softening marble for pillows and pin-cushions; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse to preserve them from foundering. The artist himself was at that time busy upon two great designs; the first to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments, which I was not skilful enough to comprehend. The other was, by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs; and he hoped in a reasonable time to propagate the breed of naked sheep all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw, was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame, which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness, and he flattered himself that a more noble exalted thought never sprung in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas by his contrivance, the most ignorant person at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, may write both in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame; about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty foot square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a dye, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square with papers pasted on them, and on these papers were written all the words of their language in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils at his command took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame; and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six and thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a-day the young students were employed in this labour, and the professor shewed me several volumes in large folio already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials to give the world a complete body of arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited,

if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me, that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth, that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the number of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech.

I made my humblest acknowledgments to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness, and promised, if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine; the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate upon paper. I told him, although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least the advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner, yet I would take such caution, that he should have the honour entire without a rival.

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sate in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse, by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and particles, because in reality all things imaginable are but nouns.

The other was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever: and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity. For it is plain, that every word we speak is in some degree a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business, they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women in conjunction with the vulgar and the illiterate had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their ancestors; such constant irreconcileable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things, which has only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged in proportion to carry a great bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us; who, when they met in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burthens, and take their leave.

But for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his pockets and under his arms, enough to supply him, and in his house he cannot be at a loss; therefore the room where company meet who practise this art, is full of all things ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter of this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention, was, that it would serve as an universal language to be understood in all civilized nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus embassadors would be qualified to treat with princes or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and demonstrations were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three

days following eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success hath not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the *quantum* or composition, and partly by the perverseness of the lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous, that they generally steal aside, and discharge it upwards before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription requires.

IV. BERNARD MANDEVILLE,

geb. 1670 in Holland, gest. 1733. — *M.* war Arzt und besass eine gewaltige, wunderbare Gabe der Satire, die er leider in Schriften untergeordneten Werthes zersplitterte, so dass er den Grad der Vollkommenheit nicht erreichte, für den die Natur ihn befähigt hatte. Sein bestes Werk 'Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices Made Public Benefits' erschien 1723 und enthält viele kräftige, lebensvolle Schilderungen; fernere Schriften von ihm sind: 'Free Thoughts on Religion'; 'An Inquiry into the Origin of Honour, and the Usefulness of Christianity in War.'

SOCIETY COMPARED TO A BOWL OF PUNCH.

Authors are always allowed to compare small things to great ones, especially if they ask leave first: but to compare great things to mean trivial ones is insufferable, unless it be in burlesque; otherwise, I would compare the body politic (I confess the simile is very low) to a bowl of punch. Avarice should be the souring, and prodigality the sweetening of it. The water I would call the ignorance, folly, and credulity of the floating insipid multitude; whilst wisdom, honour, fortitude and the rest of the sublime qualities of men, which, separated by art from the dregs of nature, the fire of glory has exalted and refined into a spiritual essence, should be an equivalent to brandy. I don't doubt but a Westphalian, Laplander, or any other dull stranger that is unacquainted with the wholesome composition, if he was to taste the several ingredients apart, would think it impossible they should make any tolerable liquor. The lemons would be too sour, the sugar too luscious, the brandy, he will say, is too strong ever to be drunk in any quantity, and the water he will call a tasteless liquor, only fit for cows and horses; yet experience teaches us that the ingredients I named, judiciously mixed, will make an excellent liquor, liked of and admired by men of exquisite palates.

V. EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Anton Ashley Cooper, dritter Graf *von Shaftesbury*, geb. am 26. Februar 1671 zu London, gest. 1713 in Neapel. Bereits im Jahre 1686 ging er, von einem tüchtigen Führer begleitet, auf Reisen und verweilte längere Zeit in Frankreich und Italien. 1694 trat er in's Parlament, wo er sich auf das Kräftigste der Förderung des allgemeinen Wohles annahm. Sein Gesundheitszustand nöthigte ihn jedoch wieder zurückzutreten; nach einem kurzen Aufenthalte

in Holland kehrte er nach England zurück, wurde jetzt, bei dem Tode seines Vaters, zum Grafen *von S.* erhoben und nahm 1700 seinen Sitz im Oberhause ein. Unter der Königin *Anna* zog er sich ganz in das Privatleben zurück, verheirathete sich 1709 und ging dann seiner Gesundheit wegen nach Italien, woselbst er verstarb. *S.* war ein vortrefflicher Mensch, der es für den grössten Ruhm hielt, Gutes zu thun, und alles Edle und Schöne zu fördern. Sein erstes philosophisches Werk 'Inquiry concerning Virtue' erschien 1699; seine 'Characteristics on men, manners, opinions and times', 1713 und 1773, 3 Bände, London. Die klassische Prosa der Alten war sein Muster: mit philosophischer Gründlichkeit vereinigt er hohe Reinheit und Eleganz des Stiles.

PLATONIC REPRESENTATION OF THE SCALE OF BEAUTY AND LOVE.

* * * Nor is the enjoyment of a single beauty sufficient to satisfy an aspiring soul. It seeks how to combine more beauties, and by what coalition of these to form a beautiful society. It views communities, friendships, relations, duties; and considers by what harmony of particular minds the general harmony is composed, and common weal established. Nor satisfied even with public good in one community of men, it frames itself a nobler object, and with enlarged affection seeks the good of mankind. It dwells with pleasure amidst that reason and those orders on which this fair correspondence and goodly interest is established. Laws, constitutions, civil and religious rites; whatever civilises or polishes rude mankind; the sciences and arts, philosophy, morals, virtue; the flourishing state of human affairs, and the perfection of human nature; these are its delightful prospects, and this the charm of beauty which attracts it.

Still ardent in this pursuit (such is the love of order and perfection), it rests not here, nor satisfies itself with the beauty of a part, but extending further its communicative bounty, seeks the good of all, and effects the interest and prosperity of the whole. True to its native world and higher country, 'tis here it seeks order and perfection, wishing the best and hoping still to find a just and wise administration. And since all hope of this were vain and idle, if no Universal Mind presided; since without such a supreme intelligence and providential care, the distracted universe must be condemned to suffer infinite calamities, 'tis here the generous mind labours to discover that healing cause by which the interest of the whole is surely established, the beauty of things, and the universal order happily sustained.

This is the labour of your soul; and this its melancholy: when unsuccessfully pursuing the supreme beauty, it meets with darkening clouds which intercept its sight. Monsters arise, not those from Libyan deserts, but from the heart of man more fertile, and with their horrid aspect cast an unseemly reflection upon nature. She, helpless as she is thought, and working thus absurdly, is contemned, the government of the world arraigned, and Deity made void. Much is alleged in answer, to show why nature errs; and when she seems most ignorant or perverse in her productions, I assert her even then as wise and provident as in her goodliest works. For 'tis not then that men complain of the world's order, or abhor the face of things, when they see various interests mixed and interfering; natures subordinate, of different kinds, opposed one to another, and in their different operations submitted, the higher to the lower. 'Tis, on the contrary, from this order of inferior and superior things, that we admire the world's beauty, founded thus on contrarieties; whilst from such various and disagreeing principles a universal concord is established.

Thus in the several orders of terrestrial forms, a resignation is required — a sacrifice

and mutual yielding of natures one to another. The vegetables by their death sustain the animals, and animal bodies dissolved enrich the earth, and raise again the vegetable world. The numerous insects are reduced by the superior kinds of birds and beasts; and these again are checked by man, who in his turn submits to other natures, and resigns his form, a sacrifice in common to the rest of things. And if in natures so little exalted or pre-eminent above each other, the sacrifice of interest can appear so just, how much more reasonably may all inferior natures be subjected to the superior nature of the world! * * *

Here are those laws which ought not, nor can submit to anything below. The central powers which hold the lasting orbs in their just poise and movement, must not be controlled to save a fleeting form, and rescue from the precipice a puny animal, whose brittle frame, however protected, must of itself so soon dissolve. The ambient air, the inward vapours, the impending meteors, or whatever is nutrimental or preservative of this earth, must operate in a natural course; and other good constitutions must submit to the good habit and constitution of the all-sustaining globe. Let us not wonder, therefore, if by earthquakes, storms, pestilential blasts, nether or upper fires, or floods, the animal kinds are oft afflicted, and whole species perhaps involved at once in common ruin. Nor need we wonder if the interior form, the soul and temper, partakes of this occasional deformity, and sympathises often with its close partner. Who is there that can wonder either at the sicknesses of sense or the depravity of minds inclosed in such frail bodies, and dependent on such pervertible organs?

Here, then, is that solution you require, and hence those seeming blemishes cast upon nature. Nor is there ought in this beside what is natural and good. 'Tis good which is predominant; and every corruptible and mortal nature, by its mortality and corruption, yields only to some better, and all in common to that best and highest nature which is incorruptible and immortal.

VI. LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, geb. 1672, gest. 1751, war ein seiner Zeit sehr berühmter Staatsmann und zeichnete sich sowohl durch seine schöne Gestalt, wie durch Feinheit der Sitten und hohe Bildung des Geistes aus. Staatssekretair unter der Königin *Anna*, wurde er bei *Georg's I.* Regierungsantritt durch seine leidenschaftliche Anhänglichkeit an die Tories gestürzt. Aus England verwiesen, begab er sich nach Frankreich und trat in die Dienste des Prätendenten; er erhielt indessen bald Erlaubniss nach England zurückzukehren, wo er sich von Staatsgeschäften fern hielt, aber desto thätiger als Schriftsteller wirkte. — Schon der Umfang seiner Werke — sie füllen, die Briefe ungerechnet, fünf Quartbände — würde ihn zu einer Stelle unter den bedeutendsten Schriftstellern seiner Zeit berechtigen. Zwar haben seine politischen Abhandlungen an Interesse verloren, doch sind einige derselben, namentlich seine: 'Letters on the Study and Use of History', denen wir nachstehendes Fragment entlehnen; ferner seine: 'Idea of a Patriot King' und sein 'Account and Defence of his Conduct, in a Letter to Sir William Windham' noch immer werth gelesen zu werden, sowohl in Bezug auf Inhalt, als auf den Stil. Der letztere hält eine glückliche Mitte zwischen dem des Gelehrten und dem des Weltmannes, oder vielmehr, er ist eine glückliche Vereinigung der besten Eigenschaften beider. Seine 'Letters on History' sind wiederholt einzeln

abgedruckt worden; eine vollständige Ausgabe seiner Werke erschien zu London 1754, in 5 Quartbänden. Von *Gilbert Parke* besorgt, folgten ihnen 1798 noch zwei Quartbände, welche Briefe enthalten.

OF THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

Chantelou in Touraine, Nov. 6. 1735.

MY LORD,

I have considered formerly, with a good deal of attention, the subject on which you command me to communicate my thoughts to you: and I practised in those days, as much as business and pleasure allowed me time to do, the rules that seemed to me necessary to be observed in the study of history. They were very different from those which writers on the same subject have recommended, and which are commonly practised. But I confess to your lordship, that this neither gave me then, nor has given me since, any distrust of them. I do not affect singularity. On the contrary, I think that a due deference is to be paid to received opinions, and that a due compliance with received customs is to be held; though both the one and the other should be, what they often are, absurd or ridiculous. But this servitude is outward only, and abridges in no sort the liberty of private judgment. The obligations of submitting to it likewise, even outwardly, extend no further, than to those opinions and customs which cannot be opposed; or from which we cannot deviate without doing hurt, or giving offence, to society. In all these cases, our speculations ought to be free; in all other cases, our practice may be so. Without any regard therefore to the opinion and practice even of the learned world, I am very willing to tell you mine. But, as it is hard to recover a thread of thought long ago laid aside, and impossible to prove some things, and explain others, without the assistance of many books which I have not here; your lordship must be content with such an imperfect sketch, as I am able to send you at present in this letter.

The motives that carry men to the study of history are different. Some intend, if such as they may be said to study, nothing more than amusement, and read the life of Aristides or Phocion, of Epaminondas or Scipio, Alexander or Cæsar, just as they play a game at cards, or as they would read the story of the seven champions.

Others there are, whose motive to this study is nothing better, and who have the further disadvantage of becoming a nuisance very often to society, in proportion to the progress they make. The former do not improve their reading to any good purpose: the latter pervert it to a very bad one, and grow in impertinence as they increase in learning. I think I have known most of the first kind in England, and most of the last in France. The persons I mean are those who read to talk, to shine in conversation, and to impose in company: who having few ideas to vend of their own growth, store their minds with crude unruminated facts and sentences; and hope to supply, by bare memory, the want of imagination and judgment.

But these are in the two lowest forms. The next I shall mention are in one a little higher; in the form of those who grow neither wiser nor better by study themselves, but who enable others to study with greater ease, and to purposes more useful; who make fair copies of foul manuscripts, give the signification of hard words, and take a great deal of other grammatical pains. The obligation to these men would be great indeed, if they were in general able to do any thing better, and submitted to this drudgery for the sake of the public; as some of them, it must be owned with gratitude, have done, but not later, I think, than about the time of the resurrection of letters. When works of importance are pressing, generals themselves may take up the pick-axe and the

spade; but in the ordinary course of things, when that pressing necessity is over, such tools are left in the hands destined to use them, the hands of common soldiers and peasants. I approve therefore very much the devotion of a studious man at Christ-Church, who was overheard in his oratory entering into a detail with God, as devout persons are apt to do, and, amongst other particular thanksgivings, acknowledging the divine goodness in furnishing the world with makers of Dictionaries! These men court fame as well as their betters, by such means as God has given them to acquire it: and Littleton exerted all the genius he had, when he made a dictionary, though Stephens did not. They deserve encouragement, however, whilst they continue to compile, and neither affect wit, nor presume to reason.

There is a fourth class, of much less use than these, but of much greater name. Men of the first rank in learning, and to whom the whole tribe of scholars bow with reverence. A man must be as indifferent as I am to common censure or approbation, to avow a thorough contempt for the whole business of those learned lives; for all the researches into antiquity, for all the systems of chronology and history, that we owe to the immense labours of a Scaliger, a Bochart, a Petavius, an Usher, and even a Marsham. The same materials are common to them all; but these materials are few, and there is a moral impossibility that they should ever have more. They have combined these into every form that can be given to them: they have supposed, they have guessed, they have joined disjointed passages of different authors, and broken traditions of uncertain originals, of various people, and of centuries remote from one another as well as from ours. In short, that they might leave no liberty untaken, even a wild fantastical similitude of sounds has served to prop up a system. As the materials they have are few, so are the very best, and such as pass for authentic, extremely precarious; as some of these learned persons themselves confess.

Julius Africanus, Eusebius, and George, the monk, opened the principal sources of all this science; but they corrupted the waters. Their point of view was to make profane history and chronology agree with sacred; though the latter chronology is very far from being established with the clearness and certainty necessary to make it a rule. For this purpose, the ancient monuments, that these writers conveyed to posterity, were digested by them according to the system they were to maintain: and none of these monuments were delivered down in their original form, and genuine purity. The Dynasties of Manetho, for instance, are broken to pieces by Eusebius; and such fragments of them as suited his design, are struck into his work. We have, we know, no more of them. The Codex Alexandrinus we owe to George, the monk. We have no other authority for it: and one cannot see without amazement such a man as Sir John Marsham undervaluing this authority in one page, and building his system upon it in the next. He seems even by the lightness of his expressions, if I remember well, for it is long since I looked into his canon, not to be much concerned what foundation his system had, though he shewed his skill in forming one, and in reducing the immense antiquity of the Egyptians within the limits of the Hebraic calculation. In short, my lord, all these systems are so many enchanted castles; they appear to be something, they are nothing but appearances: like them too, dissolve the charm, and they vanish from the sight. To dissolve the charm, we must begin at the beginning of them: the expression may be odd, but it is significant. We must examine scrupulously and indifferently the foundations on which they lean: and when we find these either faintly probable, or grossly improbable, it would be foolish to expect any thing better in the superstructure. This science is one of those that are 'a limine salutandæ.' To do thus much may be necessary, that grave authority may not impose on our ignorance: to do more, would be to assist this very authority in

imposing false science upon us. I had rather take the Darius whom Alexander conquered, for the son of Hystaspes, and make as many anachronisms as a Jewish chronologer, than sacrifice half my life to collect all the learned lumber that fills the head of an antiquary. * *

What has been said concerning the multiplicity of histories, and of historical memorials wherewith our libraries abound since the resurrection of letters happened, and the art of printing began, puts me in mind of another general rule, that ought to be observed by every man who intends to make a real improvement, and to become wiser as well as better, by the study of history.

Some are to be read, some are to be studied; and some may be neglected entirely, not only without detriment, but with advantage. Some are the proper objects of one man's curiosity, some of another's, and some of all men's, but all history is not an object of curiosity for any man. He who improperly, wantonly, and absurdly makes it so, indulges a sort of canine appetite: the curiosity of one, like the hunger of the other, devours ravenously and without distinction whatever falls in its way, but neither of them digests. They heap crudity upon crudity, and nourish and improve nothing but their distemper. Some such characters I have known, though it is not the most common extreme into which men are apt to fall. One of them I knew in this country. He joined, to a more than athletic strength of body, a prodigious memory; and to both a prodigious industry. He had read almost constantly twelve or fourteen hours a day, for five and twenty or thirty years; and had heaped together as much learning as could be crowded into a head. In the course of my acquaintance with him, I consulted him once or twice, not oftener; for I found this mass of learning of as little use to me as to the owner. The man was communicative enough; but nothing was distinct in his mind. How could it be otherwise? he had never spared time to think, all was employed in reading. His reason had not the merit of common mechanism. When you asked this man a question, he overwhelmed you by pouring forth all that the several terms or words of your question recalled to his memory: and if he omitted any thing, it was that very thing to which the sense of the whole question should have led him and confined him. To ask him a question, was to wind up a spring in his memory, that rattled on with vast rapidity, and confused noise, till the force of it was spent: and you went away with all the noise in your ears, stunned and uninformed. I never left him that I was not ready to say to him, 'Dieu vous fasse la grace de devenir moins savant!' a wish that la Mothe le Vayer mentions upon some occasion or other, and that he would have done well to have applied to himself upon many.

He who reads with discernment and choice, will acquire less learning, but more knowledge: and as this knowledge is collected with design, and cultivated with art and method, it will be at all times of immediate and ready use to himself and others.

He who reads without this discernment and choice, and, like Bodin's pupil, resolves to read all, will not have time, no, nor capacity neither, to do any thing else. He will not be able to think, without which it is impertinent to read; nor to act, without which it is impertinent to think. He will assemble materials with much pains, and purchase them at much expence, and have neither leisure nor skill to frame them into proper scantlings, or to prepare them for use. To what purpose should he husband his time, or learn architecture? he has no design to build. But then to what purpose all these quarries of stone, all these mountains of sand and lime, all these forests of oak and deal? 'Magno impendio temporum, magna alienarum aurium molestia, laudatio haec constat, O hominem literatum! Simus hoc titulo rusticiore contenti, O virum bonum!' We may add, and Seneca might have added in his own style, and according to the manners and cha-

racters of his own age, another title as rustic, and as little in fashion, 'O virum sapientia sua simplicem! O virum utilem sibi, suis, reipublicae, et humano generi!'

VII. JOSEPH ADDISON,

geb. am 1. Mai 1672 zu Milston in Wiltshire, gest. 1719, studirte zu Oxford, wo er sich bereits im 15. Jahre durch seine lateinischen Gedichte auszeichnete. Ein Lobgedicht auf König *Wilhelm* verschaffte ihm eine Unterstützung zu einer Reise nach Frankreich und Italien, die ihm indessen bei dem Regierungswechsel wieder entzogen wurde. Sein Gedicht 'The Campaign', zur Verherrlichung der Schlacht von Blenheim, verhalf ihm zu einem Staatsamte. Nachdem er Lord *Halifax* auf einer politischen Mission nach Hannover begleitet hatte, wurde er (1706) Unterstaatssekretair. Im Jahre 1716 schloss er mit der verwittweten Gräfin *von Warwick* eine nichts weniger als glückliche Ehe und wurde 1717 Minister, von welchem Posten er indessen bald wieder zurücktrat, da es ihm an Rednertalent gebrach. Sein Ruf als Schriftsteller gründet sich hauptsächlich auf die, in Verbindung mit seinem Freunde *Steele*, von ihm herausgegebenen Wochenchriften: 'The Tatler' (1709—1711), 'The Spectator' (1711—1712), 'The Guardian' (1713) und den von ihm allein herausgegebenen 'Spectator' (1714) in welchem er die Lächerlichkeiten und Verkehrtheiten seiner Zeit bald durch den Ernst des Verstandes, bald durch den beissendsten Spott geisselte. Als Prosaiker ist er musterhaft, als Dichter dagegen ('Cato, a Tragedy') kalt und nüchtern. Als Mensch war er höchst achtungswerth, religiös und ernst, doch ungeschickt in Gesellschaft, so dass Chesterfield von ihm sagte, er habe nie einen bescheideneren aber auch nie einen linkischeren Mann gesehen. Unter den verschiedenen Ausgaben seiner Werke ist die von *R. Hard,* London 1811, 6 Bde., die besste.

1) ON POLITENESS.

I have by me a Letter which I look upon as a great Curiosity. It is said to have been written in King *Charles II*'s Reign by the Ambassador of *Bantam,* a little after his Arrival in *England.*

Master,

'The People, where I now am, have Tongues farther from their Hearts than from *London* to *Bantam*, and thou knowest the Inhabitants of one of these Places do not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy Subjects Barbarians, because we speak what we mean; and account themselves a civilized People, because they speak one thing and mean another: Truth they call Barbarity, and Falsehood Politeness. Upon my first landing, one who was sent from the King of this Place to meet me, told me, *That he was extremely sorry for the Storm I had met with just before my Arrival.* I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself upon my Account; but in less than a Quarter of an Hour he smiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happened. Another who came with him told me by my Interpreter, *He should be glad to do me any Service that lay in his Power.* Upon which I desir'd him to carry one of my Portmanteaus for me; but instead of serving me according to his Promise, he laughed, and bid another do it. I lodged, the first Week, at the House of one who desired me *to think myself at home, and to consider his House as my own.* Accordingly, I the next Morning began to knock down one of the Walls of it, in order to let in the fresh Air,

and had packed up some of the Household-Goods, of which I intended to have made thee a Present; But the false Varlet no sooner saw me falling to Work but he sent Word to desire me to give over, for that he would have no such Doings in his House. I had not been long in this Nation, before I was told by one, for whom I had asked a certain Favour from the Chief of the King's Servants, whom they here call the Lord-Treasurer, That I had *eternally obliged him*. I was so surpris'd at this Gratitude, that I could not forbear saying, what Service is there which one Man can do for another, that can oblige him to all Eternity! However I only asked him, for my Reward, that he would lend me his eldest Daughter during my Stay in this Country; but I quickly found that he was as treacherous as the rest of his Countrymen.'

'At my first going to Court, one of the great Men almost put me out of Countenance, by asking *ten thousand Pardons* of me for only treading by Accident upon my Toe. They call this kind of Lye a Compliment; for when they are civil to a great Man, they tell him Untruths, for which thou wouldst order any of the Officers of State to receive a hundred Blows upon his Foot. I do not know how I shall negotiate any thing with this People, since there is so little Credit to be given to them. When I go to see the King's Scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, tho' perhaps I saw him go into his House almost the very Moment before. Thou wouldst fancy that the whole nation are Physicians, for the first Question they always ask me, is, *How I do*: I have this Question put to me above a hundred times a Day. Nay, they are not only thus inquisitive after my Health, but wish it in a more solemn Manner, with a full glass in their Hands, every time I sit with them at table, tho' at the same time they would persuade me to drink their Liquors in such Quantities as I have found by Experience will make me sick. They often pretend to pray for thy Health also in the same Manner; but I have more Reason to expect it from the Goodness of thy Constitution, than the Sincerity of their Wishes. May thy Slave escape in Safety from this double-tongued Race of Men, and live to lay himself once more at thy Feet in thy Royal City of *Bantam*.'

2) TIME, NOT TO BE SQUANDERED.

I was yesterday pursuing the hint which I mentioned in my last paper, and comparing together the industry of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but observe, that notwithstanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourselves in constant employ, after the same manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by instinct, we fall very short of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater variety of business to which we may apply ourselves. Reason opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beasts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural state of being, divide their time between action and rest. They are always at work or asleep. In short, their waking hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their food, or in consuming it. The human species only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that *the day hangs heavy on them*, *that they do not know what to do with themselves*, that *they are at a loss how to pass away their time*, with many of the like shameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of those who are styled reasonable beings. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures, who have the labours of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments; who, besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, to discourse; in a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before!

After having been taken up for some time in this course of thought, I diverted myself with a book, according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to sleep. The book I made use of on this occasion was Lucian, where I amused my thought for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated in his tribunal. On his left hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysium. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived, who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, *what they had been doing?* Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. Madam, says he, to the first of them, you have been upon the earth about fifty years; what have you been doing there all this while? Doing? says she, really I don't know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect. After about half an hour's pause she told him, that she had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into custody. And you, Madam, says the judge, that look with such a soft and languishing air, I think you set out for this place in your nine and twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of business on my hands, says she, being taken up the first twelve years of my life in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances. Very well, says he, you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her! The next was a plain countrywoman; Well, mistress, says Rhadamanthus, and what have you been doing? An't please your Worship, says she, I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and who I may venture to say is as pretty a house-wife as any in the country. Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. And you, fair lady, says he, what have you been doing these five and thirty years? I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, Sir, said she. That is well, says he, but what good have you been doing? The lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time: the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus observing an ingenious modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a reexamination when he was at more leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked what she had been doing? Truly, says she, I lived threescore and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I passed most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times: I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages. Very well, says Rhadamanthus, but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions? Why truly, says she, I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own. Madam, says Rhadamanthus, be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you. Old gentlewoman, says he, I think you are fourscore? You have heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world? Ah, sir! says she, I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm resolution

to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end. Madam, says he, you will please to follow your leader; and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied: 'I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it.' Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glow'd with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, long'd to be in his hands, so that pressing through the crowd, she was the next that appeared at the bar. And being asked what she had been doing the five and twenty years that she had passed in the world, 'I have endeavoured, says she, ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely and gain admirers. In order to it I passed my time in bottling up may-dew, inventing white-washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays.' — Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

I was then surprised with a distant sound of a whole troop of females that came forward laughing, singing and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive, that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth: but at their nearer approach the noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay some time, reflecting in myself, on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing? I answered myself, that I was writing Guardians. If my readers make as good a use of this work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude this paper with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or, what is worse, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of *leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done.*

3) THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

I have somewhere read of an eminent Person, who used in his private Offices of Devotion to give Thanks to Heaven that he was born a *Frenchman*: For my own Part, I look upon it as a peculiar Blessing that I was born an *Englishman*. Among many other Reasons, I think myself very happy in my Country, as the *Language* of it is wonderfully adapted to a Man who is sparing of his Words, and an Enemy to Loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good Fortune in this Particular, I shall communicate to the Publick my Speculations upon the *English* Tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious Readers.

The *English* delight in Silence more than any other *European* Nation, if the Remarks

which are made on us by Foreigners are true. Our Discourse is not kept up in Conversation, but falls into more Pauses and Intervals than in our neighbouring Countries; as it is observed, that the Matter of our Writings is thrown much closer together, and lies in a narrower Compass than is usual in the Works of foreign Authors: For, to favour our natural Taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our Thoughts, we do it in the shortest way we are able, and give as quick a Birth to our Conceptions as possible. This Humour shews itself in several Remarks that we may make upon the *English* Language. As first of all by its abounding in Monosyllables, which gives us an Opportunity of delivering our Thoughts in few Sounds. This indeed takes off from the Elegance of our Tongue, but at the same time expresses our Ideas in the readiest Manner, and consequently answers the first Design of Speech better than the Multitude of Syllables, which make the Words of other Languages more tunable and sonorous. The Sounds of our *English* Words are commonly like those of String Musick, short and transient, which rise and perish upon a single Touch; those of other Languages are like the Notes of Wind Instruments, sweet and swelling, and lengthen'd out into Variety of Modulation.

In the next place we may observe, that where the Words are not Monosyllables, we often make them so, as much as lies in our Power, by our Rapidity of Pronunciation; as it generally happens in most of our long Words which are derived from the *Latin*, where we contract the length of the Syllables that gives them a grave and solemn Air in their own Language, to make them more proper for Dispatch, and more conformable to the Genius of our Tongue. This we may find in a Multitude of Words, as *Liberty, Conspiracy, Theatre, Orator,* &c.

The same natural Aversion to Loquacity has of late Years made a very considerable Alteration in our Language, by closing in one Syllable the Termination of our Præterperfect Tense, as in these Words, *drown'd, walk'd, arriv'd,* for *drowned, walked, arrived,* which has very much disfigured the Tongue, and turned a tenth Part of our smoothest Words into so many Clusters of Consonants. This is the more remarkable, because the Want of Vowels in our Language has been the general Complaint of our politest Authors, who nevertheless are the Men that have made these Retrenchments, and consequently very much increased our former Scarcity.

This Reflexion on the Words that end in *ed*, I have heard in Conversation from one of the greatest Geniuses this Age has produced. I think we may add to the foregoing Observation, the Change which has happened in our Language, by the Abbreviation of several Words that are terminated in *eth*, by substituting an *s* in the Room of the last Syllable, as in *drowns, walks, arrives*, and innumerable other Words, which in the Pronunciation of our Forefathers were *drowneth, walketh, arriveth.* This has wonderfully multiplied a Letter which was before too frequent in the *English* Tongue, and added to that *hissing* in our Language, which is taken so much Notice of by Foreigners; but at the same Time humours our Taciturnity, and eases us of many superfluous Syllables.

I might here observe, that the same single Letter on many Occasions does the Office of a whole Word, and represents the *His* and *Her* of our Forefathers. There is no Doubt but the Ear of a Foreigner, which is the best Judge in this Case, would very much disapprove of such Innovations, which indeed we do ourselves in some Measure, by retaining the old Termination in Writing, and in all the solemn Offices of our Religion.

As in the Instances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular Words to the Detriment of our Tongue, so on other Occasions we have drawn two Words into one, which has likewise very much untuned our Language, and clogged it with Consonants, as *mayn't, can't, shan't, won't,* and the like, for *may not, can not, shall not, will not,* &c.

It is perhaps this Humour of speaking no more than we needs must, which has so miserably curtailed some of our Words, that in familiar Writing and Conversation they often lose all but their first Syllables, as in *mob. rep. pos. incog.* and the like; and as all ridiculous Words make their first Entry into a Language by familiar Phrases, I dare not answer for these that they will not in time be looked upon as a Part of our Tongue. We see some of our Poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate *Hudibras*'s Doggrel Expressions in their serious Compositions, by throwing out the Signs of our Substantives, which are essential to the *English* Language. Nay, this Humour of shortening our Language had once run so far, that some of our celebrated Authors: among whom we may reckon Sir *Roger L'Estrange* in particular, began to prune their Words of all superfluous Letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the Spelling to the Pronunciation; which would have confounded all our Etymologies and have quite destroyed our Tongue.

We may here likewise observe that our proper Names, when familiarized in *English*, generally dwindle to Monosyllables, whereas in other modern Languages they receive a softer Turn on this Occasion, by the Addition of a new Syllable. *Nick* in *Italian* is *Nicolini*, *Jack* in *French Janot*; and so of the rest.

There is another Particular in our Language which is a great Instance of our Frugality of Words, and that is the suppressing of several Particles which must be produced in other Tongues to make a Sentence intelligible: This often perplexes the best Writers, when they find the Relatives *whom, which*, or *they*, at their Mercy whether they may have Admission or not; and will never be decided till we have something like an Academy that by the best Authorities and Rules drawn from the Analogy of Languages shall settle all Controversies between Grammar and Idiom.

I have only considered our Language as it shews the Genius and natural Temper of the *English*, which is modest, thoughtful and sincere, and which perhaps may recommend the People, though it has spoiled the Tongue. We might perhaps carry the same Thought into other Languages, and deduce a great Part of what is peculiar to them from the Genius of the People who speak them. It is certain, the light talkative Humour of the *French* has not a little infected their Tongue, which might be shewn by many Instances; as the Genius of the *Italians*, which is so much addicted to Musick and Ceremony, has moulded all their Words and Phrases to those particular Uses. The Stateliness and Gravity of the *Spaniards* shews itself to Perfection in the Solemnity of their Language, and the blunt honest Humour of the *Germans* sounds better in the Roughness of the *High-Dutch*, than it would in a politer Tongue.

VIII. SIR RICHARD STEELE,

geb. 1671 zu Dublin, gest. 1729. Nachdem er Oxford (1692) besucht hatte, trat er als Freiwilliger unter die Leibgarde, wo er seines heitern Humors wegen allgemein beliebt war, und ein ziemlich lockeres Leben führte. Die Lustspiele 'Funeral or Grief à la Mode'; 'The Conscious Lovers' stammen aus dieser Zeit. — Er mochte endlich des Soldatenlebens überdrüssig geworden sein, wurde Zeitungschreiber und begann in Verbindung mit *Addison* die verschiedenen Wochenschriften herauszugeben: 'The Tatler' (1709), zu welchem *Steele* das Meiste beigetragen hat, 'The Spectator', 'the Guardian' (S. *Addison*), die seinen Ruf hauptsächlich begründet haben. 1710 erhielt er eine Anstellung im Stempelamte, wurde in's Par-

lament gewählt, wegen aufrührerischer Schriften aber wieder ausgeschlossen. Nachdem er unter *Georg I.* Oberstallmeister zu Hampton-Court geworden war, trat er wieder in's Parlament und wurde zum Ritter erhoben. 1717 ging er im Auftrage der Regierung nach Schottland, zerfiel aber später mit dem Ministerium, so wie mit seinem langjährigen Freunde *Addison*, und zog sich auf seinen Landsitz in der Nähe von Caermarthen in Wales zurück. *Steele* und *Addison* sind als Essayisten wohl von keinem ihrer zahlreichen Nachfolger übertroffen, wenn überhaupt erreicht worden. Mehr Tiefe, mehr Schmuck mag sich bei Einem oder dem Andern finden, aber schwerlich so viel natürliche Lebendigkeit, Leichtigkeit und Herzlichkeit. *Addison's* reiche Phantasie, sein köstlicher Humor; die Lebhaftigkeit, das warme und edle Gefühl *Steele's* geben ihren Aufsätzen einen Reiz, der genossen sein will. Wir bewundern die Verfasser nicht nur, sondern lernen sie bald lieben und zählen sie selbst, so wie die verschiedenen Gestalten, die ihre Phantasie für uns geschaffen hat, zu unsern besten Freunden. — *Steele's* Lustspiele erschienen 1761, seine Briefe 1787.

1) THE STORY OF INCLE AND YARICO.

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.

Juv. Sat. II. v. 38.

Arietta is visited by all persons of both sexes, who have any pretence to wit and gallantry. She is in that time of life which is neither affected with the follies of youth, or infirmities of age; and her conversation is so mixed with gaiety and prudence, that she is agreeable both to the young and the old. Her behaviour is very frank, without being in the least blameable: and as she is out of the track of any amorous or ambitious pursuits of her own, her visitants entertain her with accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their passions or their interests. I made her a visit this afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the honour of her acquaintance, by my friend Will Honeycomb, who has prevailed upon her to admit me sometimes into her assembly, as a civil inoffensive man. I found her accompanied with one person only, a common-place talker, who, upon my entrance, arose, and after a very slight civility sat down again; then turning to Arietta, pursued his discourse, which I found was upon the old topic of constancy in love. He went on with great facility in repeating what he talks every day of his life; and with the ornament of insignificant laughs and gestures enforced his arguments by quotations out of plays and songs, which allude to the perjuries of the fair, and the general levity of women. Methought he strove to shine more than ordinarily in his talkative way, that he might insult my silence, and distinguish himself before a woman of Arietta's taste and understanding. She had often an inclination to interrupt him, but could find no opportunity, till the larum ceased of itself; which it did not till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated story of the Ephesian matron.

When she had a little recovered herself from the serious anger she was in, she replied in the following manner:

Sir, when I consider how perfectly new all you have said on this subject is, and that the story you have given us is not quite two thousand years old, I cannot but think it a piece of presumption to dispute with you: but your quotations put me in mind of the fable of the lion and the man. The man walking with that noble animal, shewed him, in the ostentation of human superiority, a sign of a man killing a lion. Upon which the lion said very justly: *we lions are none of us painters, else we could shew a hundred men killed by lions, for one lion killed by a man.* You men are writers, and can represent us women as unbecoming as you please in your works, while we are unable to return the injury. Such a writer, I doubt not,

was the celebrated Petronius who invented the pleasant aggravations of the frailty of the Ephesian lady; but when we consider this question between the sexes, which has been either a point of dispute or raillery ever since there were men and women, let us take facts from plain people, and from such as have not either ambition or capacity to embellish their narrations with any beauties of imagination. I was the other day amusing myself with Ligon's account of Barbadoes; and, in answer to your well-wrought tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my memory) out of that honest traveller, in his fifty fifth page, the history of Inkle and Yariko.

Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs on the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West-Indies, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired, and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features and wild graces of the naked American, the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of those good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers: then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and bredes. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her, so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters and the melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and awake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress, how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for

several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast to which she made signals; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes.

When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians, and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen. To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yariko. This thought made the young man very pensive and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which considerations, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant; notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him. But he only made use of that information, to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.

I was so touched with this story (which I think should be always a counterpart to the Ephesian matron) that I left the room with tears in my eyes; which a woman of Arietta's good sense did, I am sure, take for greater applause, than any compliments I could make her.

2) THE LOVE OF GLORY.

Of all the Affections which attend human Life, the Love of Glory is the most ardent. According as this is cultivated in Princes, it produces the greatest Good or the greatest Evil. Where Sovereigns have it by Impressions received from Education only, it creates an ambitious rather than a noble Mind; where it is the natural Bent of the Prince's Inclination, it prompts him to the Pursuit of Things truly glorious. The two greatest Men now in *Europe* (according to the common Acceptation of the Word *Great*) are *Lewis* King of *France*, and *Peter* Emperor of *Russia*. As it is certain that all Fame does not arise from the Practice of Virtue, it is, methinks, no unpleasing Amusement to examine the Glory of these Potentates, and distinguish that which is empty, perishing and frivolous, from what is solid, lasting, and portant. *Lewis* of *France* had his Infancy attended by crafty and worldly Men, who made Extent of Territory the most glorious Instance of Power, and mistook the spreading of Fame for the Acquisition of Honour. The young Monarch's Heart was by such Conversation easily deluded into a Fondness for Vain-glory, and upon these unjust Principles to form or fall in with suitable Projects of Invasion, Rapine, Murder, and all the Guilts that attend War when it is injust. At the same Time this Tyranny was laid, Sciences and Arts were encouraged in the most generous manner, as if Men of higher Faculties were to be bribed to permit the Massacre of the Rest of the World. Every Superstructure which the Court of *France* built upon their first Designs, which were in themselves vicious, was suitable to its false Foundation. The Ostentation of Riches, the Vanity of Equipage, Shame of Poverty, and Ignorance of Modesty, were the common Arts of Life. The generous Love of one Woman was changed into Gallantry for all the Sex, and Friendships among Men turned into Commerces of Interest, or mere Professions. *While these were the Rules of Life, Perjuries in the Prince, and a general Corruption of Manners in the Subject, were the Snares in which* France *has entangled all her Neighbours.* With such false Colours have the Eyes of *Lewis* been enchanted, from the Debauchery of his early Youth, to the Superstition of his present old Age. Hence it is, that he has the Patience to have Statues erected to his Prowess, his Valour, his Fortitude; and in the Softnesses and Luxury of a Court to be applauded for Magnanimity and Enterprise in Military Achievements.

Peter Alexovitz of *Russia*, when he came to Years of Manhood, though he found him-

self Emperor of a vast and numerous People, Master of an endless Territory, absolute Commander of the Lives and Fortunes of his Subjects, in the midst of this unbounded Power and Greatness turned his Thoughts upon himself and his People with Sorrow. Sordid Ignorance and a brute Manner of Life this generous Prince beheld and contemned from the Light of his own *Genius.* His Judgment suggested this to him, and his Courage prompted him to amend it. In order to this he did not send to the Nation from whence the Rest of the World has borrowed its Politeness, but himself left his Diadem to learn the true Way to Glory and Honour, and Application to useful Arts, wherein to employ the laborious, the simple, the honest Part of his People. Mechanick Employments and Operations were very justly the first Objects of his Favour and Observation. With this glorious Intention he travelled into foreign Nations in an obscure Manner, above receiving little Honours where he sejourned; but prying into what was of more Consequence, their Arts of Peace and of War. By this means has this great Prince laid the Foundation of a great and lasting Fame, by personal Labour, personal Knowledge, personal Valour. It would be Injury to any of Antiquity to name them with him. Who, but himself, ever left a Throne to learn to sit in it with more Grace? Who ever thought himself mean in absolute Power, 'till he had learned to use it?

If we consider this wonderful Person, it is Perplexity to know where to begin his Encomium. Others may in a metaphorical or philosophick Sense be said to command themselves, but this Emperor is also literally under his own Command. How generous and how good was his entering his own Name as a private Man in the Army he raised, that none in it might expect to out-run the Steps with which he himself advanced? By such Measures this Godlike Prince learned to conquer, learned to use his Conquests. How terrible has he appeared in Battle, how gentle in Victory? Shall then the base Arts of the *Frenchman* be held polite, and the honest Labours of the *Russian* barbarous? No: Barbarity is the Ignorance of true Honour, or placing any thing instead of it. The unjust Prince is ignoble and barbarous, the good Prince only renowned and glorious.

Tho' Men may impose upon themselves what they please by their corrupt Imaginations, Truth will ever keep its Station: and as Glory is nothing else but the Shadow of Virtue, it will certainly disappear at the Departure of Virtue. But how carefully ought the true Notions of it to be preserved, and how industrious should we be to encourage any Impulses towards it? The *Westminster* School-boy that said the other Day he could not sleep or play for the Colours in the Hall, ought to be free from receiving a Blow for ever.

But let us consider what is truly glorious according to the Author I have to day quoted in the Front of my Paper.

The perfection of Glory, says *Tully*, consists in these three Particulars: *That the People love us; that they have Confidence in us; that being affected with a certain Admiration towards us, they think we deserve Honour.* This was spoken of Greatness in a Commonwealth: But if one were to form a Notion of consummate Glory under our Constitution, one must add to the above-mentioned Felicities a certain necessary Inexistence, and Disrelish of all the rest, without the Prince's Favour. He should, methinks, have Riches, Power, Honour, Command, Glory; but Riches, Power, Honour, Command and Glory should have no Charms, but as accompanied with the Affection of his Prince. He should, methinks, be popular because a Favourite, and a Favourite because popular. Were it not to make the Character too imaginary, I would give him Sovereignty over some foreign Territory, and make him esteem that an empty Addition without the kind Regards of his own Prince. One may merely have an *Idea* of Man thus composed and circumstantiated, and if he were so made for Power without an Incapacity of giving Jea-

lousy, he would be also glorious without Possibility of receiving Disgrace. This Humility and this Importance must make his Glory immortal.

These Thoughts are apt to draw me beyond the usual Length of this Paper; but if I could suppose such Rhapsodies cou'd outlive the common Fate of ordinary Things, I would say these Sketches and faint Images of Glory were drawn in *August* 1711, when *John* Duke of *Marlborough* made that memorable March wherein he took the *French* Lines without Bloodshed.

IX. Dr SAMUEL CLARKE,

geb. 11. Oct. 1675 zu Norwich, gest. 17. Mai 1729 als Rektor von St. James, Westminster, ist gleich berühmt als Prediger, wie als Gelehrter, Metaphysiker und Menschenfreund. Schon in seinem 22. Jahre veröffentlichte er eine Uebersetznng von *Rohaut's* Physik, die so ausgezeichnet war, dass sie von ihrem ersten Erscheinen an als Textbuch an den englischen Universitäten eingeführt wurde. Er war ein Anhänger und Freund *Newton's*, dessen Optik er ins Lateinische übersetzte. Als Gegner *Leibnitzens* bekämpfte er in einer öffentlichen Controverse, an der die grössten Gelehrten seiner Zeit Theil nahmen, die von dem deutschen Philosophen aufgestellte Meinung: 'dass das *Newtonische* System falsch und der Religion zuwider sei' und bewies die Unrichtigkeit dieses Satzes. Unter seinen zahlreichen Werken heben wir hervor: 'Paraphrases on the Four Gospels'; 'Sermons on the Attributes of God' (1709); 'The Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity' (1712); 'An Exposition of the Church Catechism' (1729), die sämmtlich zu den bestgeschriebenen theologischen Schriften gehören, und sich nur durch ihren metaphysischen Charakter von denen anderer Theologen unterscheiden. Seine Ausgaben von Caesar und der Iliade werden in England noch für die besten gehalten.

NATURAL AND ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCE OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

The principal thing that can, with any colour of reason, seem to countenance the opinion of those who deny the natural and eternal difference of good and evil, is the difficulty there may sometimes be to define exactly the bounds of right and wrong; the variety of opinions that have obtained authority even among understanding and learned men, concerning certain questions of just and unjust, especially in political matters; and the many contrary laws that have been made in divers ages and in different countries concerning these matters. But as, in painting, two very different colours, by deluting each other very slowly and gradually, may, from the highest intenseness in either extreme, terminate in the midst insensibly, and so run one into the other, that it shall not be possible even for a skilful eye to determine exactly where the one ends and the other begins; and yet the colours may really differ as much as can be, not in degree only, but entirely in kind, as red and blue, or white and black: so, though it may perhaps be very difficult in some nice and perplexed cases (which yet are very far from occurring frequently) to define exactly the bounds of right and wrong, just and unjust (and there may be some latitude in the judgment of different men, and the laws of of divers nations), yet right and wrong are nevertheless in themselves totally and essentially different; even altogether as much as

white and black, light and darkness. The Spartan law, perhaps, which permitted their youth to steal, may, as absurd as it was, bear much dispute whether it was absolutely unjust or no; because every man, having an absolute right in his own goods, it may seem that the members of any society may agree to transfer or alter their own properties upon what conditions they shall think fit. But if it could be supposed that a law had been made at Sparta, or at Rome, or in India, or in any other part of the world, whereby it had been commanded or allowed that every man might rob by violence, and murder whomsoever he met with, or that no faith should be kept with any man, nor any equitable compacts performed, no man with any tolerable use of his reason, whatever diversity of judgment might be among them in other matters, would have thought that such a law could have authorised or excused, much less have justified such actions, and have made them become good: because 'tis plainly not in men's power to make falsehood be truth, though they may alter the property of their goods as they please. Now if, in flagrant cases, the natural and essential difference between good and evil, right and wrong, cannot but be confessed to be plainly and undeniably evident, the difference between them must be also essential and unalterable in all, even the smallest, and nicest and most intricate cases, though it be not so easy to be discerned and accurately distinguished. For if, (from the difficulty of determining exactly the bounds of right and wrong in many perplexed cases), it could truly be concluded that just and unjust were not essentially different by nature, but only by positive constitution and custom, it would follow equally, that they were not really, essentially, and unalterably different, even in the most flagrant cases that can be supposed: which is an assertion so very absurd, that Mr. Hobbes could hardly vent it without blushing, and discovering plainly, by his shifting expressions, his secret self-condemnation. There are therefore certain necessary and eternal differences of things, and certain fitnesses or unfitnesses of the application of different things, or different relations one to another, not depending on any positive constitutions, but founded unchangeably in the nature and reason of things, and unavoidably arisen from the differences of the things themselves.

X. ALEXANDER POPE,

geb. 1688 zu London; gest. 1744, der Sohn eines wohlhabenden Leinwandhändlers, war von seinem 12. Jahre an, so zu sagen, sein eigener Lehrer, lebte fast ausschliesslich poetischen Beschäftigungen und erwarb sich später durch seine Uebersetzung des *Homer* ein so ansehnliches Vermögen, dass er sich eine ländliche Besitzung in Twickenham erwerben konnte, wo er den grössten Theil der letzten Hälfte seines Lebens zubrachte. — Von *Pope*, dem Dichter, werden wir im 2. Theile zu sprechen haben; aber auch als Prosaiker hat er sich ausgezeichnet; seine nach seinem Tode gesammelten Briefe gehören zu den interessantesten in den neueren Sprachen. Auch einige Abhandlungen und Vorreden zu seinem *Homer* und *Shakespeare* sind in Bezug auf den Stil musterhaft. Sein 'Martinus Scriblerus,' ein Roman, worin er den Missbrauch der Gelehrsamkeit zu verspotten suchte, war ein mit seinen Freunden *Swift* und *Arbuthnot* gemeinschaftlich unternommenes, aber unvollendet gebliebenes Werk. — Wir besitzen mehre Ausgaben seiner sämmtlichen Werke, von *Warburton*, Lond. 1751, von *Warton*, 1797, von *Bowler*, 1806, von *Johnson*, 1812.

DEATH OF TWO LOVERS BY LIGHTNING.

1) *To Lady Mary Wortley Montague.* — 1718.

* * * I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me. It overlooks a common field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man, about five-and-twenty; Sarah, a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July) a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John (who never separated from her) sat by her side, having racked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair — John with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics haven chosen the godly one: I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better: I think it was what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion:

When Eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the same pile the faithful pair expire;
Here pitying Heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere the Almighty saw well pleased,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seized.

Think not, by rigorous judgment seized,
 A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heaven saw well pleased,
 And snatched them in celestial fire.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate:
 When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
 Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmoved can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I cannot think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have, was to be remembered on a little monument; unless you will give them another — that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. * * *

2) *To Gay. (On his Recovery).* — 1722.

I faithfully assure you, in the midst of that melancholy with which I have been so long

encompassed, in an hourly expectation almost of my mother's death, there was no circumstance that rendered it more unsupportable to me than that I could not leave her to see you. Your own present escape from so imminent danger I pray God may prove less precarious than my poor mother's can be, whose life at best can be but a short reprieve, or a longer dying. But I fear even that is more than God will please to grant me; for these two days past, her most dangerous symptoms are returned upon her; and unless there be a sudden change, I must in a few days, if not in a few hours, be deprived of her. In the afflicting prospect before me, I know nothing that can so much alleviate it as the view now given me (Heaven grant it may increase!) of your recovery. In the sincerity of my heart, I am excessively concerned not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt, I very grateful remember, I owe you on a like sad occasion, when you were here comforting me in her last great illness. May your health augment as fast as, I fear, hers must decline! I believe that would be very fast. May the life that is added to you, be passed in good fortune and tranquility, rather of your own giving to yourself, than from any expectations or trust in others! May you and I live together, without wishing more felicity or acquisitions than friendship can give and receive without obligations to greatness! God keep you, and three or four more of those I have known as long, that I may have something worth the surviving my mother! Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me (while you live and while I live), your, &c.

XI. LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE,

geb. 1690 in Nottinghamshire, gest. 1762; war die Tochter des Herzogs *Evelyn Pierrepont von Kingston*, und vermählte sich 1712 mit Lord *Ed. Wortl. Montague*, dm sie 1716 nach Constantinopel folgte, wohin derselbe als brit. Gesandter ging. Nach seiner Zurückberufung (1719) bereiste sie mit ihm die Küstenländer des Mittelmeeres und kehrte durch Italien und Frankreich nach England zurück. In London sammelte sie einen Kreis der geistreichsten Männer, wie *Addison, Steele, Young, Pope* um sich; politische Verhältnisse, so wie Uneinigkeiten mit ihrem Gemahle veranlassten sie nach Italien zu gehen, wo sie 22 Jahre verlebte. Nach dem Tode des letzteren (1761) kehrte sie in ihr Vaterland zurück, starb aber schon am 21. Aug. des nächsten Jahres. In der literarischen Welt hat sie sich hauptsächlich durch die Briefe über ihre Reise nach Constantinopel bekannt gemacht, die sich durch männlichen Geist, kräftigen Stil und treffende Raisonnements auszeichnen, und mancherlei Mittheilungen über orientalische Sitten und Gebräuche enthalten, die anderswie kaum zur öffentlichen Kenntniss gelangt wären (S. Nr. 2 der nachsteh. Briefe). Eine vollständ. Ausgabe ihrer Schriften besorgte ihr Schwiegersohn, Lord *Bute*, unter dem Titel: 'The Letters and other Works of Lady *Mary W. Montague*', 6 Bde., Lond. 1803; eine neue Ausgabe *Wharncliffe*, Lond. 1837, 3 Bde.

1) LETTER TO THE COUNTESS OF —.

Rotterdam, Aug. 3, *O. S.* 1716.

I flatter myself, dear sister, that I shall give you some pleasure in letting you know that I have safely passed the sea, though we had the fortune of a storm. We were persuaded by the captain of the yacht to set out in a calm, and he pretended there was nothing so easy as to tide it over; but, after two days slowly moving, the wind blew so hard, that none of the sailors could keep their feet, and we were

all sunday night tossed very handsomely. I never saw a man more frighted than the captain. For my part, I have been so lucky, neither to suffer from fear nor sea-sickness; though, I confess, I was so impatient to see myself once more upon dry land, that I would not stay till the yacht could get to Rotterdam, but went in the longboat to Helvoetsluys, where we had voitures to carry us to the Briel. I was charmed with the neatness of that little town; but my arrival at Rotterdam presented me a new scene of pleasure. All the streets are paved with broad stones, (and before many of the meanest artificers' doors are placed seats of various-coloured marbles) so neatly kept, that I assure you, I walked almost all over the town yesterday, *incognita*, in my slippers, without receiving one spot of dirt; and you may see the Dutch maids washing the pavement of the street with more application than ours do our bedchambers. The town seems so full of people, with such busy faces, all in motion, that I can hardly fancy it is not some celebrated fair; but I see it is every day the same. 'Tis certain no town can be more advantageously situated for commerce. Here are seven large canals, on which the merchant ships come up to the very doors of their houses. The shops and warehouses are of a surprising neatness and magnificence, filled with an incredible quantity of fine merchandise, and so much cheaper than what we see in England, that I have much ado to persuade myself I am still so near it. Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be seen. One is not shocked with those loathsome cripples, so common in London, nor teazed with the importunity of idle fellows and wenches, that choose to be nasty and lazy. The common servants and little shop-women, here, are more nicely clean than most of our ladies; and the great variety of neat dresses (every woman dressing her head after her own fashion) is an additional pleasure in seeing the town. You see, hitherto, I make no complaint, dear sister, and if I continue to like travelling as well as I do at present, I shall not repent my project. It will go a great way in making me satisfied with it, if it affords me an opportunity of entertaining you. But it is not from Holland, that you must expect a disinterested offer. I can write enough in the style of Rotterdam, to tell you plainly, in one word, that I expect returns of all the London news. You see I have already learnt to make a god bargain, and that it is not for nothing I will so much as tell you, I am your affectionate sister.

2) TO THE LADY N.

Cologn, Aug. 16, *O. S.* 1716.

If my lady N. could have any notions of the fatigues that I have suffered these two last days, I am sure she would own it a great proof of regard, that I now sit down to write to her. We hired horses from Nimeguen hither, not having the conveniency of the post, and found but very indifferent accommodations at Reinberg, our first stage; but it was nothing to what I suffered yesterday. We were in hopes to reach Cologn; our horses tired at Stamel, three hours from it, where I was forced to pass the night in my clothes, in a room not at all better than a hovel; for though I have my bed with me, I had no mind to undress, where the wind came from a thousand places. We left this wretched lodging at day-break, and about six this morning came safe here, where I got immediately into bed. I slept so well for three hours, that I found myself perfectly recovered, and have had spirits enough to go and see all that is curious in the town, that is to say, the churches, for here is nothing else worth seeing. This is a very large town, but the most part of it is old built. The jesuit's church, which is the neatest, was shewed me, in a very complaisant manner, by a handsome young jesuit, who, not knowing who I was, took a liberty in his compliments and railleries, which very much diverted me. Having never before seen any thing of that nature, I could not enough admire the magnificence of the altars, the rich images of the saints, (all massy silver) and the

enchasures of the relics, though I could not help murmuring in my heart at the profusion of pearls, diamonds, and rubies, bestowed on the adornment of rotten teeth and dirty rags. I own that I had wickedness enough to covet St. Ursula's pearl necklace; though perhaps this was no wickedness at all, an image not being certainly one's neighbour; but I went yet further, and wished the wench herself converted into dressing plate. I should also gladly see converted into silver a great St. Christopher, which I imagine would look very well in a cistern. These were my pious reflections; though I was very well satisfied to see, piled up to the honour of our nation, the skulls of the eleven thousand virgins. I have seen some hundreds of relics here, of no less consequence; but I will not imitate the common style of travellers so far as to give you a list of them, being persuaded that you have no manner of curiosity for the titles given to jawbones, and bits of worm-eaten wood. Adieu. I am just going to supper, where I shall drink your health in an admirable sort of Lorrain wine, which I am sure is the same you call Burgundy in London, &c. &c.

3) TO THE COUNTESS OF B—.

Nuremberg, Aug. 22, *O. S.* 1716.

After five days travelling post, I could not sit down to write on any other occasion than to tell my dear Lady, that I have not forgotten her obliging command of sending her some account of my travels. I have already passed a large part of Germany, have seen all that is remarkable in Cologn, Frankfort, Wurtsburg, and this place. 'Tis impossible not to observe the difference between the free towns, and those under the government of absolute princes, as all the little sovereigns of Germany are. In the first there appears an air of commerce and plenty; the streets are well built, and full of people neatly and plainly dressed; the shops are loaded with merchandise, and the commonalty are clean and cheerful. In the other you see a sort of shabby finery, a number of dirty people of quality tawdered out; narrow nasty streets out of repair, wretchedly thin of inhabitants, and above half of the common sort asking alms. I cannot help fancying one under the figure of a clean Dutch citizen's wife, and the other like a poor town-lady of pleasure, painted, and ribboned out in her head-dress, with tarnished silver-laced shoes, a ragged under-petticoat, a miserable mixture of vice and poverty. They have sumptuary laws in this town, which distinguish their rank by their dress, prevent the excess which ruins so many other cities, and has a more agreeable effect to the eye of a stranger, than our fashions. I need not be ashamed to own that I wish these laws were in force in other parts of the world. When one considers impartially the merit of a rich suit of clothes in most places, the respect and the smiles of favour it procures, not to speak of the envy and the sighs it occasions (which is very often the principal charm to the wearer), one is forced to confess that there is need of an uncommon understanding, to resist the temptation of pleasing friends, and mortifying rivals; and that it is natural to young people to fall into a folly which betrays them to that want of money, which is the source of a thousand basenesses. What numbers of men have begun the world with generous inclinations, that have afterwards been the instruments of bringing misery on a whole people, being led by a vain expence into debts that they could clear no other way, but by the forfeit of their honour, and which they never could have contracted, if the respect the multitude pays to habits was fixed by law, only to a particular colour or cut of plain cloth! These reflections draw after them others that are too melancholy. I will make haste to put them out of your head by the farce of relics, with which I have been entertained in all Romish churches.

The Lutherans are not quite free from these follies. I have seen here in the principal church, a large pièce of the cross set in jewels, and the point of the spear, which, they told me

very gravely, was the same that pierced the side of our Saviour. But I was particularly diverted in a little Roman catholic church, which is permitted here, where the professors of that religion are not very rich, and consequently cannot adorn their images in so rich a manner as their neighbours: For not to be quite destitute of all finery, they have dressed up an image of our Saviour over the altar, in a fair full-bottomed wig, very well powdered. I imagine I see your ladyship stare at this article, of which you very much doubt the veracity: but, upon my word, I have not yet made use of the privilege of a traveller, and my whole account is written with the same plain sincerity of heart, with which I assure you that I am, dear madam,

Yours, &c. &c.

4) TO THE SAME.

Peterwaradein, Jan. 30, 1717.

* * * The twenty-eighth we went to Bocorwar, a very large Rascian town, all built after the manner I have described to you. We were met there by colonel —, who would not suffer us to go any where but to his quarters, where I found his wife, a very agreeable Hungarian lady, and his niece and daughter, two pretty young women, crowded into three or four Rascian houses, cast into one, and made as neat and convenient as those places are capable of being made. The Hungarian ladies are much handsomer than those of Austria. All the Vienna beauties are of that country. They are generally very fair and well shaped, and their dress, I think, is extremely becoming. This lady was in a gown of scarlet velvet, lined and faced with sables, made exact to her shape, and the skirt falling to her feet. The sleeves are strait to their arms, and the stays buttoned before, with two rows of little buttons of gold, pearl, or diamonds. On their heads they wear a tassel of gold, that hangs low on one side, lined with sable, or some other fine fur. They gave us a handsome dinner, and I thought the conversation very polite and agreeable.

5) TO THE LADY —.

Adrianopel, April 1, *O. S.* 1717.

I am now got into a new world, where every thing I see appears to me a change of scene; and I write to your ladyship, with some content of mind, hoping, at least, that you will find the charm of novelty in my letters, and no longer reproach me, that I tell you nothing extraordinary. I won't trouble you with a relation of our tedious journey; but I must not omit what I saw remarkable at Sophia, one of the most beautiful towns in the Turkish empire, and famous for its hot baths, that are resorted to both for diversion and health. I stopt here one day, on purpose to see them; and designing to go incognito, I hired a Turkish coach. These *voitures* are not at all like ours, but much more convenient for the country, the heat being so great that glasses would be very troublesome. They are made a good deal in the manner of the Dutch stage-coaches, having wooden lattices painted and gilded; the inside being also painted with baskets and nosegays of flowers, intermixed commonly with little poetical mottos. They are covered all over with scarlet cloth, lined with silk, and very often richly embroidered and fringed. — This covering entirely hides the persons in them, but may be thrown back at pleasure, and thus permit the ladies to peep through the lattices. They hold four people very conveniently, seated on cushions, but not raised.

In one of these covered waggons, I went to the bagnio about ten o'clock. It was already full of women. It is built of stone, in shape of a dome, with no windows but in the roof, which gives light enough. There were five of these domes joining together, the outmost being less than the rest, and serving only as a hall, where the portress stood at the door. Ladies of quality generally give this woman a crown or ten

shillings, and I did not forget that ceremony. The next room is a very large one, paved with marble, and all round it are two raised sofas of marble, one above another. There were four fountains of cold water in this room, falling first into marble basons, and then running on the floor in little channels made for that purpose, which carried the streams into the next room, something less than this, with the same sort of marble sofas, but so hot with steams of sulphur, proceeding from the baths joining to it, 't was impossible to stay there with one's clothes on. The two other domes were the hot baths, one of which had cocks of cold water turning into it to temper it to what degree of warmth the bathers pleased to have.

I was in my travelling habit, which is a riding dress, and certainly appeared very extraordinary to them. Yet there was not one of them that shewed the least surprise or impertinent curiosity, but received me with all the obliging civility possible. I know no European court, where the ladies would have behaved themselves in so polite a manner to such a stranger. I believe, upon the whole, there were two hundred women, and yet none of those disdainful smiles, and satirical whispers, that never fail in our assemblies, when any body appears that is not dressed exactly in the fashion. They repeated over and over to me: 'Uzelle, pek Uzelle', which is nothing but 'charming, very charming.' — The first sofas were covered with cushions and rich carpets, on which sat the ladies; and on the second, their slaves behind them, but without any distinction of rank by their dress, all being in the state of nature, that is in plain English, starknaked, without any beauty or defect concealed. Yet there was not the least wanton smile or immodest gesture among them. They walked and moved with the same majectic grace, which Milton describes our general mother with. There were many amongst them, as exactly proportioned as ever any goddess was drawn by the pencil of a Guido or Titian, and most of their skins shiningly white, only adorned by their beautiful hair, divided into many tresses, hanging on their shoulders, braided either with pearl or ribbon, perfectly representing the figures of the graces.

I was here convinced of the truth of a reflection I have often made, that if it were the fashion to go naked, the face would be hardly observed. I perceived that the ladies of the most delicate skins and finest shapes, had the greatest share of my admiration, though their faces were sometimes less beautiful than those of their companions. To tell you the truth, I had wickedness enough to wish secretly, that Mr. Jervas could have been there invisible. I fancy it would have very much improved his art, to see so many fine women naked in different postures, some in conversation, some working, others drinking coffee or sherbet, and many negligently lying on their cushions, while their slaves (generally pretty girls of seventeen or eighteen) were employed in braiding their hair in several pretty fancies. In short, 'tis the woman's coffee-house, where all the news of the town is told, scandal invented, &c. They generally take this diversion once a week, and stay there at least four or five hours, without getting cold by immediately coming out of the hot-bath into the cold room, which was very surprising to me. The lady that seemed the most considerable among them, entreated me to sit by her, and would fain have undressed me for the bath. I excused myself with some difficulty. They being, however, all so earnest in persuading me, I was at last forced to open my shirt, and shew them my stays, which satisfied them very well; for I saw they believed I was locked up in that machine, and that it was not in my own power to open it, which contrivance they attributed to my husband. — I was charmed with their civility and beauty, and should have been very glad to pass more time with them; but Mr W— resolving to pursue his journey next morning early, I was in haste to see the ruins of Justinian's church, which did not afford me so agreeable

a prospect as I had left, being little more than a heap of stones.

Adieu, madam', I am sure I have now entertained you with an account of such a sight, as you never saw in your life, and what no book of travels could inform you of, as 'tis no less than death for a man to be found in one of these places.

6) TO THE COUNTESS OF —

Adrianople, April 1, *O. S.* 1717.

I wish to God, dear sister, that you were as regular in letting me know what passes on your side of the globe, as I am careful in endeavouring to amuse you by the account of all I see here, that I think worth your notice. I will try to awaken your gratitude by giving you a full and true relation of the novelties of this place, none of which would surprise you more than a sight of my person, as I am now in my Turkish habit, though I believe you would be of my opinion, that 'tis admirably becoming. I intend to send you my picture; in the mean time accept of it here.

The first part of my dress is a pair of drawers, very full, that reach to my shoes, and conceal the legs more modestly than your petticoats. They are of a thin rosecoloured damask, brocaded with silver flowers. My shoes are of a white kid leather, embroidered with gold. Over this hangs my smock, of a fine white silk gauze, edged with embroidery. This smock has wide sleeves hanging half-way down the arm, and is closed at the neck with a diamond button, but the shape and colour of the bosom is very well to be distinguished through it. — The *antery* is a waistcoat, made close to the shape, of white and gold damask, with very long sleeves falling back, and fringed with deep gold fringe, and should have diamond or pearl buttons. My caftan, of the same stuff with my drawers, is a robe exactly fitted to my shape and reaching to my feet, with very long strait falling sleeves. Over this is the girdle, of about four fingers broad, which all, that can afford it, have entirely of diamonds or other precious stones; those, who will not be at that expence, have it of exquisite embroidery on satin; but it must be fastened before with a clasp of diamonds. — The *curdee* is a loose robe they throw off, or put on, according to the weather, being of a rich brocade (mine is green and gold); either lined with ermine or sables; the sleeves reach very little below the shoulders. The head-dress is composed of a cap called *talpock*, which is, in winter, of fine velvet embroidered with pearls or diamonds, and, in summer, of a light shining silver stuff. This is fixed on one side of the head, hanging a little way down with a gold tassel, and bound on, either with a circle of diamonds (as I have seen several) or a rich embroidered handkerchief. On the other side of the head, the hair is laid flat; and here the ladies are at liberty to shew their fancies; some putting flowers, others a plume of heron's feathers, and, in short, what they please; but the most general fashion is, a large bouquet of jewels, made like natural flowers, that is, the buds of pearl; the roses of different coloured rubies; the jessamines of diamonds; the jonquils of topazes, &c. so well set and enameled, 'tis hard to imagine any thing of that kind so beautiful. The hair hangs at its full length behind, divided into tresses braided with pearl or ribbon, which is always in great quantity. I never saw in my life so many fine heads of hair. In one lady's I have counted a hundred and ten of the tresses, all natural; but it must be owned that every kind of beauty is more common here than with us. 'Tis surprising to see a young woman that is not very handsome. They have naturally the most beautiful complexion in the world, and generally large black eyes. I can assure you with great truth, that the court of England (though I believe it the fairest in Christendom) does not contain so many beauties as are under our protection here. They generally shape their eye-brows, and both Greeks and Turks have the custom of putting round their eyes a black

10

tincture, that, at a distance, or by candle-light, adds very much to the blackness of them. I fancy many of our ladies would be overjoyed to know this secret; but 'tis too visible by day. They dye their nails a rose colour; but, I cannot enough accustom myself to this fashion, to find any beauty in it.

As to their morality or good conduct, I can say, like Harlequin, that 'tis just as 'tis with you; and the Turkish ladies don't commit one sin the less for not being Christians. Now that I am a little acquainted with their ways, I cannot forbear admiring, either the exemplary discretion, or extreme stupidity of all the writers that have given accounts of them. 'Tis very easy to see they have in reality more liberty than we have. No woman, of what rank soever, is permitted to go into the streets without two *murlins*, one that covers her face, all but her eyes; and another, that hides the whole dress of her head, and hangs half-way down her back. Their shapes are also wholly concealed by a thing they call a *ferigee*, which no woman of any sort appears without; this has strait sleeves, that reach to their fingers' ends, and it laps all round them, not unlike a riding-hood. In winter, 'tis of cloth, and in summer, of plain stuff or silk. You may guess then how effectually this disguises them, so that there is no distinguishing the great lady from her slave. 'Tis impossible for the most jealous husband to know his wife, when he meets her, and no man dares touch or follow a woman in the street.

XII. Dr. JOHN ARBUTHNOT,

starb 1735. Er hatte Medizin studirt und im Jahre 1709 den Rang eines 'Physician in ordinary to the Queen' erhalten. Befreundet mit *Swift, Prior, Gay* und *Pope* schrieb er im Verein mit letzterem die satirischen: 'Memoirs of the Extraordinary Life, Works, and Discoveries of Martinus Scriblerus' und bald darauf die humoristische 'History of John Bull', die zu lang ist, um hier aufgenommen zu werden. Neben mehren medicinischen Schriften schrieb er eine sehr geschätzte 'Essay on the Usefulness of Mathematical Learning', der wir folgendes Bruchstück entlehnen:

USEFULNESS OF MATHEMATICAL LEARNING.

The advantages which accrue to the mind by mathematical studies, consist chiefly in these things: 1st, In accustoming it to *attention*. 2d, In giving it a habit of *close* and *demonstrative reasoning*. 3d, In freeing it from *prejudice, credulity, and superstition*. First, the mathematics make the mind attentive to the objects which it considers. This they do by entertaining it with a great variety of truths, which are delightful and evident, but not obvious. Truth is the same thing to understanding as music to the ear and beauty to the eye. The pursuit of it does really as much gratify a natural faculty implanted in us by our wise Creator, as the pleasing of our senses: only in the former case, as the object and faculty are more spiritual, the delight is the more pure, free from the regret, turpitude, lassitude, and intemperance, that commonly attend sensual pleasures. The most part of other sciences consisting only of probable reasonings, the mind has not where to fix and gives them over as impossible. Again, as in mathematical investigations truth may be found, so it is not always obvious. This spurs the mind, and makes it diligent and attentive. * * *

The second advantage which the mind reaps from mathematical knowledge, is a habit

of clear, demonstrative and methodical reasoning. We are contrived by nature to learn by imitation more than by precept; and I believe in that respect reasoning is much like other inferior arts (as dancing, singing &c.) acquired by practice. By accustoming ourselves to reason closely about quantity, we acquire a habit of doing so in other things. It is surprising to see what superficial inconsequential reasonings satisfy the most part of mankind. A piece of wit, a jest, a simile, or a quotation of an author, passes for a mighty argument: with such things as these are the most part of authors stuffed; and from these weighty premises they infer their conclusions. This weakness and effeminacy of mankind, in being persuaded where they are delighted, have made them the sport of orators, poets, and men of wit. Those *lumina orationis* are indeed very good diversion for the fancy, but are not the proper business of understanding; and where a man pretends to write on abstract subjects in a scientifical method, he ought not to debauch in them. Logical precepts are more useful, nay, they are absolutely necessary, for a rule of formal arguing in public disputations, and confounding an obstinate and perverse adversary, and exposing him to the audience of readers. But in the search of truth, an imitation of the method of the geometers will carry a man farther than all the dialectical rules. Their analysis is the proper model we ought to form ourselves upon, and imitate in the regular disposition and progress of our inquiries; and even he who is ignorant of the nature of mathematical analysis, uses a method somewhat analogous to it. The *composition* of the geometers, or their method of demonstrating truths already found out, namely, by definitions of words agreed upon, by self-evident truths, and propositions that have already been demonstrated, is practicable in other subjects, though not to the same perfection, the natural want of evidence in the things themselves not allowing it; but it is imitable to a considerable degree. I dare appeal to some writings of our own age and nation, the authors of which have been mathematically inclined. I shall add no more on this head, but that one who is accustomed to the methodical systems of truths which the geometers have reared up in the several branches of those sciences which they have cultivated, will hardly bear with the confusion and disorder of other sciences, but endeavour, as far as he can, to reform them.

Thirdly, mathematical knowledge adds vigour to the mind, frees it from prejudice, credulity, and superstition. This it does in two ways: 1st, By accustoming us to examine, and not to take things upon trust. 2d, By giving us a clear and extensive knowledge of the system of the world, which, as it creates in us the most profound reverence of the Almighty and wise Creator, so it frees us from the mean and narrow thoughts which ignorance and superstition are apt to beget. * * * The mathematics are friends to religion, inasmuch as they charm the passions, restrain the impetuosity of imagination, and purge the mind from error and prejudice. Vice is error, confusion and false reasoning; and all truth is more or less opposite to it. Besides, mathematical studies may serve for a pleasant entertainment for those hours which young men are apt to throw away upon their vices; the delightfulness of them being such as to make solitude not only easy, but desirable.

UEBERSICHTSTABELLE DER SCHRIFTSTELLER DIESER PERIODE.

1) ESSAYISTS. Sir Richard Steele; Joseph Addison; *Eustace Budgell* und *John Hughes*, beide Mitarbeiter am 'Spectator.'

2) MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS. Daniel Defoe; Jonathan Swift; Bernard Mandeville; Lord Bolingbroke; Alexander Pope; Dr. John Arbuthnot; ferner *Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun* (1653—1716); schrieb mehre 'Political Discourses', 1703.

3) METAPHYSICIANS. Earl of Shaftesbury; ferner *Bishop Dr. George Berkeley* (1684—1753) 'Theory of Vision' 1709; 'Principles of Human Knowledge' 1710; 'Three Dialognes between Hylas and Philonous' 1713.

4) WRITERS ON DIVINITY. Dr. Samuel Clarke; ferner *Charles Leslie* (1650—1722) 'A Short and Easy Method with the Deists', *Dr. William Lowth* (1661—1732), 'Vindication of the Divine Authority and Inspiration of the Old and New Testaments' 1692; 'Directions for the Profitable Reading of the Holy Scriptures', 1705; 'Commentaries on the Prophets' &c. *Dr. Francis Atterbury* (1662—1731) 'Sermons'; *William Whiston* (1667—1752), schrieb sehr viel. Hauptwerk: 'Primitive Christianity Revived', 1712. 5 Bde. *Basil Kennett* (1674—1714) 'Sermons'; *Dr. Benjamin Hoadley* (1676—1720) 'Sermons' (u. A. die berühmte Predigt: 'The Nature of the Kingdom or Church of Christ). NON-CONFORMISTS: *Dr. Humphrey Prideaux* (1648—1724) 'Connection of the History of the Old and New Testament' 1717. (noch jetzt sehr geschätzt). *Dr. Matthew Tindal,* (1657—1733) 'Christianity as Old as the Creation'; *Dr. Philip Doddridge* (1702—1751) 'Sermons'.

5) HISTORIANS. *Lawrence Echard* (1671—1730) 'History of England'; 'A General Ecclesiastical History': 'A History of Rome' &c. *Dr. Humphrey Prideaux* (S. Writers on Divinity); 'The Life of Mahomet', 1697.

6) WRITERS OF MEMORIALS. *John Strype* (1643—1737) 'Annals of the Reformation' (1709—1731). 'Ecclesiastical Memorials' 1721. *William Whiston* (1667—1752, S. Writers on Divinity) 'Memoirs of his Own Life' 1749.

7) BIOGRAPHERS. *John Strype* (S. vorstehend.) 'The Life of Archbishop Cranmer' (1694), 'of Sir Thomas Smith' (1698), 'of Bishop Aylmer' (1701), 'of Sir John Cheke' (1705), 'of Archbishop Grindal' (1710), 'of Archbishop Parker' (1711). 'of Archbishop Whitgift' (1721).

8) WRITERS ON ANTIQUITIES. *Dr. William Nicolson* (1655—1727) 'Historical Libraries of England, Scotland and Ireland' 1776. Sehr werthvoll für Quellenstudium; 'an Essay on the Border Laws', 'A Treatise on the Laws of the Anglo-Saxons' und 'A Description of Poland and Danemark'; *Basil Kennet* (S. Writers on Divinity) 'Romae Antiquae Notitia'; 'Lives of the Grecian Poets'; *Dr. Potter* (1674—1714) 'On the Antiquities of Greece;' hierher gehört noch: *Dr. Richard Bentley* (1662—1742) 'perhaps the greatest classical scholar that England has produced', der sich durch gediegene Ausgaben der alten Klassiker verdient machte.

9) LETTERS. Lady Mary Wortley Montague. *Dr. Francis Atterbury* (S. Writers on Divinity).

VIERTE PERIODE,

VON 1727—1780.

Die 53 Jahre von 1727—1780, die Regierung Georg's II. und einen Theil der Georg's III. umfassend, brachten zwar verhältnissmässig mehr Schriftsteller und Gelehrte hervor als irgend eine andere Epoche der engl. Literaturgeschichte von gleicher Dauer; doch haben diese nicht in eben dem Maasse Neues, Zeitgemässes und Originales geschaffen.

Dass die Zahl der Schriftsteller und Gelehrten gerade in diesem Zeitraume zu einer so bedeutenden geworden war, liegt einerseits in der starken, geistigen Anregung, die von den Führern der vorangegangenen Epoche auf die junge Generation übergegangen war, theils in der fortschreitenden Civilisation selbst, die während der im Ganzen ruhigen Regierung Georg's durch keine wesentlichen äusseren Störungen in ihrer Entwickelung behindert wurde; — dass diese Schriftsteller aber so wenig Neues und Originales brachten, hat seinen Grund in der unbedingten Herrschaft, welche der Stil und die ganze Auffassungsweise der Schriftsteller der vorangehenden Periode über sie ausübte und die sie in einer fast absoluten Sklaverei gefangen hielt. Von dem immensen Beifall, den Pope und seine Zeitgenossen davongetragen, geblendet und überwältigt, vertrauten die jungen Schriftsteller nicht mehr ihren eigenen Anschauungen und Inspirationen, sondern bewegten sich mit blinder Nachahmung in dem Stile der vorangegangenen Epoche, der ihnen das Höchste schien, was der menschliche Geist zu leisten und schriftstellerischer Ehrgeiz zu erstreben fähig sei.

Dies war nicht nur mit den Prosaikern der Fall, sondern zum grössten Theil auch mit den Dichtern; nur wenige unter ihnen, wie Thomson, Young, Gray, Collins u. A. gingen ihren eigenen Weg und schienen die frühere, kräftige Naturpoesie an die Stelle dieser Schablonenarbeit setzen zu wollen: allein — fanden sie sofortige Anerkennung? Wurden sie nicht vielmehr zum Theil von der Kritik verhöhnt und lächerlich gemacht? Freilich von einer Kritik, deren Geist, seit dem Eingehen der von Steele und Addison redigirten interessanten Zeitschriften verflacht und einseitig geworden war, wie Johnson's langweiliger '*Rambler*' das beste Zeugniss davon ablegt.

Allein es lagen noch andere Gründe vor, den Einfluss Pope's und seiner Zeitgenossen zu einem so umfangreichen, dauernden zu machen. Suchen wir sie im gesellschaftlichen Zustande dieses Zeitraumes.

Ein grosser Theil der gebildeten, aufgeklärten Personen sah mit Betrübniss auf die grobe Unwissenheit und Rohheit der Massen sowie auf die Sittenverderbniss und laxe Moral der höhern Stände, welche seit Karl II. auf eine die Gesellschaft bedrohliche Weise zugenommen hatte.*) Sie machten es sich daher zur Aufgabe diesem Uebel zu steuern und

*) Man lese 'The History of Clarissa Harlowe,' by Sam. Richardson.

bildend und veredelnd auf ihre Zeitgenossen einzuwirken; dass sie sich hierbei des Stiles bedienten, der ihnen selbst als Ideal vorschwebte, leuchtet ein, um so mehr als fast alle diese Schriftsteller 'fashionable' Leute waren. Es konnte somit nicht ausbleiben, dass sich bald ein gezierter, steifer, formeller, zuletzt in Pedanterie ausartender Ton über das ganze gesellschaftliche Leben ausbreitete, der, 'ein Feind von allem Rohen', gar bald Alles mit diesem Ausdrucke bezeichnete, was irgend wie den Stempel eines freien, ununterworfenen Geistes trug, was, mit einem Worte, nicht durch ihre Schablonen gestrichen worden war. Lord Chesterfield dürfte vielleicht als der höchste Ausdruck dieser Richtung zu betrachten sein.

Es war daher natürlich, dass der '*Roman*,' zu welchem in England Daniel Defoe den ersten wesentlichen Anstoss gegeben hatte und der jetzt von Sam. Richardson, Henry Fielding, Tob. Smollett, Lawrence Sterne, Oliver Goldsmith, Henry Mackenzie u. A. mit Glück behandelt wurde, sich nicht aus den Fesseln einer gewissen Sentimentalität, die immer nichts anders ist, als das Sichisolirtfühlen inmitten einer unserer Lage entgegengesetzten Wirklichkeit, befreien konnte, welche unschätzbare Fundgruben der Menschenkenntniss und Darstellungskunst er auch zu Tage förderte. Die Kanzelredner schienen ihre grossen Vorbilder der früheren Epochen ganz vergessen zu haben und ergingen sich in polemischen Spitzfindigkeiten, von denen selbst ihre Predigten nicht immer frei sind; die Metaphysiker genossen zwar eines glänzenden Rufes, förderten aber im Ganzen wenig zu Tage, was die menschliche Erkenntniss wahrhaft bereichert hätte; nur die historische Darstellung erhob sich in dieser Epoche zu einer Höhe, die ihr den Beinamen des 'Augusteischen Zeitalters der Geschichtschreibung' dauernd sicherte. Auch die politische Beredtsamkeit fing an hervorzutreten und in den Briefen eines Junius, so wie in den Reden eines Chatham Meisterwerke zu liefern, die ihrer ganzen Fassung nach bereits auf eine neue, geistig unabhängigere Periode hinweisen.

Das Streben jener Männer, welche bildend auf die grosse Masse des Volkes einzuwirken bemüht waren und die, 'die Gold- und Silberbarren der Wissenschaft in courante Münze umprägten, damit sie rasch von einer Hand zur andern wanderten und den schnellsten Umsatz der Ideen beförderten', war nicht ohne die nachhaltigsten Wirkungen geblieben; es hatte vielmehr eine grössere Verbreitung der Literatur unter dem eigentlichen Volke herbeigeführt, als dies in allen frühern Perioden zusammengenommen der Fall gewesen war, und somit eine Epoche vorbereitet, wie sie an Quantität und Qualität der literarischen Erzeugnisse kaum ihres Gleichen findet.

I. DR CONYERS MIDDLETON,

geb. 1683, gest. 1700, war ein anglicanischer Geistlicher und zugleich Bibliothekar der öffentlichen Bibliothek zu Cambridge. Sein Hauptwerk 'Life of Cicero' (Cambridge 1741, 2 Bde.) wird als ein 'highly interesting work, full of varied and important information and written with great care and taste' geschildert; von seinem Stile sagt *Chambers* (Cyclopaedia II, 181) dass 'perhaps no author, prior to Johnson's great work, wrote English with the same careful finish and sustained dignity.' Das folgende Bruchstück ist dem angeführten Werke entlehnt.

CHARACTER OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cæsar was endowed with every great and noble quality that could exalt human nature, and give a man the ascendant in society: formed to excel in peace, as well as in war; provident in counsel; fearless in action; and executing what he had resolved with amazing celerity; generous beyond measure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, scarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities which are seldom found together—strength and elegance. Cicero ranks him among the greatest orators that Rome ever bred; and Quintilian says, that he spoke with the same force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himself to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a master only of the politer arts; but conversant also with the most abstruse and critical parts of learning; and, among other works which he published, addressed two books to Cicero on the analogy of language, or the art of speaking and writing correctly. He was a most liberal patron of wit and learning wheresoever they were found; and out of his love of those talents, would readily pardon those who had employed them against himself; rightly judging that by making such men his friends, he should draw praises from the same fountain from which he had been aspersed. His capital passions were ambition and love of pleasure, which he indulged in their turns to the greatest excess; yet the first was always predominant, to which he could easily sacrifice all the charms of the second, and draw pleasure even from toils and dangers when they ministered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero says, the greatest of goddesses; and had frequently in his mouth a verse of Euripides, which expressed the image of his soul, that, if right and justice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the sake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpose of his life; the scheme that he had formed from his early youth; so that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with sobriety and meditation to the subversion of the republic. He used to say that there were two things necessary to acquire and to support power—soldiers and money; which yet depended mutually upon each other. With money, therefore, he provided soldiers, and with soldiers extorted money; and was of all men the most rapacious in plundering both friends and foes, sparing neither prince, nor state, nor temple, nor even private persons who were known to possess any share of treasure. His great abilities would necessarily have made him one of the first citizens of Rome; but disdaining the condition of a subject, he could never rest till he made himself a monarch. In acting this last part, his usual prudence seemed to fail him, as if the height to which he was mounted had turned his head and made him giddy; for, by a vain ostentation of his power, he destroyed the stability of it; and as men shorten life by living too fast, so, by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.

II. PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, LORD CHESTERFIELD,

geb. 1694 zu London, gest. 1773; gleich ausgezeichnet als Redner wie als Staatsmann, studirte zu Cambridge. 1718 war er ausserordentlicher Gesandter in Holland, wurde dann Oberhofmeister unter *Georg II.* und 1748 Staatssecretair. Seiner Gesundheit wegen zog er sich indessen aus dem öffentlichen Leben zurück. Wir besitzen von ihm mehre Aufsätze moralischen und kritischen Inhalts und Parlamentsreden; durch seine 'Letters to his Son' in denen er die Mittel an die Hand geben wollte, sich zum vollkommenen Gentleman zu

bilden, erregte er in ganz Europa Aufsehen, weil sie von vielem Talente, gesundem Verstande und einer reichen Menschenkenntniss zeugen; *Sam. Johnson*, mit welchem er so wie mit *Pope* und *Swift* in vertrauteren Verhältnissen stand, nannte ihn 'einen Schöngeist unter den Lords und einen Lord unter den Schöngeistern.' Seine Briefe sind wiederholt erschienen; seine 'Miscellaneous Works' 2 Bde., London 1777, und 'Posthumous Pieces,' London 1778.

1) ABSENCE OF MIND.

(From 'Letters to his Son').

An absent man is generally either a very weak or a very affected man; he is, however, a very disagreeable man in company. He is defective in all the common offices of civility; he does not enter into the general conversation, but breaks into it, from time to time, with some starts of his own, as if he awaked from a dream. He seems wrapped up in thought and possibly does not think at all; he does not know his most intimate acquaintance by sight or answers them as if he were at cross purposes. He leaves his hat in one room, his cane in another and would probably leave his shoes in a third, if his buckles, though awry, did not save them. This is a sure indication, either of a mind so weak, that it cannot bear above one object at a time, or so affected that it would be supposed to be wholly engrossed by some very great and important object. Sir Isaac Newton, Mr. Locke and, perhaps, five or six more since the creation, may have had a right to absence from the intense thought their investigation required; but such liberties cannot be claimed by, nor will be tolerated in any other persons. No man is, in any degree, fit for either business or conversation, who does not command his attention to the present object, be it what it will. When I see a man absent in mind, I choose to be absent in body: for it is almost impossible for me to stay in the room, as I cannot stand inattention and awkwardness.

I would rather be in company with a dead man, than with an absent one; for, if the dead man affords me no pleasure, at least he shows me no contempt; whereas the absent man, very plainly, though silently tells me, that he does not think me worth his attention. Besides, an absent man can never make any observations upon the characters, customs and manners of the company. He may be in the best companies all his lifetime — if they will admit him — and never become the wiser; we may as well converse with a deaf man as with an absent one. It is, indeed, a practical blunder, to address ourselves to a man, who, we plainly perceive, neither hears, minds nor understands us.

2) AWKWARDNESS OF DIFFERENT KINDS.

Many very worthy and sensible people have certain odd tricks, ill habits and awkwardness in their behaviour, which excite a disgust to and dislike of their persons, that cannot be removed or overcome by any other valuable endowment or merit which they may possess. Now awkwardness can proceed but from two causes, either from not having kept good company or from not having attended to it. — When an awkward fellow first comes into a room, it is highly probable, that his sword gets between his legs and throws him down or makes him stumble at least: when he has recovered this accident, he goes and places himself in the very place of the whole room where he should not; there he soon lets his hat fall down and, in taking it up again, throws down his cane; in recovering his cane his hat falls a second time, so that he is a quarter of an hour before he is in order again. If he drinks tea or coffee, he certainly scalds his mouth and lets either the cup or the saucer fall and spills the tea or coffee on his breeches. At dinner his awkwardness distinguishes itself particularly, as he has more

to do there: he holds his knife, fork and spoon differently from other people, eats with his knife to the great danger of his mouth, picks his teeth with his fork and puts his spoon, which has been in his throat twenty times, into the dishes again. If he is to carve, he can never hit the joint, but in his vain efforts to cut through the bone, scatters the sauce in every body's face. He generally daubs himself with soup and grease, though his napkin is commonly stuck through a button-hole and tickles his chin. When he drinks, he infallibly coughs in his glass and besprinkles the company. Besides all this he has strange tricks and gestures, such as snuffing up his nose, making faces, putting his fingers in his nose or blowing it and looking afterwards in his handkerchief, so as to make the company sick. His hands are troublesome to him, when he has not something in them and he does not know where to put them, but they are in perpetual motion between his bosom and his breeches; he does not wear his clothes and in short, does nothing like other people. All this, I own, is not in any degree criminal, but it is highly disagreeable and ridiculous in company and ought most carefully to be avoided by whoever desires to please.

From this account of what you should not do, you may easily judge what you should do and a due attention to the manners of people of fashion and who have seen the world, will make it habitual and familiar to you.

There is likewise an awkwardness of expression and words, most carefully to be avoided, such as false English, bad pronunciation, old sayings and common proverbs, which are so many proofs of having kept bad and low company. For example: if, instead of saying, that 'tastes are different' and that 'every man has his own peculiar one,' you should let off a proverb and say, that 'what is one man's meat is another man's poison,' or else: 'every one as they like, as the good man said, when he kissed his cow,' every body would be persuaded, that you had never kept company with any body above footmen and housemaids.

There is likewise an awkwardness of the mind, that ought to be and, with care, may be avoided; as, for instance, to mistake or forget names. To speak of Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, or Mrs. Thingum, or How-d'ye-call-her, is excessively awkward and ordinary. To call people by improper titles and appellations is so too, as, my Lord for Sir and Sir for my Lord. To begin a story or narration, when you are not perfect in it and cannot go through with it, but are forced possibly to say in the middle of it: 'I have forgot the rest,' is very unpleasant and bungling. One must be extremely exact, clear and perspicuous in every thing one says, otherwise, instead of entertaining or informing others, one only tries and puzzles them.

3) BASHFULNESS.

Bashfulness is the distinguishing character of an english booby, who appears frightened out of his wits, if people of fashion speak to him and blushes and stammers without being able to give a proper answer, by which means he becomes truly ridiculous from the groundless fear of being laughed at.

There is a very material difference between modesty and an awkward bashfulness, which is as ridiculous as true modesty is commendable: it is as absurd to be a simpleton as to be an impudent fellow and we make ourselves contemptible, if we cannot come into a room and speak to people without being out of countenance or without embarrassment. A man who is really diffident, timid and bashful, be his merit what it will, never can push himself in the world: his despondency throws him into inaction and the forward, the bustling and the petulant will always precede him. The manner makes the whole difference. What would be impudence in one man, is only a proper and decent assurance in another. A man of sense and of knowledge of the world will assert his own rights and pursue his own object as stead-

ily and intrepidly as the most impudent man living, and commonly more so; but then he has art enough to give an outward air of modesty to all he does. This engages and prevails, whilst the very same things shock and fail from the overbearing or impudent manner only of doing them.

Englishmen in general are ashamed of going into company. When we avoid singularity, what should we be ashamed of? And why should not we go into a mixed company with as much ease and as little concern as we would go into our own room? Vice and ignorance are the only things we ought to be ashamed of; while we keep clear of them, we may venture any where without fear or concern. Nothing sinks a young man into low company so surely as bashfulness: if he thinks that he shall not, most assuredly he will not please.

Some, indeed, from feeling the pain and inconveniences of bashfulness, have rushed into the other extreme and turned impudent, as cowards sometimes grow desperate from excess of danger: but this is equally to be avoided, there being nothing more generally shocking than impudence. The medium between these two extremes points out the well-bred man, who always feels himself firm and easy in all companies, who is modest without being bashful and steady without being impudent.

A mean fellow is ashamed and embarrassed, when he comes into company, is disconcerted, when spoken to, answers with difficulty and does not know, how to dispose of his hands; and a gentleman, who is acquainted with the world, appears in company with a graceful and proper assurance and is perfectly easy and unembarrassed. He is not dazzled by superior rank; he pays all the respect that is due to it, without being disconcerted and can converse as easily with a king as with any one of his subjects. This is the great advantage of being introduced young into good company and of conversing with our superiors. A well-bred man will converse with his inferiors without insolence and with his superiors with respect and with ease. Add to this, that a man of gentlemanlike behaviour, though of inferior parts, is better received than a man of superior abilities, who is unacquainted with the world. Modesty and a polite, easy assurance should be united.

4) DEFINITION OF GOOD BREEDING.

From Chesterfield's Letters.

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be, 'the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.' Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed), it is astonishing to me that anybody, who has good sense and good nature, can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general—their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who by his ill manners invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilised people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good

action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good breeding in general; I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should show to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors, such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of showing that respect which is different. The man of fashion and of the world expresses it in its fullest extent, but naturally, easily, and without concern; whereas a man who is not used to keep good company expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal; but I never saw the worst-bred man living guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to show that respect which everybody means to show, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them is, for the time at least, supposed to be on a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women, who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good breeding from men. Their litte wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies, must be officiously attended to, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniences and gratifications which are of common right, such as the best places, the best dishes &c.; but on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others, who, in their turns, will offer them to you; so that, upon the whole, you will in your turn enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shows his good breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your own good nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice.

There is a third sort of good breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private social life. But ease and freedom have their bounds, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons; and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case: Suppose you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can possibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe, too, that you would indulge me in that freedom as

far as anybody would. But, notwithstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there was no bounds to that freedom? I assure you I should not think so; and I take myself to be much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connexions, and friendships, require a degree of good breeding both to preserve and cement them. The best of us have our bad sides, and it is as imprudent as it is ill-bred to exhibit them. I shall not use ceremony with you; it would be misplaced between us; but I shall certainly observe that degree of good breeding with you which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

III. LORD KAMES,

geb. 1696, gest. 1782, hiess eigentlich *Henry Home* und nahm als Oberrichter von Schottland jenen Titel an. Er gab sich ganz den philosophischen und metaphysischen Studien hin und veröffentlichte mehre Werke über diese Wissenschaften, von denen 'The Elements of Criticism' (1762, 3 Bde.) als das beste bezeichnet wird. Mehre andere Werke, als 'Sketches of the History of Men' (1773) und 'Loose Hints on Education' stehen dem ersteren bei Weitem nach.

PLEASURES OF THE EYE AND THE EAR.

That nothing external is perceived till first it makes an impression upon the organ of sense, is an observation, that holds equally in every one of the external senses. But there is a difference as to our knowledge of that impression; in touching, tasting, and smelling, we are sensible of the impression; that, for example, which is made upon the hand by a stone, upon the palate by an apricot, and upon the nostrils by a rose. It is otherwise in seeing and hearing; for I am not sensible of the impression made upon my eye when I behold a tree, nor of the impression made upon my ear when I listen to a song. That difference in the manner of perceiving external objects, distinguisheth remarkably hearing and seeing from the other senses; and I am ready to show that it distinguisheth still more remarkably the feelings of the former from that of the latter; every feeling, pleasant or painful, must be in the mind; and yet, because in tasting, touching, and smelling, we are sensible of the impression made upon the organ, we are led to place there also the pleasant or painful feeling caused by that impression; but, with respect to seeing and hearing, being insensible of the organic impression, we are not misled to assign a wrong place to the pleasant or painful feelings caused by that impression; and therefore we naturally place them in the mind, where they really are; conceived to be more refined and spiritual than what are derived from tasting, touching, and smelling; for the latter feeling, seeming to exist externally at the organ of sense, are conceived to be merely corporeal.

The pleasures of the eye and the ear being thus elevated above those of the other external senses, acquire so much dignity, as to become a laudable entertainment. They are not, however, set on a level with the purely intellectual, being no less inferior in dignity to intellectual pleasures, than superior to the organic or corporeal: they indeed resemble the latter, being, like them, produced by external objects; but they also resemble the former, being, like them, produced without any sensible organic

impression. Their mixed nature and middle place between organic and intellectual pleasures qualify them to associate with both; beauty heightens all the organic feelings, as well as the intellectual; harmony, though it aspires to inflame devotion, disdains not to improve the relish of a banquet.

The pleasures of the eye and the ear have other valuable properties beside those of dignity and elevation; being sweet and moderately exhilerating, they are in their tone equally distant from the turbulence of passion and the languor of indolence; and by that tone are perfectly well qualified not only to revive the spirits when sunk by sensual gratification, but also to relax them when overstrained in any violent pursuit. Here is a remedy provided for many distresses; and to be convinced of its salutary effects, it will be sufficient to run over the following particulars. Organic pleasures have naturally a short duration; when prolonged, they lose their relish; when indulged to excess, they beget satiety and disgust; and to restore a proper tone of mind, nothing can be more happily contrived than the exhilarating pleasures of the eye and ear. On the other hand, any intense exercise of intellectual powers becomes painful by overstraining the mind; cessation from such exercise gives not instant relief; it is necessary that the void be filled with some amusement, gently relaxing the spirits: organic pleasure, which hath no relish but while we are in vigour, is ill qualified for that office; but the finer pleasures of sense, which occupy, without exhausting, the mind, are finely qualified to restore its usual tone after severe application to study or business, as well as after satiety from sensual gratification.

Our first perceptions are of external objects, and our first attachments are to them. Organic pleasures take the lead; but the mind gradually ripening, relisheth more and more the pleasures of the eye and ear, which approach the purely mental without exhausting the spirits, and exceed the purely sensual without danger of satiety. The pleasures of the eye and ear have accordingly a natural aptitude to draw us from the immoderate gratification of sensual appetite; and the mind, once accustomed to enjoy a variety of external objects without being sensible of the organic impression, is prepared for enjoying internal objects where there cannot be an organic impression. Thus the Author of nature, by qualifying the human mind for a succession of enjoyments from low to high, leads it by gentle steps from the most grovelling corporeal pleasures, for which only it is fitted in the beginning of life, to those refined and sublime pleasures that are suited to its maturity.

But we are not bound down to this succession by any law of necessity: the God of nature offers it to us in order to advance our happiness; and it is sufficient that he hath enabled us to carry it on in a natural course. Nor has he made our task either disagreeable or difficult: on the contrary, the transition is sweet and easy from corporeal pleasures to the more refined pleasures of sense; and no less so from these to the exalted pleasures of morality and religion. We stand therefore engaged in honour as well as interest, to second the purposes of nature by cultivating the pleasures of the eye and ear, those especially that require extraordinary culture, such as arise from poetry, painting, sculpture, music, gardening, and architecture. This especially is the duty of the opulent, who have leisure to improve their minds and their feelings. The fine arts are contrived to give pleasure to the eye and the ear, disregarding the inferior senses. A taste for these arts is a plant that grows naturally in many soils; but without culture, scarce to perfection in any soil: it is susceptible of much refinement, and is by proper care greatly improved. In this respect a taste in the fine arts goes hand in hand with the moral sense, to which indeed it is nearly allied: both of them discover what is right and what is wrong: fashion, temper, and education, have an influence to vitiate both, or to preserve them pure and un-

tainted, neither of them are arbitrary nor local, being rooted in human nature, and governed by principles common to all men. The design of the present undertaking, which aspires not to morality, is to examine the sensitive branch of human nature, to trace the objects that are naturally agreeable, as well as those that are naturally disagreeable; and by these means to discover, if we can, what are the genuine principles of the fine arts. The man who aspires to be a critic in these arts must pierce still deeper; he must acquire a clear perception of what objects are lofty, what low, what proper or improper, what manly, and what mean or trivial; hence a foundation for reasoning upon the taste of any individual, and for passing a sentence upon it: where it is conformable to principles, we can pronounce with certainty that it is correct; otherwise, that it is incorrect and perhaps whimsical. Thus the fine arts, like morals, become a rational science; and, like morals, may be cultivated to a high degree of refinement.

Manifold are the advantages of criticism when thus studied as a rational science. In the first place, a thorough acquaintance with the principles of the fine arts redoubles the pleasure we derive from them. To the man who resigns himself to feeling, without interposing any judgment, poetry, music, painting, are mere pastime. In the prime of life, indeed, they are delightful, being supported by the force of novelty and the heat of imagination; but in time they lose their relish, and are generally neglected in the maturity of life, which disposes to more serious and more important occupations. To those who deal in criticism as a regular science governed by just principles, and giving scope to judgment as well as to fancy, the fine arts are a favourite entertainment, and in old age maintain that relish which they produce in the morning of life.

IV. HENRY FIELDING,

geb. 1707, gest. 1754, erhielt seine erste Bildung zu Eton und besuchte im 18. Jahre die Universität zu Leyden, um sich dem Rechtsstudium zu widmen. 1727 nach England zurückgekehrt, begann er ein ziemlich ungebundenes Leben und schrieb eine Anzahl Lustspiele, komische Opern und Possen, welche beifällig aufgenommen wurden. Bald nachher verheirathete er sich, griff, um seinen Vermögensumständen aufzuhelfen, wieder zur Jurisprudenz, und erwarb sich als praktischer Jurist einen Namen in London. Durch *Richardson's* ernste Romane veranlasst, versuchte er sich in einer bisher unbekannten Gattung, dem komischen Familienromane; 1743 erschien sein 'Jonathan Wild,' dann sein 'Joseph Andrews,' als komisches Seitenstück zu *R.'s* 'Pamela,' und 1750 sein vorzüglichstes Werk 'Tom Jones.' Der darauf folgende Roman 'Amelia' zeigt aber schon bedeutende Spuren von Erschlaffung. Um seine zerrüttete Gesundheit herzustellen, ging er nach Portugal, starb aber bald nach seiner Ankunft in Lissabon. — Treffende Charakterschilderung, reiche Phantasie und witzige Darstellung zeichnen ihn aus, doch ist er selbst in dem besten seiner Romane nicht frei von Weitschweifigkeiten.

PARTRIDGE AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

In the first row, then, of the first gallery, did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said, 'It was a wonder how so many fiddlers

could play at one time without putting one another out.' While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs Miller: 'Look, look, madam, the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book, before the gunpowder treason service.' Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, 'That here were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth.'

As soon as the play, which was Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones, 'What man that was in the stange dress; something,' said he 'like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, it is? Jones answered, 'That it is the ghost'. To which Partridge replied, with a smile, 'Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that neither.' In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage? 'O la! sir,' said he, 'I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person.' 'Why, who,' cries Jones, 'dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?' 'Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens it is good enough for you. Follow you! I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil — for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions.' Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, 'Hush, hush, dear sir, don't you hear him?' And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, 'Why Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible.' 'Nay, sir,' answered Partridge, 'if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the ghost that surprised me neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me.' 'And dost thou imagine then, Partridge,' cries Jones 'that he was really frightened?' 'Nay, sir,' said Partridge, 'did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own case. But hush! O la! what noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are.' Then turning his eyes again npon Hamlet, 'Ay, you may draw your sword; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil?'

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. 'Well,' said he 'how people may be deceived by faces?

Nulla fides fronti is, I find, a true saying. Who would think by looking in the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder?' He then inquired after the ghost: but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than 'that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire.'

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; aud now, when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, 'There, sir, now; what say you now? is he frightened now or no? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears, I would not be in so bad a condition as—what's his name? — Squire Hamlet is there, for all the world. Bless me! what's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth.' 'Indeed you saw right,' answered Jones. 'Well, well,' cries Partridge, 'I know it is only a play; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; far as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there; ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother I should serve her so. To be sure all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about your business: I hate the sight of you.'

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her 'If she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched; though he is,' said he, 'a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he run away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again.' The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered, 'That it was one of the most famous burial-places about town.' No wonder, then' cries Partridge 'that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton when I was clerk that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe.' Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, 'Well! it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough too at the ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*' Little more worth remembering occurred during the play; at the end of which Jones asked him, 'Which of the players he had liked best? To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, 'The king, without doubt.' 'Indeed, Mr. Partridge,' says Mrs. Miller; 'you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage.' 'He the best player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; 'Why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me, any man, that is any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but, indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly; half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor.'

While Mrs. Miller was thus engaged in conversation with Partridge, a lady came up to Mr. Jones, whom he immediately knew to be Mrs. Fitzpatrick. She said she had seen him

from the other part of the gallery, and had taken that opportunity of speaking to him, as she had something to say which might be of great service to himself. She then acquainted him with her lodgings, and made him an appointment the next day in the morning; which, upon recollection, she presently changed to the afternoon; at which time Jones promised to attend her.

Thus ended the adventure at the playhouse, where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said than to anything that passed on the stage. He durst not go to bed all that night for fear of the ghost; and for many nights after sweated two or three hours before he went to sleep with the same apprehensions, and waked several times in great horrors, crying out, 'Lord have mercy upon us! there it is.'

V. WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM,

geb. 15. Nov. 1708, gest. 11. Mai 1778 auf seinem Landgute Hayes in Kent, der Sohn eines Countrygentleman, erhielt seine Bildung zu Eton und Oxford. 1735 in das Parlament eingetreten, wurde er 1746 Schatzmeister von Irland und bald darauf Generalzahlmeister der Armee. Als *Fox* 1755 Staatssecretair wurde, legte *Pitt* sein Amt nieder, wurde dagegen Staatssecretair, als *F.* 1756 zurücktrat und entwickelte bald, als die Seele des Cabinets, nach allen Punkten hin, eine ungemeine Thätigkeit; er kannte nur zwei Feinde: Frankreich und das Papstthum, gegen die er sein ganzes Leben hindurch mit aller Energie ankämpfte. Er trat noch einmal aus dem Ministerium, 1761, und wurde nun der Führer der Whigs. 1766 wiederum am Ruder, legte er schon 1768 sein Amt gänzlich nieder: während dieser Zeit war er zum Viscount Burton und Grafen Chatham erhoben worden, und war in das Oberhaus eingetreten. Hier machte er seinen ganzen Einfluss geltend um eine gütliche Ausgleichung zwischen England und den Colonien herbeizuführen, als 1775 der Krieg zwischen beiden ausgebrochen war. Als er aber die Nachricht von einem, nach seiner Ansicht, für England schimpflichen Frieden hörte, eilte er obschon schwach und leidend, ins Oberhaus und bot noch einmal seine ganze Kraft auf, sein Vaterland vor dieser Schmach zu bewahren. Hatte er auch die Genugthuung, seine Bemühungen um die Fortsetzung des Krieges von Erfolg gekrönt zu sehen, so war dieser Sieg doch sein letzter. Gegen das Ende seiner Rede sank er zusammen und wurde wie leblos aus dem Hause getragen; er starb wenige Tage darauf.

1) SPEECH OF CHATHAM ON BEING TAUNTED ON ACCOUNT OF YOUTH.

Sir—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added

obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition yet, to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiment but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves; nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious, without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

2) ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

I cannot, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment: it is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as to do her reverence! The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy; — and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the English troops than I do: I know their virtues and their valour: I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst: but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be

for ever vain and impotent; — doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. * * *

But, my lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorise and associate to our arms, the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? — to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods? — to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; 'for it is perfectly allowable,' says Lord Suffolk, 'to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands.' I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation — I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity! — 'That God and nature have put into our hands!' What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the savage, torturing and murdering his unhappy victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned Bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; — upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless Indian, thirsting for blood! against whom? — your Protestant brethren! — to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hell-hounds of war! — Spain can no longer boast preeminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose those brutal warriors against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the venerable prelates of our religion, to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin.

My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have allowed me to say less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my steadfast abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

VI. SAMUEL JOHNSON,

geb. 1709 zu Lichfield in Staffordshire, gest. 1784; war der berühmteste unter den engl. Kritikern. Er erhielt seine Schulbildung in seiner Vaterstadt und bezog 1728 die Universität zu Oxford, die er jedoch nach dem Tode seines Vaters aus Mangel an Mitteln wieder verlassen musste. Er wurde nun Unterlehrer zu Bosworth, ging aber bald darauf nach Birmingham, wo er für einen Buchhändler *Lobo's* Reise nach Abyssinien übersetzte. 1735 verheirathete er sich und errichtete eine Erziehungsanstalt, die indessen, da er nur drei Zöglinge erhielt (unter ihnen den berühmten *David Garrick*) bald wieder einging. Er wendete sich nun (1737) nach London, wo seine schriftstellerische Thätigkeit in fast allen Zweigen der Literatur begann. Seinen 'Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia', schrieb er 1759, in einer Woche, um die Kosten für das Begräbniss seiner Mutter zu bestreiten. Sein Gedicht 'London', eine Nachahmung der 3. Satire des Juvenal, erschien 1738: zwei Jahre später die fingirten Parlaments-Reden unter dem Titel: 'Debates in the Senate of Magna Lilliputia': 1744 das vortreffliche 'Life of Savage'. Im J. 1749 veröffentlichte er sein Gedicht 'The Vanity of Human Wishes', eine Nachahmung der 10. Satire Juvenal's, und sein Trauerspiel 'Irene'. 1750 begann er die Zeitschrift 'The Rambler' und 1755 erschien sein berühmtes 'Dictionary of the English Language': 1758—60 'The Idler': 1759 'Rasselas': 1765 seine 'Edition of Shakspeare': 'A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland': 1775 und 1781 'Lives of the Poets'. Nach seinem Tode, 1785: 'A Tour to the Hebrides'. Eine Gesammtausgabe seiner Werke, mit seinem Leben von *Murphy*, erschien zu London 1762, in 12 Bdn. — Vergl, *Boswell's* vortreffl. 'Life of Sam. Johnson, Lond. 1787, 2 Bde. — *Johnson* zeichnete sich aus durch umfassenden Verstand, scharfen Beobachtungsgeist und feinen Geschmack; sein Stil ist kräftig und elegant.

SHAKSPEARE.

The poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision, may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal illusions, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topic of merriment, or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes, which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendships and his enmities has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained; yet thus unassisted by interest or passion, they have passed through variations of taste and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.

But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or fashion; it is proper to inquire, by what peculiarities of excellence Shakspeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can please many and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they

are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight a while, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

Shakspeare is above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the particularities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakspeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakspeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and oeconomical prudence. Yet his real power is not shewn in the splendor of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakspeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakspeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation, and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harrass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions, and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew, that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristical; but,

perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find any that can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakspeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion; even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world; Shakspeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen, but if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned; and it may be said, that he has not only shewn human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakspeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to censure of critics, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rymer think his Romans not sufficiently Roman; and Voltaire censures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon: and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Danish usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakspeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. These are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The censure which he has incurred by mixing comic and tragic scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

Shakspeare's plays are not in the rigorous and critical sense either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualties, the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected some the crimes of men, and some their absurdities; some the momentous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences; some the terrors of distress, and some the gaieties of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of imitation, known by the names of tragedy and comedy; compositions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect

among the Greeks or Romans a single writer who attempted both.

Shakspeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alternations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by shewing, how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low cooperate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at last the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatic poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much, but that the attention may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered likewise, that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors have different habitudes; and that upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, seem not to have distinguished the three kinds, by any very exact or definite ideas.

An action which ended happily to the principal persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion constituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongst us, and plays were written, which, by changing the catastrophe, were tragedies to day, and comedies to morrow.

Tragedy was not in those times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous conclusion, with which the common criticism of that age was satisfied, whatever lighter pleasure it afforded in its progress.

History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce or regulate the conclusion. It is not always very nicely distinguished from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra, than in the history of Richard the Second. But a history might be continued through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through all these denominations of the drama, Shakspeare's mode of composition is the same; an interchange of seriousness and merriment, by which the mind is softened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When Shakspeare's plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rymer and Voltaire vanish away. The play of Hamlet is opened, without impropriety, by two centinels. Jago bellows at Brabantio's window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily en-

dure; the character of Polonius is seasonable and useful; and the gravediggers themselves may be heard with applause.

Shakspeare engaged in dramatic poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the public judgment was unformed: he had no example of such fame as might force him upon imitation, nor critics of such authority as might restrain his extravagance: he therefore indulged his natural disposition, and his disposition, as Rymer has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity; but in his comic scenes he seems to produce without labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comic, but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragic scenes there is always something wanting, but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.

The force of his comic scenes has suffered little diminution from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places: they are natural and therefore durable; the adventitious peculiarities of personal habits, are only superficial dies, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon faded to a dim tinct, without any remains of former lustre; but the discriminations of true passions are the colours of nature; they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakspeare.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a style which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered; this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established form of speech, in hope of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction forsake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right: but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comic dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellencies deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.

These observations are to be considered not as unexceptionably constant, but as containing general and predominant truth. Shakspeare's familiar dialogue is affirmed to be smooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedness or difficulty; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has spots unfit for cultivation; his characters are praised as natural, though their sentiments are sometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth upon the whole is spherical, though its surface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

It will be thought strange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and of critics.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which must be indulged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings: but, from the censure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I shall, with due reverence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws: nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other works he has well enough preserved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his design only to discover it, for this is seldom the order of real events, and Shakspeare is the poet of nature: but his plan has commonly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequence. There are perhaps some incidents that might be spared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The critics hold it impossible, that an action of months and years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours: or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress, shall lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows, that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in so short a time, have transported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Persepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critic exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time therefore to tell him, by the authority of Shakspeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatic fable in its materiality was ever credible, or for a single moment, was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, supposes, that when the play opens, the spectator really imagines himself at Alexandria, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the spectator can be once persuaded, that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Caesar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharsalia, or the bank of Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may despise the circumscriptions of terrestrial na-

ture. There is no reason why a mind thus wandering in ecstacy should count the clock, or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brains that can make the stage a field.

The truth is, that the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players. They come to hear a certain number of lines recited with just gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place: but the different actions that complete a story may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre.

By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented, in the catastrophe, happening in Pontus; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions, and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first; if it be so connected with it, that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation.

It will be asked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel, if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that strikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the possibility than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother weeps over her babe, when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction; if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade, or the fountains coolness; but we consider, how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the history of Henry the Fifth, yet no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A dramatic exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always less. The humour of Petruchio may be heightened by grimace: but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of Cato?

A play read, affects the minds like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not supposed to be real; and it follows, that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour

the life of a hero or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakspeare knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to inquire. We may reasonably suppose, that, when he rose to notice, he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and critics, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable, but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and, by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not observed: nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first act passed at Venice, and his next in Cyprus. Such violations of rules merely positive, become the comprehensive genius of Shákspeare, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of Voltaire:

> Non usque adeo permiscuit imis
> Longus summa dies, ut non, si voce Metelli
> Serventur leges, malint a Caesare tolli.

Yet when I speak thus slightly of dramatic rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced against me; before such authorities I am afraid to stand, not that I think the present question one of those that are to be decided by mere authority, but because it is to be suspected, that these precepts have not been so easily received, but for better reasons than I have yet been able to find. The result of my inquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boast of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not essential to a just drama; that though they may sometimes conduce to pleasure, they are always to be sacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and instruction; and that a play, written with nice observation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curiosity, as the product of superfluous and ostentatious art, by which is shewn, rather what is possible, than what is necessary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, shall preserve all the unities unbroken, deserves the like applause with the architect, who shall display all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its strength: but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greatest graces of a play are to copy nature, and instruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may recall the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almost frighted at my own temerity; and when I estimate the fame and the strength of those that maintain the contrary opinion, am ready to sink down in reverential silence; as Æneas withdrew from the defence of Troy, when he saw Neptune shaking the wall, and Juno heading the besiegers. * * *

Shakspeare came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in states of life that appear very little favourable to thought or to inquiry; so many, that he who considers them is inclined to think that he sees enterprize and perseverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hinderance vanish before them. The genius of Shakspeare was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned; the incumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind, as dew-drops from a lion's mane.

Though he had so many difficulties to encounter, and so little assistance to surmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many casts of native dispositions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice distinctions; and to shew them in full view by

proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has himself been imitated by all succeeding writers; and it may be doubted, whether from all his successors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world; his descriptions have always some peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exist. It may be observed, that the oldest poets of many nations preserve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a short celebrity, sink into oblivion. The first, whoever they be, must take their sentiments and descriptions immediately from knowledge; the resemblance is therefore just, their descriptions are verified by every eye, and their sentiments acknowledged by every breast. Those whom their fame invites to the same studies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain such authority, as to stand in the place of nature to another, and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at last capricious and casual. Shakspeare, whether life or nature be his subject, shews plainly, that he has seen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are complete.

2) THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravansary early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering hight of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation: he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he

was not gaining ground. The uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Work'd into sudden rage by wintry show'rs,
Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, 'tell me,' said the hermit, 'by what chance thou hast been brought hither: I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before.' Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

'Son,' said the hermit, 'let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trem-

bling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention; and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors, and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose, commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence, and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.'

VII. WILLIAM MELMOTH,

geb. 1710, gest. 1799, war ein Mann von klassischer Gelehrsamkeit und feinem Geschmacke. Ausser seinen Uebersetzungen v. *Plinius* und *Cicero*, 'which are still the best we possess' (Chambers), besonders die 'Pliny's Letters', von denen *Warton*, ein sehr kompetenter Richter, sagt: 'that they are better than the original,' gab er noch einen Band: 'Letters on Literary and Moral Subjects' heraus, denen wir folgendes, schön geschriebene Stück entlehnen:

ON CONVERSATION.

From Melmoth's Letters.

It is with much pleasure I look back upon that philosophical week which I lately enjoyed at — ; as there is no part, perhaps, of social life which affords more real satisfaction than those hours which one passes in rational and unreserved conversation. The free communication of sentiments amongst a set of ingenious and speculative friends, such as those you gave me the opportunity of meeting, throws the mind into the most advantageous exercise, and shows the strength or weakness of its opinions, with greater force of conviction than any other method we can employ.

That 'it is not good for man to be alone,' is true in more views of our species than one; and society gives strength to our reason, as well as polish to our manners. The soul, when left entirely to her own solitary contemplations, is sensibly drawn by a sort of constitutional bias, which generally leads her opinions to the side of her inclinations. Hence it is that she contracts those peculiarities of reasoning, and little habits of thinking, which so often confirm her in the most fantastical errors; but nothing is more likely to recover the mind from this false bent than the counter-warmth of impartial debate. Conversation opens our views, and gives our faculties a more vigorous play; it puts us upon turning our notions on every side, and holds them up to a light that discovers those latent flaws which would probably have lain concealed in the gloom of unagitated abstraction. Accordingly, one may remark that most of those wild doctrines which have been let loose upon the world, have generally owed

their birth to persons whose circumstances or dispositions have given them the fewest opportunities of canvassing their respective systems in the way of free and friendly debate. Had the authors of many an extravagant hypothesis discussed their principles in private circles, ere they had given vent to them in public, the observation of Varro had never perhaps been made (or never, at least, with so much justice) that 'there is no opinion so absurd, but has some philosopher or other to produce in its support.'

Upon this principle I imagine it is that some of the finest pieces of antiquity are written in the dialogue manner. Plato and Tully, it should seem, thought truth could never be examined with more advantage than amidst the amicable opposition of well-regulated converse. It is probable, indeed, that subjects of a serious and philosophical kind were more frequently the topics of Greek and Roman conversations than they are of ours; as the circumstances of the world had not yet given occasion to those prudential reasons which may now perhaps restrain a more free exchange of sentiments amongst us. There was something, likewise, in the very scenes themselves where they usually assembled, that almost unavoidably turned the stream of their conversations into this useful channel. Their rooms and gardens were generally adorned, you know, with the statues of the greatest masters of reason that had then appeared in the world; and while Socrates or Aristotle stood in their view, it is no wonder their discourse fell upon those subjects which such animating representations would naturally suggest. It is probable, therefore, that many of those ancient pieces which are drawn up in the dialogue manner were no imaginary conversations invented by their authors, but faithful transcripts from real life. And it is this circumstance, perhaps, as much as any other, which contributes to give them that remarkable advantage over the generality of modern compositions which have been formed upon the same plan. I am sure, at least, I could scarcely name more than three or four of this kind which have appeared in our language worthy of notice. My Lord Shaftesbury's dialogue, entitled The Moralists, Mr. Addison's upon Ancient Coins, Mr. Spencer's upon the Odyssey, together with those of my very ingenious friend, Philemon to Hydaspes, are almost the only productions in this way which have hitherto come forth amongst us with advantage. These, indeed, are all master-pieces of the kind, and written in the true spirit of learning and politeness. The conversation in each of these most elegant performances is conducted, not in the usual absurd method of introducing one disputant to be tamely silenced by the other, but in the more lively dramatic manner, where a just contrast of characters is preserved throughout, and where the several speakers support their respective sentiments with all the strength and spirit of a well-bred opposition.

VIII. DAVID HUME,

geb. 1711 zu Edinburgh, gest. 1776 daselbst, stammte aus dem Geschlechte der schott. Grafen von Home und konnte weder dem Studium der Rechte, noch dem Kaufmannsstande, denen er sich wechselweise widmen wollte, Geschmack abgewinnen, sondern begab sich nach Frankreich, um dort in der Zurückgezogenheit die philosoph. Studien verfolgen zu können. Nach England zurückgekehrt, veröffentlichte er 1737 seine 'Essays on Human Nature' und 1742 seine 'Essays and Treatises'; beide machten kein Glück, obschon sie jetzt zu den besten Werken der engl. Lit. gerechnet werden. Im J. 1752 wurde er von der Fakultät der Advokaten in Edinburg zu ihrem Bibliothekar erwählt, wodurch er zum Studium der

engl. Geschichte geführt und veranlasst wurde eine Geschichte Englands zu schreiben, die in verschiedenen Abtheilungen erschien. So heftige Gegner auch die erste derselben fand, da er als Geschichtsschreiber keiner der polit. Parteien angehören wollte, so stieg das Werk doch im Verlaufe seiner Publikation immer mehr in der Gunst des Publikums. Im J. 1763 folgte er dem Grafen von *Hertford* als Gesandtschaftssekretair nach Paris und blieb, nach dessen Ernennung zum Lord Lieutenant von Ireland, noch einige Zeit daselbst als Chargé d'Affaires. Seine letzten Jahre verlebte er in seiner Vaterstadt, im Genusse eines wohlerworbenen Wohlstandes. Obgleich seiner 'History of England' die Wärme der Darstellung abgeht und sie auch in der Zeichnung der Charaktere Manches zu wünschen übrig lässt, so ist sie doch durch korrekten Stil, Klarheit der Sprache und vortreffliche Darstellung des Zusammenhanges der Begebenheiten ausgezeichnet. Die erste Abtheil. derselben (James I. und Charles I.) veröffentlichte er 1754; die zweite (Commonwealth und Charles II., und James II.) 1757; zwei Jahre später die dritte und vierte (the House of Tudor), die beiden letzten (Julius Caesar — Henry VII.) 1762. — Die gesammten Werke sind in mehren Ausgaben erschienen, u. A. von *Rich Bowyer*, 1794.

1) THE GUNPOWDER TREASON.

We are now to relate an event, one of the most memorable, that history has conveyed to posterity and containing at once a singular proof both of strength and weakness of the human mind, its widest departure from morals and most steady attachment to religious prejudices. 'Tis the Gunpowder treason, of which I speak, a fact as certain as it appears incredible.

The Roman Catholics had expected great favour and indulgence on the accession of James, both as he was descended from Mary, whose life they believed to have been sacrificed to their cause and as he himself in his early youth was imagined to have shown some partiality towards them; which nothing, they thought, but interest and necessity had since restrained. It is pretended, that he had even entered into positive engagements to tolerate their religion, as soon as he should mount the throne of England; whether their credulity had interpreted in this sense some obliging expressions of the king's or that he had employed such an artifice, in order to render them favourable to his title. Very soon they discovered their mistake and were at once surprised and enraged to find James on all occasions express his intention of strictly executing the laws enacted against them and of persevering in all the rigorous measures of Elizabeth. — Catesby, a gentleman of good parts and of an ancient family, first thought of a most extraordinary method of revenge and he opened his intention to Piercy, a descendant of the illustrious house of Northumberland. In one of their conversations with regard to the distressed condition of the catholics, Piercy having broken into a sally of passion, and mentioned assassinating the king, Catesby took the opportunity of revealing to him a nobler and more extensive plan of treason, which not only included a sure execution of vengeance, but afforded some hopes of restoring the catholic religion in England. 'In vain', said he, 'would you put an end to the king's life: he has children, who would succeed both to his crown and to his maxims of government. In vain would you extinguish the whole royal family: the nobility, the gentry, the parliament are all infected with the same heresy and could raise to the throne another prince and another family, who besides their hatred to our religion would be animated with revenge for the tragical death of their predecessors. To serve any good purpose we must destroy at one blow the king, the royal family,

the lords, the commons and bury all our enemies in one common ruin. Happily they are all assembled on the first meeting of the parliament and afford us the opportunity of glorious and useful vengeance. Great preparations will not be requisite. A few of us, combining, may run a mine below the hall, in which they meet, and choosing the very moment, when the king harangues both houses, consign over to destruction these determined foes to all piety and religion. Meanwhile we ourselves standing aloof, safe and unsuspected, shall triumph in being the instruments of divine wrath and shall behold with pleasure those sacrilegious walls, in which were passed the edicts for proscribing our church and butchering her children, tost into a thousand fragments, while their impious inhabitants, meditating perhaps still new persecutions against us, pass from flames above to flames below, there for ever to endure the torments due to their offences.

Piercy was charmed with this project of Catesby and they agreed to communicate the matter to a few more and among the rest to Thomas Winter, whom they sent over to Flanders, in quest of Guy Fawkes, an officer in the Spanish service, with whose zeal and courage they were all thoroughly acquainted. When they enlisted any new conspirator, in order to bind him to secrecy, they always together with an oath employed the Communion, the most sacred rite of their religion. And it is remarkable, that no one of these pious devotees ever entertained the least compunction with regard to the cruel massacre, which they projected, of whatever was great and eminent in the nation. Some of them only were startled by the reflection, that of necessity many catholics must be present, as spectators or attendants on the king, or as having seats in the house of peers: but Tesmond, a jesuit, and Garnet, superior of that order in England, removed these scruples and showed them how the interests of religion required, that the innocent should here be sacrificed with the guilty.

All this passed in the spring and summer of the year 1604, when the conspirators also hired a house in Piercy's name, adjoining to that in which the parliament was to assemble. Towards the end of that year they began their operations. That they might be less interrupted and give less suspicion to the neigbourhood, they carried in store of provisions with them and never desisted from their labour. Obstinate in their purpose and confirmed by passion, by principle and by mutual exhortation, they little feared death in comparison of a disappointment and having provided arms, together with the instruments of their labour, they resolved there to perish in case of a discovery. Their perseverance advanced their work and they soon pierced the wall, though three yards in thickness, but on approaching the other side they were somewhat startled at hearing a noise, which they knew not how to account for. Upon inquiry they found, that it came from the vault below the house of lords, that a magazine of coals had been kept there, and that, as the coals were selling off, the vault would be let to the highest bidder. The opportunity was immediately seized, the place hired by Piercy, thirty six barrels of powder lodged in it, the whole covered up with faggots and billets, the door of the cellar boldly flung open and every body admitted, as if it contained nothing dangerous.

Confident of success they now began to look forward and to plan the remaining part of their project. The king, the queen, prince Henry were all expected to be present at the opening of parliament. The Duke, by reason of his tender age, would be absent and it was resolved, that Piercy should seize him or assassinate him. The princess Elisabeth, a child likewise, was kept at Lord Harrington's house in Warwickshire and Sir Everard Digby, Rookwood, Grant, being let into the conspiracy, engaged to assemble their friends, on pretence of a hunting match and seizing that princess immediately to proclaim her queen. So transported were they with rage against their ad-

versaries and so charmed with the prospect of revenge, that they forgot all care of their own safety and trusting to the general confusion, which must result from so unexpected a blow, they foresaw not, that the fury of the people, now unrestrained by any authority, must have turned against them and would probably have satiated itself by a universal massacre of the catholics.

The day, so long wished for, now approached, on which the parliament was appointed to assemble. The dreadful secret, though communicated to above twenty persons, had been religiously kept during the space of near a year and a half. No remorse, no pity, no fear of punishment, no hope of reward had, as yet, induced any one conspirator, either to abandon the enterprise, or make a discovery of it. The holy fury had extinguished in their breast every other motive and it was an indiscretion at last, proceeding chiefly from these very bigotted prejudices and partialities, which saved the nation.

Ten days before the meeting of parliament Lord Monteagle, a catholic, son to Lord Morley, received the following letter, which had been delivered to his servant by an unknown hand. '*My Lord,—Out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care of your preservation. Therefore I would advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some excuse, to shift off your attendance at this parliament. For God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not sligthly of this advertisement, but retire yourself into your country, where you may expect the event in safety. For, though there be no appearance of any stir, yet, I say, they will receive a terrible blow, this parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This counsel is not to be contemned, because it may do you good and can do you no harm: for the danger is past, as soon as you have burned the letter. And I hope, God will give you the grace, to make good use of it, unto whose holy protection I commend you.*'

Monteagle knew not what to make of this letter and though inclined to think it a foolish attempt to frighten and ridicule him, he judged it safest to carry it to Lord Salisbury, secretary of state. Though Salisbury too was inclined to pay little attention to it, he thought proper to lay it before the king, who came to town a few days after. To the king it appeared not so light a matter, and from the serious earnest style of the letter he conjectured, that it implied something dangerous and important. A *terrible blow* and yet *the authors concealed*, a danger *so sudden* and yet *so great*, these circumstances seemed all to denote some contrivance by gunpowder, and it was thought advisable to inspect all the vaults below the houses of parliament. This care belonged to the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Chamberlain, who purposely delayed the search till the day before the meeting of parliament. He remarked those great piles of wood and faggots, which lay in the vault under the upper house and he cast his eye upon Fawkes, who stood in a dark corner and passed himself for Piercy's servant. That daring and determined courage, which so much distinguished this conspirator even among those heroes in villany, was fully painted in his countenance and was not passed unnoticed by the chamberlain. Such a quantity also of fuel for the use of one, who lived so little in town as Piercy, appeared a little extraordinary, and upon comparing all circumstances it was resolved, that a more thorough inspection should be made. About midnight Sir Thomas Knevet, a justice of peace, was sent with proper attendants and before the door of the vault finding Fawkes, who had just finished all his preparations, he immediately seized him and turning over the faggots discovered the powder. The matches and every thing proper for setting fire to the train were taken in Fawkes's pocket, who finding his guilt now apparent and seeing no refuge but in boldness and despair, expressed the utmost regret, that he had lost the opportunity of firing the powder at once and of sweetening his own death by that of his enemies. Before the council he displayed the

same intrepid firmness, mixed even with scorn and disdain, refusing to discover his accomplices and showing no concern but for the failure of the entreprise. This obstinacy lasted two or three days, but being confined to the Tower, left to reflect on his guilt and danger and the rack being just shown to him, his courage, fatigued with so long an effort and unsupported by hope or society, at last failed him and he made a full discovery of all the conspirators.

Catesby, Piercy and the other criminals, who were in London, though they had heard of the alarm taken at the letter sent to Monteagle, though they had heard of the Chamberlain's search, yet were resolved to persist to the utmost and never abandon their hopes of success. But at last, hearing that Fawkes was arrested, they hurried down to Warwickshire, where Sir Everard Digby, thinking himself assured that success had attended his confederates, was already in arms, in order to seize the princess Elisabeth. She had escaped into Coventry and they were obliged to put themselves on their defence against the country, who were raised from all quarters and armed by the sheriff. The conspirators with all their attendants never exceeded the number of eighty persons and being surrounded on every side could no longer entertain hopes, either of prevailing or escaping. Having therefore confessed themselves and received absolution, they boldly prepared for death and resolved to sell their lives as dear as possible to the assailants. But even this miserable consolation was denied them. Some of their powder took fire and disabled them for defence. The people rushed in upon them, Piercy and Catesby were killed by one shot. Digby, Rookwood, Winter and others, being taken prisoners, were tried, confessed their guilt and died, as well as Garnet, by the hands of the executioner. Notwithstanding this horrid crime the bigotted catholics were so devoted to Garnet, that they fancied miracles to be wrought by his blood, and in Spain he was regarded as a martyr.

Neither had the desperate fortune of the conspirators urged them to this enterprise, nor had the former profligacy of their lives prepared them for so great a crime. Before that audacious attempt their conduct seems in general to be liable to no reproach. Catasby's character had entitled him to such regard, that Rookwood and Digby were seduced by their implicit trust in his judgment, and they declared, that from the motive alone of friendship to him they were ready, on any occasion, to have sacrificed their lives. Digby himself was as highly esteemed and beloved as any man in England, and he had been particularly honoured with the good opinion of Queen Elizabeth. It was bigotted zeal alone, the most absurd of prejudices masqued with reason, the most criminal of passions covered with the appearance of duty, which seduced them into measures, that were fatal to themselves and had so nearly proved fatal to their country.

The Lords Mordaunt and Stourton, two catholics, were fined, the former 10,000 pounds, the latter 4000, by the starchamber, because their absence from parliament had begotten a suspicion of their being acquainted with the conspiracy. The Earl of Northumberland was fined 30,000 pounds and detained several years prisoner in the Tower, because, not to mention other grounds of suspicion, he had admitted Piercy into the number of gentlemen pensioners without his taking the requisite oaths.

The king in his speech to the parliament observed, that, though religion had engaged the conspirators in so criminal an attempt, yet ought we not to involve all the Roman catholics in the same guilt or suppose them equally disposed to commit such enormous barbarities. Many holy men, he said, and our ancestors among the rest, had been seduced to concur with that church in her cholastic doctrines, who yet had never admitted her seditious principles, concerning the pope's power of dethroning kings or sanctifying assassination. The wrath of heaven is denounced against crimes, but innocent error may obtain its favour and

nothing can be more hateful than the uncharitableness of the puritans, who condemn alike to eternal torments, even the most inoffensive partisans of popery. For his part, he added, that this conspiracy, however atrocious, should never alter in the least his plan of government: while with one hand he punished guilt, with the other he would still support and protect innocenee. After this speech he prorogued the parliament till the 22. of January.

The moderation and, I may say, magnanimity of the king immediately after so narrow an escape from a most detestable conspiracy, was no wise agreeable to his subjects. Their animosity against popery, even before this provocation, had risen to a great pitch and it had perhaps been more prudent in James, by a little dissimulation, to have conformed himself to it. His theological learning, confirmed by disputation, had happily fixed his judgment in the protestant faith; yet was his heart a little biassed by the allurements of Rome and he had been well pleased, if the making of some advances could have effected a union with that ancient mother-church. But the effects of these dispositions on both sides became not very sensible till towards the conclusion of his reign.

2) THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

All ancient writers agree in representing the first inhabitants of Britain as a tribe of the Gauls or Celtae, who peopled that island from the neighbouring continent. Their language was the same; their manners, their government their superstition, varied only by those small differences, which time or a communication with the bordering nations must necessarily introduce. The inhabitants of Gaul, especially in those parts which lie contiguous to Italy, had acquired, from a commerce with their southern neighbours, some refinement in the arts which gradually diffused themselves northwards, and spread but a very faint light over this island. The Greek and Roman navigators or merchants (for there were scarcely any other travellers in those ages) brought back the most shocking accounts of the ferocity of the people, which they magnified, as usual, in order to excite the admiration of their countrymen. The south-east parts, however, of Britain, had already, before the age of Caesar, made the first and most requisite step towards a civil settlement; and the Britons, by tillage and agriculture, had there increased to a great multitude. The other inhabitants of the island still maintained themselves by pasture: they were clothed with skins of beasts. They dwelt in huts, which they reared in the forests and marshes, with which the country was covered: they shifted easily their habitation, when actuated either by the hopes of plunder, or the fear of an enemy: the convenience of feeding their cattle was even a sufficient motive for removing their seats: and as they were ignorant of all the refinements of life, their wants and their possessions were equally scanty and limited.

The Britons were divided into many small nations or tribes; and being a military people, whose sole property was their arms and their cattle, it was impossible, after they had acquired a relish for liberty, for their princes or chieftains to establish any despotic authority over them. Their governments, though monarchical, were free as well as those of all the Celtic nations; and the common people seem even to have enjoyed more liberty among them, than among the nations of Gaul, from whom they were descended. Each state was divided into factions within itself: it was agitated with jealousy or animosity against the neighbouring states: and while the arts of peace were yet unknown, wars were the chief occupation and formed the chief object of ambition, among the people.

The religion of the Britons was one of the most considerable parts of their government; and the Druids, who were their priests, possessed great authority among them. Besides ministering at the altar, and directing all re-

ligious duties, they presided over the education of youth; they enjoyed an immunity from wars and taxes; they possessed both the civil and criminal jurisdiction; they decided all controversies among states as well as among private persons, and whoever refused to submit to their decree was exposed to the most severe penalties. The sentence of excommunication was pronounced against him: he was forbidden access to the sacrifices or public worship: he was debarred all intercourse with his fellow citizens, even in the common affairs of life: his company was universally shunned, as profane and dangerous; he was refused the protection of law; and death itself became an acceptable relief from the misery and infamy to which he was exposed. Thus, the bands of government, which were naturally loose among that rude and turbulent people, were happily corroborated by the terrors of their superstition.

No species of superstition was ever more terrible than that of the Druids. Besides the severe penalties, which it was in the power of the ecclesiastics to inflict in this world, they inculcated the eternal transmigration of souls; and thereby extended their authority as far as the fears of their timorous votaries. They practised their rites in dark groves or other secret recesses; and in order to throw a greater mystery over their religion, they communicated their doctrines only to the initiated, and strictly forbade the committing of them to writing; lest they should at any time be exposed to the examination of the profane vulgar. Human sacrifices were practised among them: the spoils of war were often devoted to their divinities; and they punished with the severest tortures whoever dared to secrete any part of the consecrated offering. These treasures they kept in woods and forests, secured by no other guard than the terrors of their religion; and this steady conquest over human avidity may be regarded as more signal than their prompting men to the most extraordinary and most violent efforts. No idolatrous worship ever attained such an ascendant over mankind as that of the ancient Gauls and Britons; and the Romans, after their conquest, finding it impossible to reconcile those nations to the laws and institutions of their masters, while it maintained its authority, were at last obliged to abolish it by penal statutes; a violence which had never, in any other instance, been practised by those tolerating conquerors.

IX. LAWRENCE STERNE,

geb. 1713 zu Clonmel in Irland, gest. 1768 zu London. Er war für den geistlichen Stand bestimmt und ging 1732 nach Cambridge, wo er sich aber mehr durch seine lustigen Einfälle, als durch Fleiss ausgezeichnet haben soll. Durch Vermittlung eines Verwandten erhielt er eine Pfarre, dann eine Pfründe an der Hauptkirche zu York und durch seine Verheirathung eine dritte Pfarrei. 1762 machte er eine Reise durch Frankreich, 1764 durch Frankreich und Italien. Die letzten Jahre seines Lebens brachte er in London zu, während er sich in seinen Aemtern durch Vicarien vertreten liess. Bereits 1759 erschienen die beiden ersten Bände seines 'Tristram Shandy', welcher mit dem 9. Bande 1767 vollendet wurde. Die 'Sentimental Journey', 1768, war das Ergebniss seiner Reisen. Ausserdem erschienen von ihm, ebenfalls unter dem angenommenen Namen Yorik, zwei Bände Predigten, 1760, und zwei andere unter seinem eigenen, 1766. Seine Briefe wurden nach seinem Tode (3 Bände, London, 1775) und die 'Letters from Yorik to Eliza' — einer *Miss Elisabeth Draper*, die, in Ostindien geboren, zur Kräftigung ihrer Gesundheit nach England gekommen war — 1776 herausgegeben. — Man hat Sterne den Vorwurf der Nachahmung gemacht; gewiss ist

aber Originalität gerade eine der letzten Eigenschaften, die man ihm absprechen kann. Sterne ist einer der geistreichsten, gefühlvollsten Schriftsteller, gleich ausgezeichnet durch reichen Humor, feines moralisches Gefühl, und rührende Gutmüthigkeit des Charakters. Alles, was er geschrieben, zeugt von der grössten Sorgfalt und höchsten Vollendung: seine Sprache ist bei aller scheinbaren Eigenthümlichkeit das reinste Englisch, und in seinen Gemälden ist auch nicht ein Zug den man, ohne der Wirkung zu schaden, entbehren könnte; wie vollendet ist nicht jede Figur in seinem: 'Tom Jones', vom Uncle Toby, Brother Shandy, Trim, Yorik an, bis hinab zu Dr. Slop, Widow Wadman und Obadiah. Wer wollte eine von ihnen, oder auch nur einen Theil derselben aufgeben?

1) THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, which was about seven years before my father came into the country, and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe——when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard. — The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack —'Tis for a poor gentleman—I think of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast—*I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*

—If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing, added the landlord, I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.——I hope in God he will still mend, continued he, —we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself, and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host: —And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle Toby— do Trim—and ask if he knows his name.

——I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal—but I can ask his son again: —Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelwe years of age—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:—He has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thurst his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby.—

Trim!—said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs.—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow:—my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.——Corporal! said my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.—My uncle

Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to his poor gentleman.——Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on since the night before your honour receiced your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.——I wish I had not known so much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it:—How shall we manage it?——Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal: ——I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.——Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.——I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe, and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaille a straight line as a crooked one,— he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant — Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby — — He is, said the corporal — — And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby — — I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it. — Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke, as plain as a bow could speak it — 'Your honour is good: — — And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered, — and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked, — That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby— I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him; — that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment,) he had dismissed the morning after he came. — If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, — we can hire horses from hence. — — But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me, — for I heard the death-watch all night long; — and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing the account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of; — but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth. — Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, while I did it. — I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself. — — I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier — The youth

took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears. — — Poor youth! said my uncle Toby, he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend; — I wish I had him here.

— — — I never in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company — What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, — but that thou art a good natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; — and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar — (and thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby) — he was heartily welcome to it: — He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour) but no answer — for his heart was full — so he went up stairs with the toast; — I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again — Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire, — but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth. — I thought it was wrong, added the corporal. — — — I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs. — — — I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers, — — for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side: and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion. — —

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all — — I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly; and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it. — Are you sure of it? replied the curate. — A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; — — and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world. — 'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby. — But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water; — or engaged, said I, for months together, in long and dangerous marches: — harassed, perhaps, in his rear to day; — harassing others to morrow; — detached here; countermanded there; — resting this night out upon his arms; — beat up in his shirt the next; — benumbed in his joints; perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; — he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can, — I believe, said I, for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army, — I believe, an't please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray, — he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy — Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby, — for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not: — At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then) — it will be seen who have done their duty in this world, — and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly. I hope we shall, said Trim. — It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will show it to thee to morrow: — in the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have done our duties in it, — it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one: — — I hope not, said the corporal. — — But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes—he was

lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it.—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I suppose he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time——Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side:—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me;—if he was of Leven's—said the lieutenant—I told him your honour was—then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligation to him, is one le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's——but he knows me not—said he a second time, musing;——possibly he may my story, added he: Pray tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musketshot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well——Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I—In saying this he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black riband about his neck, and kissed it twice—Here, Billy, said he—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side,—and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned;——shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?—Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, I forget what, was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art upon.—'Tis finish'd already, said the corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good night; young le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs: and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders——But alas! said the corporal,—the lieutenant's last day's march is over—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour——though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves——That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp, and bent his whole thoughts toward the private distresses at the inn; and except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade,—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

——That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed—and I will tell thee in what, Trim.

—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my service to le Fevre, — as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, — that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself. — — Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders. — — True, quoth my uncle Toby, — — thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, — but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby, — — when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house — thou shouldst have offered him my house too: — — a sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, -- we could tend and look to him. — — Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; — and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs. — —

— — In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling — he might march. — He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the corporal. — — He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off: — — An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave: — He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch, — he shall march to his regiment. — — He cannot stand it, said the corporal. — — He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby. — — He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy? — —He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly. — Ah welladay, — do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, — the poor soul will die. He shall not die, by G—d! cried my uncle Toby.

— The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in — — and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

— — My uncle Toby went to his bureau — put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician — he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun look'd bright the morning after to every eye in the village but le Fevre's, and his afflicted son's; the hand of Death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round it's circle, when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did — how he had rested in the night — what was his complaint — where was his pain — and what he could do to help him? — and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

— You shall go home directly, le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house — and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter — and we'll have an apothecary, — and the corporal shall be your nurse, — and I'll be your servant, le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby, — not the effect of familiarity, — but the cause of it which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling

it towards him. The blood and spirits of le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back, — the film forsook his eyes for a moment, — he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face — then cast a look upon his boy, — and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken. — —

Nature instantly ebb'd again, — — the film returned to it's place — — the pulse flutter'd — — stopp'd — — went on — — throbb'd — — stopp'd again — — mov'd — — stopp'd — shall I go on? — — No.

2) YORICK'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

The Pulse.

Hail ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty which beget inclinations to love at first sight; 'tis ye who open this door and let the stranger in.

— Pray, Madame, said I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the Opera comique. — Most willingly, Monsieur, said she, laying aside her work. —

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption; till at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat in a low chair on the far side of the shop facing the door. —

— *Très volontiers;* most willingly, said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so chearful a movement and so chearful a look, that had I been laying out fifty louisd'ors with her, I should have said — 'this woman is grateful.'

You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take, — you must turn first to your left hand – *mais prenez garde* — there are two turns; and be so good as to take the second — then go down a little way and you'll see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *pont neuf,* which you must cross — and there, any one will do himself the pleasure to show you. —

She repeated her instructions three times over to me with the same good-natur'd patience the third time as the first; and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out — she seem'd really interested, that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest Grisset *(grisette)*, I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes, — and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every title of what she had said — so looking back, and seing her still standing in the door of the shop as if to look whether I went right or not — I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left — for that I had absolutely forgot. — Is it possible! said she, half laughing. — 'Tis very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman, than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth — she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight courtesy.

— *Attendez!* said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back-shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am just going to send him, said she, with a packet into that quarter, and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place. — So I walk'd in with her to the far

side of the shop, and taking up the ruffle in my hand which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down besides her.

— He will be ready, Monsieur, said she, in a moment — and in that moment, replied I, most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, if it is the same blood which comes from the heart, which descends to the extremes (touching her wrist) I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world. — Feel it, said she, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two forefingers of my other to the artery. —

— Would to heaven! my dear *Eugenius*, thou hadst passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lack-a-day-sical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever. — How wouldst thou have laugh'd and moralized on. — Trust me, my dear *Eugenius*, I should have said, 'there are worse occupations in this world *than feeling a womans 'pulse.'* — But a Grisset's! thou wouldst have said — and in an open shop, *Yorick!* —

— So much the better: for when my views are direct, *Eugenius*, I care not if all the world saw me feel it.

The husband.

I had counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband coming unexpected from a back parlour into the shop, put me a little out in my reckoning. — 'Twas no body but her husband, she said — so I began a fresh score. — Monsieur is so good, quoth she, as he pass'd by us, as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse. — The husband took off his hat, and making me a bow, said, I did him too much honour — and having said that, he put on his hat and walk'd out.

Good God! said I to myself, as he went out — and can this man be the husband of this woman?

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In *London* a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper's wife seem to be one bone and one flesh; in the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, sometimes the other has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as man and wife need to do.

In *Paris*, there are scarce two orders of beings more different: for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there: — in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrum nightcap, the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *salique*, having ceded this department, with sundry others, totally to the women — by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook long together in a bag, by amicable collisions, they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant. — Monsieur *le Mari* is little better than the stone under your foot. —

— Surely — surely, man! it is not good for thee to sit alone — thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings, and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

— And how does it beat, Monsieur? said she. — With all the benignity, said I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected. — She was going to say something civil in return — but the lad came into the shop with the gloves. — *A propos*, said I, I want a couple of pair myself.

The gloves.

The beautiful Grisset rose up when I said this, and going behind the counter, reach'd down a parcel and untied it: I advanced to the side over-against her: they were all too large. The beautiful Grisset measured them one by one across my hand. — It would not alter the dimensions. — She begg'd I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least. — She held it open — my hand slipp'd into it at once. — It will not do, said I, shaking my head a little. — No, said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety — where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense, are so blended, that all the languages of Babel set loose together could not express them — they are communicated and caught so instantaneously, that you can scarce say which party is the infecter. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it — it is enough in the present to say again, the gloves would not do; so folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter — it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lay between us.

The beautiful Grisset look'd sometimes at the gloves, then sideways to the window, then at the gloves — and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence. — I follow'd her example: so I look'd at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her — and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack — she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eye-lashes with such penetration, that she look'd into my very heart and reins. — It may seem strange, but I could actually feel she did. —

It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful Grisset had not ask'd above a single livre above the price. — I wish'd she had ask'd a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about. — Do you think, my dear Sir, said she, mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a *sous* too much of a stranger — and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himself at my mercy? — *M'en croyez-vous capable?* — Faith! not I, said I, and if you were, you are welcome. — So counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shopkeeper's wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

X. TOBIAS SMOLLET,

geb. 1720 zu Renton in der Grafschaft Dumbarton, gest. 1771 in Livorno, trat, in Glasgow als Wundarzt ausgebildet, als solcher (1740) in Dienst am Bord eines nach Westindien bestimmten Kriegsschiffes. Nach seiner Rückkehr erregte er zuerst durch sein rührendes Gedicht 'The Tears of Scotland' Aufmerksamkeit und widmete sich fortan ganz der Schriftstellerei, da ihm die Praxis wenig einbrachte. Die Persönlichkeiten, die er in seine Satire einmischte, zogen ihm viele Feinde zu, u. A. auch *Sterne,* der ihn unter dem Namen *Smelfungus* geisselte. Seiner geschwächten Gesundheit wegen ging er 1771 nach Italien, starb aber schon am 20. Oktober desselben Jahres. — Sein 'Roderick Random' erschien 1748; 'Peregrine Pickle' 1751, 'Count Fathom' 1754. Diesem folgte 'Sir Launcellot Greaves' 1762 und sein berühmtester Roman 'Humphrey Clinker' 1771. Ausser diesen Romanen schrieb er eine 'History of England' in 4 Bänden, London 1758 und eine Fortsetzung von 'Hume's History of Engl.' Ferner lieferte er eine neue Uebersetzung vom 'Don Quixote' und begründete das 'Critical Review'. Eine reiche Fülle von Witz und ein bedeutendes Talent das gewöhnliche

Leben treu nach der Natur zu schildern, so wie eine grosse Leichtigkeit des Stils sind ihm nicht abzusprechen, doch leiden seine Romane häufig an Geschmacklosigkeit und Cynismus. Seine Romane sind wiederholt erschienen; seine 'Miscellaneous Works,' London 1796, in 6 Bänden.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

We set out from Glasgow, by the way of Lanark, the county town of Clydesdale, in the neighbourhood of which the whole river Clyde, rushing down a steep rock, forms a very noble and stupendous cascade. Next day we were obliged to halt in a small borough, until the carriage, which had received some damage, should be repaired; and here we met with an incident which warmly interested the benevolent spirit of Mr. Bramble. As we stood at the window of an inn that fronted the public prison, a person arrived on horseback, genteely though plainly dressed in a blue frock, with his own hair cut short, and a gold-laced hat upon his head. Alighting, and giving his horse to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the street, and accosted him in these words — 'This is hard work for such an old man as you. So saying, he took the instrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement. After a few strokes, 'Had you never a son,' said he, 'to ease you of this labour?' 'Yes, an' please your honour,' replied the senior, 'I have three hopeful lads, but at present they are out of the way.' 'Honour not me,' cried the stranger; 'it more becomes me to honour your gray hairs. Where are those sons you talk of?' The ancient paviour said, his eldest son was a captain in the East Indies, and the youngest had lately enlisted as a soldier, in hopes of prospering like his brother. The gentleman desiring to know what was become of the second, he wiped his eyes, and owned he had taken upon him his old father's debts, for which he was now in the prison hard by.

The traveller made three quick steps towards the jail; then turning short, 'Tell me,' said he, 'has that unnatural captain sent you nothing to relieve your distresses?' 'Call him not unnatural,' replied the other, 'God's blessing be upon him! he sent me a great deal of money, but I made a bad use of it; I lost it by being security for a gentleman that was my landlord, and was stripped of all I had in the world besides.' At that instant a young man, thrusting out his head and neck between two iron bars in the prison-window, exclaimed, 'Father! father! if my brother William is in life, that's he.' 'I am! I am!' cried the stranger, clasping the old man in his arms, and shedding a flood of tears; 'I am your son Willy, sure enough!' Before the father, who was quite confounded, could make any return to this tenderness, a decent old woman, bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried, 'Where is my bairn? where is my dear Willy?' The captain no sooner beheld her than he quitted his father, and ran into her embrace.

I can assure you, my uncle who saw and heard everything that passed, was as much moved as any one of the parties concerned in this pathetic recognition. He sobbed, and wept, and clapped his hands, and hollowed, and finally ran down into the street. By this time the captain had retired with his parents, and all the inhabitants of the place were assembled at the door. Mr. Bramble, nevertheless, pressed through the crowd, and entering the house, 'Captain,' said he, 'I beg the favour of your acquaintance. I would have travelled a hundred miles to see this affecting scene; and I shall think myself happy if you and your parents will dine with me at the public house.' The captain thanked him for his kind invitation, which, he said, he would accept with pleasure; but in the meantime he could not think of eating or drinking while his poor brother was in trouble. He forthwith deposited a sum equal to the debt in the hands of the magistrate, who

ventured to set his brother at liberty without further process; and then the whole family repaired to the inn with my uncle, attended by the crowd, the individuals of which shook their townsman by the hand, while he returned their caresses without the least sign of pride or affectation.

This honest favourite of fortune, whose name was Brown, told my uncle that he had been bred a weaver, and about eighteen years ago had, from a spirit of idleness and dissipation, enlisted as a soldier in the service of the East India Company; that in the course of duty he had the good fortune to attract the notice and approbation of Lord Clive, who preferred him from one step to another till he had attained the rank of captain and paymaster to the regiment, in which capacities he had honestly amassed twelve thousand pounds, and at the peace resigned his commission. He had sent several remittances to his father, who received the first only, consisting of one hundred pounds; the second had fallen into the hands of a bankrupt; and the third had been consigned to a gentleman in Scotland, who died before it arrived, so that it still remained to be accounted for by his executors. He now presented the old man with fifty pounds for his present occasions, over and above bank notes for one hundred, which he had deposited for his brother's release. He brought along with him a deed, ready executed, by which he settled a perpetuity of fourscore pounds upon his parents, to be inherited by the other two sons after their decease. He promised to purchase a commission for his youngest brother; to take the other as his own partner in a manufacture which he intends to set up to give employment and bread to the industrious; and to give five hundred pounds to the poor of the town where he was born, and feasted all the inhabitants without exception.

My uncle was so charmed with the character of Captain Brown, that he drank his health three times successively at dinner. He said he was proud of his acquaintance; that he was an honour to his country, and had in some measure redeemed human nature from the reproach of pride, selfishness, and ingratitude. For my part I was as much pleased with the modesty as with the filial virtue of this honest soldier, who assumed no merit from his success, and said very little of his own transactions, though the answers he made to our inquiries were equally sensible and laconic. Mrs. Tabitha behaved very graciously to him, until she understood that he was going to make a tender of his hand to a person of low estate, who had been his friend while he worked as a journeyman weaver. Our aunt was no sooner made acquainted with this design, than she starched up her behaviour with a double portion of reserve; and when the company broke up, she observed with a toss of her nose, that Brown was a civil fellow enough, considering the lowness of his origin; but that fortune, though she had mended his circumstances, was incapable to raise his ideas, which were still humble and plebeian!

XI. WILLIAM ROBERTSON,

geb. 1722 zu Edinburg, gest. 1793, wurde für den geistl. Stand erzogen und erhielt 1744 eine Predigerstelle auf dem Lande. 1759 wurde er Prediger in seiner Vaterstadt und verwaltete von 1762 an das Amt eines Oberbibliothekars an der dortigen Universität. Seine 'History of Scotland during the Reigns of Queen Mary and King James VI.' erschien zu London 1759; seine 'History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V.' 1769; die 'History of America' 1779. Seine letzte Schrift war eine 'Historical Disquisition concerning the knowledge which the Ancients had of India.' Er zeichnet sich aus durch gewissenhafte Forschung, scharfe Charakterzeichnung, (worin er namentlich *Hume* bei Weitem übertrifft) und einen klaren, stets anziehenden Stil.

1) DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

Next morning, being Friday the third day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention. * *

Upon the 1st of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but, lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearance of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression at first upon the ignorant and timid, and extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity, in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjunctures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. They contended that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea, but expressed their fears that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind, which had hitherto been so favourable to their course, must render it impossible to sail in the opposite direction. All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety depended. Some of the more audacious proposed, as the most expeditious and certain method for getting rid at once of his remonstrances, to throw him into the sea, being persuaded that, upon their return to Spain, the death of an unsuccessful projector would excite little concern, and be inquired into with no curiosity.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed, with great uneasiness, the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavoured to work upon their ambition or avarice by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign if, by their dastardly behaviour, they should de-

feat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence, were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be shecked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the entreprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable; nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the Pinta observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the Nigna took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and during night the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Guttierez perceived it, and calling to Raledo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw

it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of *land! land!* was heard from the Pinta, which kept always a-head of the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the Pinta instantly began the *Te Deum,* as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of the admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike musik, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot on the new world which he had discovered. He landed in rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusty copper colour, their features singular rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well-shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their bodies, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first

through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawk-bells, glass beads, or other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes, and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, everything was conducted amicably and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country!

2) MARTIN LUTHER.

From the 'History of Charles V.'

While appearances of danger daily increased, and the tempest which had been so long a gathering was ready to break forth in all its violence against the Protestant church, Luther was saved, by a reasonable death, from feeling or beholding its destructive rage. Having gone, though in a declining state of health, and during a rigorous season, to his native city of Eysleben, in order to compose, by his authority, a dissension among the counts of Mansfield, he was seized with a violent inflammation in his stomach, which in a few days put an end to his life, in the sixty-third year of his age. As he was raised up by providence to be the author of one of the greatest and most interesting revolutions recorded in history, there is not any person, perhaps, whose character has been drawn with such opposite colours. In his own age, one party, struck with horror and inflamed with rage, when they saw with what a daring hand he overturned everything which they held to be sacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to him not only all the defects and vices of a man, but the qualities of a demon. The other, warmed with the admiration and gratitude which they thought he merited as the restorer of light and liberty to the Christian church, ascribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed all his actions with a veneration bordering on that which should be paid only to those who are guided by the immediate inspiration of heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undistinguishing censure or the exaggerated praise of his contemporaries, that ought to regulate the opinions of the present age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain his own system, abilities, both natural and acquired, to defend his principles, and unwearied industry in propagating them, are virtues which shine so conspicuously in every part of his behaviour, that even his enemies must allow him to have possessed them in an eminent degree. To these may be added, with equal justice, such purity and even austerity of manners as became one who assumed the character of a reformer; such sanctity of life as suited the doctrine which he delivered; and such perfect disinterestedness as affords no slight presumption of his sincerity. Superior to all selfish considerations, a stranger to the elegancies of life and despising its pleasures, he left the honours and emoluments of the church to his disciples, remaining satisfied himself in his original state of professor in the university, and pastor of the town of Wittemberg, with the moderate appointments annexed to these offices. His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconsiderable mixture of human frailty and human passions. These however, were of such a nature, that they cannot be imputed to malevolence or corruption of heart, but seem to have taken their rise from the same source with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations,

roused by great objects, or agitated by violent passions, broke out, on many occasions, with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feebler spirits, or such as are placed in a more tranquil situation. By carrying some praiseworthy dispositions to excess, he bordered sometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which exposed him to censure. His confidence that his own opinions were well-founded, approached to arrogance; his courage in asserting them, to rashness; his firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy; and his zeal in confuting his adversaries, to rage and scurrility. Accustomed himself to consider everything as subordinate to truth, he expected the same deference for it from other men; and without making any allowances for their timidity or prejudices, he poured forth against such as disappointed him, in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt. Regardless of any distinction of rank or character when his doctrines were attacked, he chastised all his adversaries indiscriminately with the same rough hand; neither the royal dignity of Henry VIII., nor the eminent learning and abilities of Erasmus, screened them from the same gross abuse with which he treated Tetzel or Eccius.

But these indecencies, of which Luther was guilty, must not be imputed wholly to the violence of his temper. They ought to be charged in part on the manners of the age. Among a rude people, unacquainted with those maxims which by putting continual restraint on the passions of individuals, have polished society and rendered it agreeable, disputes of every kind managed with heat, and strong emotions were uttered in their natural language without reserve or delicacy. At the same time the works of learned men were all composed in Latin, and they were not only authorised, by the example of eminent writers in that language to use their antagonists with the most illiberal scurrility; but in a dead tongue, indecencies of every kind appear less shocking than in a living language, whose idioms and phrases seem gross, because they are familiar.

In passing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by those of another; for although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs vary continually. Some parts of Luther's behaviour, which appear to us most culpable, gave no disgust to his contemporaries. It was even by some of those qualities, which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accomplishing the great work which he undertook. To rouse mankind, when sunk in ignorance or superstition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry armed with power, repuired the utmost vehemence of zeal, as well as a temper daring to excess. A gentle call would neither have reached nor have excited those to whom it was addressed. A spirit more amiable, but less vigorous than Luther's, would have shrunk back from the dangers which he braved and surmounted.

XII. GILBERT WHITE,

(1720 — 1793) veröffentlichte eine Anzahl an seine Freunde *Pennant* und *Daines Barrington* adressirte Briefe, welche Schilderungen der Naturscenen seines Kirchsprengels (Selborne in Hampshire) enthalten und kein geringes Genie für Landschaftsmalerei beurkunden. Nachstehendes Bruchstück, wie bescheiden auch dessen Thema sei, möge als Beweis sowohl seines grossen Talentes als auch der leichten Eleganz und Einfachheit seines Stiles dienen, der sein Buch zu einem der beliebtesten und gelesensten machte.

EVENING SPORTS OF THE ROOKS.

The evening proceedings and manoevres of the rooks are curious and amusing in the autumn. Just before dusk they return in long strings from the foraging of the day, and rendezvous by thousands over Selborne-down, where they wheel round in the air, and sport and dive in a playful manner, all the while exerting their voices, and cawing, which, being blended and softened by the distance that we at the village are below them, becomes a confused noise of chiding; or rather a pleasing murmur, very engaging to the imagination, and not unlike the cry of a pack of hounds in hollow echoing woods, or the rushing of the wind in tall trees, or the tumbling of the tide upon a pebbly shore. When this ceremony is over, with the last gleam of day they retire for the night to the deep beechen woods of Tisted and Ropley. We remember a little girl, who, as she was going to bed, used to remark on such an occurrence, in the true spirit of physico-theology, that the rooks were saying their prayers; and yet this child was much too young to be avare that the Scriptures have said of the Deity — that 'he feedeth the ravens who call upon him'!

XIII. WILLIAM GILPIN,

(1724—1804) ein Schriftsteller, dessen Werken: 'Remarks on Forest Scenery' und 'Observations on Picturesque Beauty' (1791) 'must be assigned a high place among works on the subject of taste and beauty, in which philosophical analysis and metaphysics are happily blended with the graces of refined thought and composition.' Namentlich sind die 'Remarks on Forest Scenery' reich an den herrlichsten Schilderungen und Beschreibungen, von deren Schönheit nachstehendes Bruchstück eine Idee geben wird:

SUNRISE AND SUNSET IN THE WOODS.

The first dawn of day exhibits a beautiful obscurity. When the east begins just to brighten with the reflections only of effulgence, a pleasing progressive light, dubious and amusing, is thrown over the face of things. A single ray is able to assist the picturesque eye, which by such slender aid creates a thousand imaginary forms, if the scene be unknown, and as the light steals gradually on, is amused by correcting its vague ideas by the real objects. What in the confusion of twilight perhaps seemed a stretch of rising ground, broken into various parts, becomes now vast masses of wood and an extent of forest.

As the sun begins to appear above the horizon, another change takes place. What was before only form, being now enlightened, begins to receive effect. This effect depends on two circumstances — the catching lights which touch the summits of every object and the mistiness in which the rising orb is commonly enveloped.

The effect is often pleasing when the sun rises in unsullied brightness, diffusing its ruddy light over the upper parts of objects, which is contrasted by the deeper shadows below; yet the effect is then only transcendent when he rises accompanied by a train of vapours in a misty atmosphere. Among lakes and mountains this happy accompaniment often forms the most astonishing visions, and yet in the forest it is nearly as great. With that delightful effect do we sometimes see the sun's disk just appear above a woody hill, or, in Shakspeare's language,

> Stand tiptoe on the misty mountain's top,

and dart his diverging rays through the rising vapour. The radiance, catching the tops of the trees as they hang midway upon the shaggy

steep, and touching here and there a few other prominent objects, imperceptibly mixes its ruddy tint with the surrounding mists, setting on fire, as it were, their upper parts, while their lower skirts are lost in a dark mass of varied confusion, in which trees, and ground, and radiance, and obscurity are all blended together. When the eye is fortunate enough to catch the glowing instant (for it is always a vanishing scene), it furnishes an idea worth treasuring among the choicest appearances of nature. Mistiness alone, we have observed, occasions a confusion in objects which is often picturesque; but the glory of the vision depends on the glowing lights which are mingled with it.

Landscape painters, in general, pay too little attention to the discriminations of morning and evening. We are often at a loss to distinguish in pictures the rising from the setting sun, though their characters are very different both in the lights and shadows. The ruddy lights, indeed, of the evening are more easily distinguished, but it is not perhaps always sufficiently observed that the shadows of the evening are much less opaque than those of the morning. They may be brightened perhaps by the numberless rays floating in that atmosphere, which are incessantly reverberated in every direction, and may continue in action after the sun is set; whereas in the morning the rays of the preceding day having subsided, no object receives any light but from the immediate lustre of the sun. Whatever becomes of the theory, the fact, I believe, is well ascertained.

The incidental beauties which the meridian sun exhibits are much fewer than those of the rising sun. In summer, when he rides high at noon, and sheds his perpendicular ray, all is illumination; there is no shadow to balance such a glare of light, no contrast to oppose it. The judicious artist, therefore, rarely represents his objects under a vertical sun. And yet no species of landscape bears it so well as the scenes of the forest. The tuftings of the trees, the recesses among them, and the lighter foliage hanging over the darker, may all have an effect under a meridian sun. I speak chiefly, however, of the internal scenes of the forest, which bear such total brightness better than any other, as in them there is generally a natural gloom to balance it. The light obstructed by close intervening trees will rarely predominate; hence the effect is often fine. A strong sunshine striking a wood through some fortunate chasm, and reposing on the tuftings of a clump, just removed from the eye, and strengthened by the deep shadows of the trees behind, appears to great advantage; especially if some noble tree, standing on the foreground in deep shadow, flings athwart the sky its dark branches, here and there illumined with a splendid touch of light.

In an open country, the most fortunate circumstance that attends a meridian sun is cloudy weather, which occasions partial lights. Then it is that the distant forest scene is spread with lengthened gleams, while the other part of the landscape are in shadow; the tuftings of trees are particularly adapted to catch this effect with advantage; there is a richness in them from the strong opposition of light and shade, which is wonderfully fine. A distant forest thus illumined wants only a foreground to make it highly picturesque.

As the sun descends, the effect of its illumination becomes stronger. It is a doubt whether the rising or the setting sun is more picturesque. The great beauty of both depends on the contrast between splendour and obscurity. But this contrast is produced by these different incidents in different ways. The grandest effects of the rising sun are produced by the vapours which envelope it — the setting sun rests its glory on the gloom which often accompanies its parting rays. A depth of shadow hanging over the eastern hemisphere gives the beams of the setting sun such powerful effect, that although in fact they are by no means equal to the splendour of a meridian sun, yet through force of contrast they appear superior. A distant forest scene under this brigthened gloom is particularly rich, and glows

with double splendour. The verdure of the summer leaf, and the varied tints of the autumnal one, are all lighted up with the most resplendent colours.

The internal parts of the forest are not so happily disposed to catch the effects of a setting sun. The meridian ray, we have seen, may dart through the openings at the top, and produce a picture, but the flanks of the forest are generally too well guarded against its horizontal beams. Sometimes a recess fronting the west may receive a beautiful light, spreading in a lenghtened gleam amidst the gloom of the woods which surround it; but this can only be had in the outskirts of the forest. Sometimes also we find in its internal parts, though hardly in its deep recesses, splendid lights here and there catching the foliage, which though in nature generally too scattered to produce an effect, yet, if judiciously collected, may be beautiful on canvass.

We sometimes also see in a woody scene coruscations like a bright star, occasioned by a sunbeam darting through an eyelet hole among the leaves. Many painters, and especially Rubens, have been fond of introducing this radiant spot in their landscapes. But in painting, it is one of those trifles which produces no effect, nor can this radiance be given. In poetry, indeed, it may produce a pleasing image. Shakspeare has introduced it beautifully, where, speaking of the force of truth entering a guilty conscience, he compares it to the sun, which

Fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole.

It is one of those circumstances which poetry may offer to the imagination, but the pencil cannot well produce to the eye.

XIV. OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

geb. 1729 in Irland, gest. 1774. Studirte zu Dublin und Edinburg Medicin. Die Gutmüthigkeit, womit er für einen Freund Bürgschaft leistete, nöthigte ihn sein Vaterland zu verlassen; er durchwanderte einen Theil von Holland und Deutschland in den dürftigsten Umständen, ging dann nach Genf, wo er die Erziehung eines reichen jungen Engländers übernahm, mit dem er die Schweiz und Frankreich bereiste. Im J. 1758 nach Engl. zurückgekehrt, arbeitete er anfangs bei einem Apotheker als Gehülfe und erhielt später eine Lehrerstelle in Packham. Einige Gedichte, die er veröffentlichte — 'The Traveller,' 'The Deserted Village' — fanden Beifall, wodurch er veranlasst wurde, sich ganz der literarischen Thätigkeit zu widmen. Durch den Ertrag seines 'Vicar of Wakefield' (1766) verbesserte sich seine Lage; er schrieb nun mehre Lustspiele und die 'History of England, in a series of Letters,' (London, 4 Bde. 1772), eine 'Roman History' 1775 und in demselben Jahre die 'Grecian History.' Ausserdem verdanken wir ihm eine vorzügliche Biographie des Dichters *Parnell*. — Wahrheit der Charaktere, Einfachheit des Stils und gefühlvolle Darstellung haben seinen 'Vicar of Wakefield' mit Recht zu einem der beliebtesten Romane gemacht.

1) THE DISABLED SOLDIER.

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than that one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers; the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious

of several others sympathising with their distress, and have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniencies of the great are magnified into calamities, while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them; and were sure of subsistence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his distress. The disabled soldier, (for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit,) scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself in an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows: —

'As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven! that I have to complain: there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.'

'I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved at least to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that, I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up

both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.'

'In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it: — well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me; he called me a poacher and a villain: and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but, though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account; and so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my belly full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months; put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, (for I did not know my letters,) I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.'

'When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so I did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.'

'I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang: I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier: I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.'

'When the peace came on I was discharged; and as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East-India Company's service. I have fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe, that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.'

'The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham to be idle; but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost my money.'

'Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not

used to live in a jail; but for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was asleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, (for I always loved to lie well,) I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark-lantern in his hand: 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock out the French sentries' brains?' — 'I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, 'if I lend a hand,' — 'Then follow me,' says he, 'and I hope we shall do their business.' — So up I got, and tied my blanket (which was all the clothes I had) about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.'

'Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, were both the sentries were posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay; and, seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands, and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind: but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.'

'I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest; but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that in that engagement, I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers off the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and the use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not on board a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintainance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God! I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England, — Liberty, Property, and Old England for ever, huzza!

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

A FABLE.

Once upon a time, a Giant and a Dwarf were friends, and kept together. They made a bargain that they would never forsake each other, but go seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens, and the Dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen but very little injury, who lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor Dwarf's arm. He was now in a woeful plight; but the Giant coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the Dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite. They then travelled on to another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded Satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The Dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before: but for all that, struck the first blow; which was returned by another, that knocked out his eye: but the Giant was soon up with them, and had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel, who was relieved fell in love with the Giant, and married him. They now travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. The Giant, for the first time, was foremost now; but the Dwarf

was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the Giant came, all fell before him; but the Dwarf had like to have been killed more than once. At last the victory declared for the two adventurers: but the Dwarf lost his leg. The Dwarf had now lost an arm, a leg and an eye, while the Giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion! 'My little hero, this is glorious sport; let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honour for ever.' — 'No,' cries the Dwarf, who was by this time grown wiser, 'no, I declare off; I'll fight no more: for I find in every battle that you get all the honour and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me.'

XVI. Dr. JOHN MORE,

geb. 1729 zu Stirling, gest. 1802 zu Richmond. Er war der Sohn eines Predigers und wurde nach dem Tode seines Vaters, der eine zahlreiche Familie hinterliess, von seinen reichen Verwandten gut erzogen und auf die Universität zu Glasgow geschickt, wo er Medizin studirte. In seinem 19. Jahre machte er bereits als Militärarzt die Campagne in Flandern mit, war dann Hausarzt beim Grafen v. *Albemarle* und liess sich endlich in Glasgow fest nieder. Im J. 1772 folgte er einer Einladung des Herzogs von *Hamilton* dessen Sohn auf einer Reise durch Europa zu begleiten und brachte fünf Jahre in Frankreich, der Schweiz, Deutschland und Italien zu. Früchte dieser Reise waren: 'View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland and Germany' (1779. 2. Bde.), ein Werk, das allgemeine Anerkennung fand. Im J. 1781 erschienen seine 'Medical Sketches' und 1786 der Roman 'Zeluco: Various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, Foreign and Domestic,' der die Tendenz hatte zu beweisen, dass trotz der heitersten und glücklichsten Aussenseite ein inneres nagendes Elend der Begleiter des Lasters ist. Nachfolgendes Bruchstück ist demselben entlehnt. Fernere Werke von ihm sind: 'A Journal During a Residence in France' 1793. 'A View of the Causes and Progress of the French Revolution' 1794; ein äusserst werthvolles Werk, das *Sir Walter Scott* zu seiner Geschichte der franz. Revolution viel benutzte; 'Edward: Various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, chiefly in England' (1796) und 'Mordaunt: Sketches of Life, Character and Manners, in Various Countries, including the Memoirs of a French Lady of Quality' — *More* ist ein ebenso sorgfältiger Beobachter und grosser Menschenkenner, als gewandter Portraitmaler; doch stand er immer ausserhalb des Kreises seiner romantischen Schöpfungen, die mehr die Frucht seiner Beobachtungen als die Gebilde seiner Phantasie waren.

DISPUTE AND DUEL BETWEEN TWO SCOTCH SERVANTS IN ITALY.

(From 'Zeluco').

(Duncan Targe, a hot Highlander, who had been out in the Forty-Five, and George Buchanan, born and educated among the Whigs of the west of Scotland, both serving-men in Italy, meet and dine together during the absence of their masters. After dinner, and the bottle having circulated freely, they disagree as to politics, Targe being a keen Jacobite, and the other a stanch Whig.)

Buchanan filled a bumper, and gave, for the toast, 'The Land of Cakes!'

This immediately dispersed the cloud which began to gather on the other's brow.

Targe drank the toast with enthusiasm, saying, 'May the Almighty pour his blessings on every hill and valley in it! that is the worst wish, Mr. Buchanan, that I shall ever wish to that land.'

'It would delight your heart to behold the flourishing condition it is now in,' replied

Buchanan; 'it was fast improving when I left it, and I have been credibly informed since that it is now a perfect garden.'

'I am very happy to hear it,' said Targe.

'Indeed,' added Buchanan, 'it has been in a state of rapid improvement ever since the Union.'

'Confound the Union!' cried Targe; 'it would have improved much faster without it.'

'I am not quite clear on that point, Mr. Targe,' said Buchanan.

'Depend upon it,' replied Targe, 'the Union was the worst treaty that Scotland ever made.'

'I shall admit,' said Buchanan, 'that she might have made a better; but, bad as it is, our country reaps some advantage from it.'

'All the advantages are on the side of England.'

'What do you think, Mr. Targe,' said Buchanan, 'of the increase of trade since the Union, and the riches which have flowed into the Lowlands of Scotland from that quarter?'

'Think,' cried Targe; 'why, I think they have done a great deal of mischief to the Lowlands of Scotland.'

'How so, my good friend?' said Buchanan,

'By spreading luxury among the inhabitants, the never-failing forerunner of effeminacy of manners. Why, I was assured,' continued Targe, 'by Sergeant Lewis Macneil, a Highland gentleman in the Prussian service, that the Lowlanders, in some parts of Scotland, are now very little better than so many English.'

'O fie!' cried Buchanan; 'things are not come to that pass as yet, Mr. Targe: your friend, the sergeant, assuredly exaggerates.'

'I hope he does,' replied Targe; 'but you must acknowledge,' continued he, 'that by the Union Scotland has lost her existence as an independent state; her name is swallowed up in that of England? Only read the English newspapers; they mention England, as if it were the name of the whole island. They talk of the English army, the English fleet, the English everything. They never mention Scotland, except when one of our countrymen happens to get an office under government; we are then told, with some stale gibe, that the person is a Scotchman: or, which happens still more rarely, when any of them are condemned to die at Tyburn, particular care is taken to inform the public that the criminal is originally from Scotland! But if fifty Englishmen get places, or are hanged, in one year, no remarks are made.'

'No,' said Buchanan; 'in that case it is passed over as a thing of course.'

The conversation then taking another turn, Targe, who was a great genealogist, descanted on the antiquity of certain gentlemen's families in the Highlands; which, he asserted, were far more honourable than most of the noble families either in Scotland or England. 'Is it not shameful,' added he, 'that a parcel of mushroom lords, mere sprouts from the dunghills of law or commerce, the grandsons of grocers and attorneys, should take the pass of gentlemen of the oldest families in Europe?'

'Why, as for that matter,' replied Buchanan, 'provided the grandsons of grocers or attorneys are deserving citizens, I do not perceive why they shoud be excluded from the king's favour more than other men.'

'But some of them never drew a sword in defence of either their king or country,' rejoined Targe.

'Assuredly,' said Buchanan, 'men may deserve honour and pre-eminence by other means than by drawing their swords. I could name a man who was no soldier, and yet did more honour to his country than all the soldiers, or lords, or lairds of the age in which he lived.'

'Who was he?' said Targe.

'The man whose name I have the honour to bear,' replied the other; 'the great George Buchanan.'

'Who? Buchanan the historian?' cried Targe.

'Ay, the very same!' replied Buchanan in a loud voice, being now a little heated with wine and elevated with vanity on account of his name. 'Why, sir,' continued he, 'George

Buchanan was not only the most learned man, but also the best poet of his time.'

'Perhaps he might,' said Targe coldly.

'Perhaps!' repeated Buchanan; 'there is no dubitation in the case. Do you remember his description of his own country and countrymen?'

'I cannot say I do,' replied Targe.

'Then I will give you a sample of his versification,' said Buchanan, who immediately repeated, with an enthusiastic emphasis, the following lines from Buchanan's Epithalamium on the Marriage of Francis the Dauphin with Mary Queen of Scots:—

Illa pharetratis est propria gloria Scotis,
Cingere venatu saltus, superare natando
Flumina, ferre famem, contemnere frigora et æstus,
Nec fossa et muris patriam, sed marte tueri,
Et spreta incolumem vita defendere famam;
Polliciti servare fidem, sanctumque vereri
Numen amicitiæ, mores, non munus amare
Artibus his, totum fremerunt cum bella per orbem,
Nullaque non leges tellus mutaret avitas
Externo subjecta jugo, gens una vetustis
Sedibus antiqua sub libertate resedit.
Substitit hic Gothi furor, hic gravis impetus hæsit
Saxonis, hic Cimber superato Saxone, et acri
Perdomito, Neuster Cimbro.

'I cannot recollect any more.'

'You have recollected too much for me,' said Targe; 'for although I was several years at an academy in the Highlands, yet I must confess I am no great Latin scholar.'

'But the great Buchanan,' said the other, 'was the best Latin scholar in Europe; he wrote that language as well as Livy or Horace.'

'I shall not dispute it,' said Targe.

'And was, over and above, a man of the first-rate genius!' continued Buchanan with exultation.

'Well, well; all that may be,' replied Targe a little peevishly; 'but let me tell you one thing, Mr. Buchanan, if he would have swopt*) one-half of his genius for a little more honesty, he would have made an advantageous exchange, although he had thrown all his Latin into the bargain.'

'In what did he ever show any want of honesty?' said Buchanan.

'In calumniating and endeavouring to blacken the reputation of his rightful sovereign, Mary Queen of Scots,' replied Targe, 'the most beautiful and accomplished princess that ever sat on a throne.'

'I have nothing to say either against her beauty or her accomplishments,' resumed Buchanan; 'but surely, Mr. Targe, you must acknowledge that she was a —?'

'Have a care what you say, sir!' interrupted Targe; 'I'll permit no man that ever wore breeches to speak disrespectfully of that unfortunate queen!'

'No man that ever wore either breeches or a philabeg,' replied Buchanan, 'shall prevent me from speaking the truth when I see occasion!'

'Speak as much truth as you please, sir,' rejoined Targe; 'but I declare that no man shall calumniate the memory of that beautiful and unfortunate princess in my presence while I can wield a claymore.'

'If you should wield fifty claymores, you cannot deny that she was a Papist!' said Buchanan.

'Well, sir!' cried Targe, 'what then? She was, like other people, of the religion in which she was bred.'

'I do not know where you may have been bred, Mr. Targe,' said Buchanan; 'for aught I know, you may be an adherent to the worship of the scarlet lady yourself. Unless that is the case, you ought not to interest yourself in the reputation of Mary Queen of Scots.'

'I fear you are too nearly related to the false slanderer whose name you bear!' said Targe.

'I glory in the name; and should think myself greatly obliged to any man who could prove my relation to the great George Buchanan!' cried the other.

*) To swop is an old English word still used in Scotland, signifying to exchange.

'He was nothing but a disloyal calumniator,' cried Targe; 'who attempted to support falsehoods by forgeries, which, I thank Heaven, are now fully detected!'

'You are thankful for a very small mercy,' resumed Buchanan; 'but since you provoke me to it, I will tell you, in plain English, that your bonny Queen Mary was the strumpet of Bothwell and the murderer of her husband!'

No sooner had he uttered the last sentence, than Targe flew at him like a tiger, and they were separated with difficulty by Mr. N—'s groom, who was in the adjoining chamber, and had heard the altercation.

'I insist on your giving me satisfaction, or retracting what you have said against the beautiful Queen of Scotland!' cried Targe.

'As for retracting what I have said,' replied Buchanan, 'that is no habit of mine; but, with regard to giving you satisfaction, I am ready for that to the best of my ability; for let me tell you, sir, though I am not a Highlandman, I am a Scotchman as well as yourself, and not entirely ignorant of the use of the claymore; so name your hour, and I will meet you to-morrow morning.'

'Why not directly?' cried Targe; 'there is nobody in the garden to interrupt us.'

'I should have chosen to have settled some things first; but since you are in such a hurry, I will not baulk you. I will step home for my sword and be with you directly,' said Buchanan.

The groom interposed, and endeavoured to reconcile the two enraged Scots, but without success. Buchanan soon arrived with his sword, and they retired to a private spot in the garden. The groom next tried to persuade them to decide their difference by fair boxing. This was rejected by both the champions as a mode of fighting unbecoming gentlemen. The groom asserted that the best gentlemen in England sometimes fought in that manner, and gave, as an instance. a boxing match, of which he himself had been a witness, between Lord G.'s gentleman and a gentleman-farmer at York races about the price of a mare.

'But our quarrel,' said Targe, 'is about the reputation of a queen.'

'That, for certain,' replied the groom, 'makes a difference.'

Buchanan unsheathed his sword.

'Are you ready, sir,' cried Targe.

'That I am. Come on, sir,' said Buchanan; 'and the Lord be with the righteous.'

'Amen!' cried Targe; and the conflict began.

Both the combatants understood the weapon they fought with; and each parried his adversary's blows with such dexterity, that no blood was shed for some time. At length Targe, making a feint at Buchanan's head, gave him suddenly a severe wound in the thigh.

'I hope you are now sensible of your error?' said Targe, dropping his point.

'I am of the same opinion I was!' cried Buchanan; 'so keep your guard.' So saying, he advanced more briskly than ever upon Targe, who, after warding off several strokes, wounded his antagonist a second time. Buchanan, however, showed no disposition to relinquish the combat. But this second wound being in the forehead, and the blood flowing with profusion into his eyes, he could no longer see distinctly, but was obliged to flourish his sword at random, without being able to perceive the movements of his adversary, who, closing with him, became master of his sword, and with the same effort threw him to the ground; and, standing over him, he said, 'This may convince you, Mr. Buchanan, that yours is not the righteous cause! You are in my power; but I will act as the queen whose character I defend would order were she alive. I hope you will live to repent of the injustice you have done to that amiable and unfortunate princess.' He then assisted Buchanan to rise. Buchanan made no immediate answer: but when he saw Targe assisting the groom to stop the blood which flowed from his wounds, he said, 'I must acknowledge, Mr Targe, that you behave like a gentleman.'

After the bleeding was in some degree di-

minished by the dry lint which the groom, who was an excellent farrier, applied to the wounds, they assisted him to his chamber, and then the groom rode away to inform Mr N— of what had happened. But the wound becoming more painful, Targe proposed sending for a surgeon. Buchanan then said that the surgeon's mate belonging to one of the ships of the British squadron then in the bay was, he believed, on shore and as he was a Scotchman, he would like to employ him rather than a foreigner. Having mentioned where he lodged, one of Mr N—'s footmen went immediately for him. He returned soon after, saying that the surgeon's mate was not at his lodging, nor expected for some hours. 'But I will go and bring the French surgeon,' continued the footman.

'I thank you, Mr. Thomas,' said Buchanan; 'but I will have patience till my own countryman returns.'

'He may not return for a long time,' said Thomas. 'You had best let me run for the French surgeon, who, they say, has a great deal of skill.'

'I am obliged to you, Mr. Thomas,' added Buchanan; 'but neither Frenchman nor Spanishman shall dress my wounds when a Scottishman is to be found for love or money.'

'They are to be found, for the one or the other, as I am credibly informed, in most parts of the world,' said Thomas.

'As my countrymen,' replied Buchanan, 'are distinguished for letting slip no means of improvement, it would be very strange if many of them did not use that of travelling, Mr. Thomas.'

'It would be very strange indeed, I own it,' said the footman.

'But are you certain of this young man's skill in his business when he does come?' said Targe.

'I confess I have had no opportunity to know anything of his skill,' answered Buchanan; 'but I know, for certain, that he is sprung from very respectable people. His father is a minister of the gospel, and it is not likely that his father's son will be deficient in the profession to which he was bred.'

'It would be still less likely had the son been bred to preaching!' said Targe.

'That is true,' replied Buchanan; 'but I have no doubt of the young man's skill: he seems to be a very douce*) lad. It will be an encouragement to him to see that I prefer him to another, and also a comfort to me to be attended by my countryman.'

'Countryman or not countryman,' said Thomas, 'he will expect to be paid for his trouble as well as another.'

'Assuredly,' said Buchanan; 'but it was always a maxim with me, and shall be to my dying day, that we should give our own fishguts to our own sea-mews.'

'Since you are so fond of your own seamews,' said Thomas, 'I am surprised you were so eager to destroy Mr. Targe there.'

'That proceeded from a difference in politics, Mr. Thomas,' replied Buchanan, 'in which the best of friends are apt to have a misunderstanding; but though I am a Whig and he is a Tory, I hope we are both honest men; and as he behaved generously when my life was in his power, I have no scruple in saying that I am sorry for having spoken disrespectfully of any person, dead or alive, for whom he has an esteem.'

'Mary Queen of Scots acquired the esteem of her very enemies,' resumed Targe. 'The elegance and engaging sweetness of her manners were irresistible to every heart that was not steeled by prejudice or jealousy.'

'She it now in the hands of a Judge,' said Buchanan, 'who can neither be seduced by fair appearances, nor imposed on by forgeries and fraud.'

'She is so, Mr. Buchanan,' replied Targe; 'and her rival and accusers are in the hands of the same Judge.'

*) A Scottish expression, meaning gentle and well-disposed.

'We had best leave them all to His justice and mercy then, and say no more on the subject,' added Buchanan; 'for if Queen Mary's conduct on earth was what you believe it was, she will receive her reward in heaven, where her actions and sufferings are recorded.'

'One thing more I will say,' rejoined Targe, 'and that is only to ask of you whether it is probable that a woman, whose conscience was loaded with the crimes imputed to her, could have closed the varied scene of her life, and have met death with such serene and dignified courage as Mary did?'

'I always admired that last awful scene,' replied Buchanan, who was melted by the recollection of Mary's behaviour on the scaffold; 'and I will freely acknowledge that the most innocent person that ever lived, or the greatest hero recorded in history, could not face death with greater composure than the queen of Scotland: she supported the dignity of a queen while she displayed the meekness of a Christian.'

'I am exceedingly sorry, my dear friend, for the misunderstanding that happened between us!' said Targe affectionately, and holding forth his hand in token of reconciliation: 'and I am now willing to believe that your friend, Mr. George Buchanan, was a very great poet, and understood Latin as well as any man alive!' Here the two friends shook hands with the utmost cordiality.

XVII. EDMUND BURKE,

geb. zu Dublin, 1. Jan. 1730, gest. zu London, 9. Juli 1797, war der Sohn eines Sachwalters, erhielt seine Bildung im Trinity College seiner Vaterstadt und widmete sich seit 1750 dem Studium der Rechtswissenschaft zu London, wo er mit wenigen Unterbrechungen bis zu seinem Tode lebte. Im J. 1756 veröffentlichte er seine berühmte: 'Vindication of Natural Society,' eine Nachahmung des Stils und eine Parodie der Philosophie *Bolingbroke's*, und in demselben Jahre seine: 'Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful.' 1757 erschien, anonym, sein 'Account of the European Settlements in America' und 1759 der erste Band des 'Annual Register,' dessen Herausgabe er mehre Jahre besorgte. Im J. 1761 trat er ins öffentliche Leben, indem er die Stelle eines Privatsekretairs bei dem Staatssekretair für Irland übernahm, die ihn auch einige Zeit wieder in sein Vaterland führte. 1766 wurde er ins Parlament gewählt, wo seine erste Rede, gegen die Stempeltaxe, solches Aufsehn erregte, dass sie sogar öffentlich vom Grafen *Chatham* gelobt wurde. Von jetzt ab veröffentlichte er bis zu seinem Tode eine Reihe politischer Schriften, die durch glänzenden Stil und kräftige Sprache alle frühern Schriften der Art bei Weitem übertreffen. 1775 legte er dem Parlamente seine bekannten Vorschläge zur friedlichen Ausgleichung mit Amerika vor, die jedoch verworfen wurden. 1782 wurde er Generalzahlmeister der Armee und Mitglied des Geheimen Rathes, bis *Pitt* das Staatsruder ergriff. Die franz. Revolution fand in ihm den heftigsten Gegner, was seinen Bruch mit *Fox* veranlasste; er glaubte nicht an die Möglichkeit einer plötzlichen und vollständigen Umgestaltung der Constitution eines grossen Landes. Dass der ihm oft gemachte Vorwurf, er sei von der Regierung durch eine Pension zu dieser energischen Opposition erkauft worden, gänzlich unbegründet war, geht schon daraus hervor, dass er diese Unterstützung erst fünf Jahre später erhielt. 1794 zog er sich ganz von dem öffentlichen Leben zurück; ihm folgte der Ruf eines Mannes von umfassendem Geiste, ungemeiner Beredtsamkeit und edlem Charakter. — Seine geschätztesten Schriften sind: 'Thoughts on the Cause of the Present

Discontents' 1770; 'Reflections on the Revolution in France' 1790; 'Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs' 1792; 'Letter to a Noble Lord on his Pension' 1796; 'Letters (4) on a Regicide Peace, addressed to a Member of the Present Parliament on the Proposals for Peace with the Regicide Directors of France,' 1796 und 1797, vielleicht das Energischste, was die engl. Literatur aufzuweisen hat. Dazu kommen viele seiner Reden, von denen wir folgende nennen wollen: 'On American Taxation' 1774; 'On Conciliation with America' 1775; 'On the Economical Reform Bill' 1780; 'Mr. Burke's Speech in the Guildhall at Bristol, previous to his Election' 1780, die für eine seiner vorzüglichsten gehalten wird; 'On Mr. Fox's India Bill' 1783; 'On the Nabob of Arcot's Debts' 1785; 'Speeches delivered at the Bar of the House of Lords on the Impeachment of Mr. Hastings' 1789, vielleicht seine glänzendsten. — Eine vollständige Sammlung seiner Schriften erschien in 16 Bdn., Lond. 1830. Vergl. 'The Life of Edm. Burke, by Rich. Bisset,' Lond. 1798 und 'Memoirs of the Life and Character of Edm. Burke, by James Prior,' 2 Bde. London, 1827.

1) DESTRUCTION OF THE CARNATIC.

(From Speech on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts, 1785.*)*

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country, possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals, a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on the menacing meteor which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from the flaming villages, in part were slaughtered: others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities; but, escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal; and all was done by charity that private charity could do: but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation that stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austerest fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, al-

most without complaint, perished by a hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is: but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march did they not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the whole region. * * The Carnatic is a country not much inferior in extent to England. Figure to yourself, Mr. Speaker, the land in whose representative chair you sit; figure to yourself the form and fashion of your sweet and cheerful country from Thames to Trent, north and south, and from the Irish to the German Sea east and west, emptied and embowelled (may God avert the omen of our crimes!) by so accomplished a desolation!

2) THE BRITISH MONARCHY.

The learned professors of the rights of man regard prescription, not as a title to bar all claim, set up against old possession, but they look on prescription itself as a bar against the possessor and proprietor. They hold an immemorial possession to be no more than a long continued, and therefore, an aggravated injustice. Such are their ideas, such their religion, and such their law. But as to our country and our race, as long as the well-compacted structure of our church and state, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of the ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple, shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Sion — as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the state, shall, like the proud keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers — as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land, so long the mounds and dikes of the low fat Bedford Level will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of the levellers of France. As long as our sovereign lord the king, and his faithful subjects, the lords and commons of this realm — the triple cord which no man can break; the solemn, sworn, constitutional frankpledge of this nation; the firm guarantee of each other's being and each other's rights; the joint and several securities, each in its place and order for every kind and every quality of property and of dignity — as long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe; und we are all safe together — the high from the blights of envy and the spoliations of rapacity; the low from the iron hand of oppression and the insolent spurn of contempt.

3) MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

(From 'Reflections on the Revolution in France.')

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in — glittering like the morning star full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, of honour, and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of that heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

XVIII. Dr. BEATTIE,

geb. 1736, gest. 1803. Sein Werk 'Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in Opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism' (1770) ist zwar mit vielem Eifer für die Sache und in so glücklicher populärer Haltung geschrieben, dass es einen seltenen Beifall fand, aber trotzdem jetzt vergessen, oder wird wenigstens den elegant geschriebenen 'Dissertations, Moral and Critical' (denen wir nachstehendes Bruchstück entlehnen) nachgesetzt. Seine 'Essays on Poetry, Music &c' so wie die 'Elements of Moral Science' werden wegen *B's.* 'lively relish for the sublime and beautiful, his clear and elegant style' noch immer geschätzt.

ON THE LOVE OF NATURE.

(From 'Beattie's Essays.')

Homer's beautiful description of the heavens and earth, as they appear in a calm evening by the light of the moon and stars, concludes with this circumstance — 'And the heart of the shepherd is glad.' Madame Dacier, from the turn she gives to the passage in her version, seems to think, and Pope, in order perhaps to make out his couplet, insinuates, that the gladness of the shepherd is owing to his sense of the utility of those luminaries. And this may in part be the case; but this is not in Homer; nor is it a necessary consideration. It is true that, in contemplating the material universe, they who discern the causes and effects of things must be more rapturously entertained than those who perceive nothing but shape and size, colour and motion. Yet, in the mere outside of nature's works (if I may so express myself), there is a splendour and a magnificence to which even untutored minds cannot attend without great delight.

Not that all peasants or all philosophers are equally susceptible of these charming impressions. It is strange to observe the callousness of some men, before whom all the glories of heaven and earth pass in daily succession, without touching their hearts, elevating their fancy, or leaving any durable remembrance. Even of those who pretend to sensibility, how many are there to whom the lustre of the rising or setting sun, the sparkling concave of the midnight sky, the mountain forest tossing and roaring to the storm, or warbling with all the melodies of a summer evening; the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn, and water, which an extensive landscape offers to the view; the scenery of the ocean, so lovely, so majestic, and so tremendous, and the many pleasing varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdom, could never afford so much real satisfaction as the steams and noise of a ball-room, the insipid fiddling and squeaking of an opera, or the vexations and wranglings of a card-table!

But some minds there are of a different make, who, even in the early part of life, receive from the contemplation of nature a species of delight which they would hardly exchange for any other; and who, as avarice and ambition are not the infirmities of that period, would, with equal sincerity and rapture, exclaim —

'I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living stream at eve.'

Such minds have always in them the seeds of true taste, and frequently of imitative genius. At least, though their enthusiastic or visionary turn of mind, as the man of the world would call it, should not always incline them to practise poetry or painting, we need not scruple to affirm that, without some portion of this enthusiasm, no person ever became a true poet or painter. For he who would imitate the works of nature, must first accurately observe them, and accurate observation is to be expected from those only who take great pleasure in it.

To a mind thus disposed, no part of creation is indifferent. In the crowded city and howling wilderness, in the cultivated province and solitary isle, in the flowery lawn and craggy mountain, in the murmur of the rivulet and in the uproar of the ocean, in the radiance of summer and gloom of winter, in the thunder of heaven and in the whisper of the breeze, he still finds something to rouse or to soothe his imagination, to draw forth his affections, or to employ his understanding. And from every mental energy that is not attended with pain, and even from some of those that are, as moderate terror and pity, a sound mind derives satisfaction; exercise being equally necessary to the body and the soul, and to both equally productive of health and pleasure.

This happy sensibility to the beauties of nature should be cherished in young persons. It engages them to contemplate the Creator in his wonderful works; it purifies and harmonises the soul, and prepares it for moral and intellectual discipline; it supplies a never-failing source of amusement; it contributes even to bodily health; and, as a strict analogy subsists between material and moral beauty, it leads the heart by an easy transition from the one to the other, and thus recommends virtue for its transcendent loveliness, and makes vice appear the object of contempt and abomination. An intimate acquaintance with the best descriptive poets—Spenser, Milton, and Thomson, but above all with the divine Georgic—joined to some practice in the art of drawing, will promote this amiable sensibility in early years; for then the face of nature has novelty superadded to its other charms, the passions are not pre-engaged, the heart is free from care, and the imagination warm and romantic.

But not to insist longer on those ardent emotions that are peculiar to the enthusiastic disciple of nature, may it not be affirmed of all men without exception, or at least of all

the enlightened part of mankind, that they are gratified by the contemplation of things natural as opposed to unnatural? Monstrous sights please but for a moment, if they please at all; for they derive their charm from the beholder's amazement, which is quickly over. I have read, indeed, of a man of rank in Sicily who chooses to adorn his villa with pictures and statues of most unnatural deformity; but it is a singular instance; and one would not be much more surprised to hear of a person living without food, or growing fat by the use of poison. To say of anything that it is contrary to nature, denotes censure and disgust on the part of the speaker; as the epithet natural intimates an agreeable quality, and seems for the most part to imply that a thing is as it ought to be, suitable to our own taste, and congenial with our own constitution. Think with what sentiments we should peruse a poem in which nature was totally misrepresented, and principles of thought and of operation supposed to take place repugnant to everything we had seen or heard of; in which, for example, avarice and coldness were ascribed to youth, and prodigality and passionate attachment to the old; in which men were made to act at random, sometimes according to character, and sometimes contrary to it; in which cruelty and envy were productive of love, and beneficence and kind affection of hatred; in which beauty was invariably the object of dislike, and ugliness of desire; in which society was rendered happy by atheism and the promiscuous perpetration of crimes, and justice and fortitude were held in universal contempt. Or think how we should relish a painting where no regard was had to the proportions, colours, or any of the physical laws of nature; where the ears and eyes of animals were placed in their shoulders; where the sky was green, and the grass crimson; where trees grew with their branches in the earth, and their roots in the air; where men were seen fighting after their heads were cut off, ships sailing on the land, lions entangled in cobwebs, sheep preying on dead carcasses, fishes sporting in the woods, and elephants walking on the sea. Could such figures and combinations give pleasure, or merit the appellation of sublime or beautiful? Should we hesitate to pronounce their author mad? And are the absurdities of madmen proper subjects either of amusement or of imitation to reasonable beings?

XIX. EDWARD GIBBON,

geb. 1737 zu Putney in Surrey, gest. 1794, zeigte schon auf der Schule Neigung zu historischen Studien. In seinem 15. Jahre bezog er die Universität Oxford, die er aber in Folge seines Uebertrittes zur katholischen Religion verlassen musste. Sein Vater hielt es für nothwendig, ihn ins Ausland und zwar nach Lausanne zu schicken, wo es dem Geistlichen Pavilliard, dessen Leitung er anvertraut wurde, gelang, ihn zum Protestantismus zurückzuführen. Nach Engl. zurückgekehrt, trat er 1759 als Officier bei der engl. Miliz ein und lebte dann abwechselnd in der Schweiz und in England. Auf einer Reise durch Italien fasste er den Plan zu dem grossartigen historischen Werke, durch welches er so berühmt geworden ist. Er besuchte später noch einmal Lausanne, kehrte aber kurz vor seinem Tode in sein Vaterland zurück. Seine 'Memoirs of my Life and Writings' befinden sich nebst seinem ersten Werke: 'Essai sur l'étude de la littérature' und einer grossen Anzahl von Briefen in den 'Miscellaneous Works of Ed. Gibbon,' herausg. von *Lord Sheffield*, 2 Quartb. London 1796, die 'History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' erschien zu London 1789 in 6 Quartb. — Mit ungemeinem Fleisse studirte G. die Geschichtschreiber, Dichter,

Kirchenväter, überhaupt jedes Buch, was ihm bei Ausarbeitung seines hist. Werkes von irgend welchem Nutzen sein konnte. Sein Stil ist anmuthig, obschon er zuweilen der Kraft entbehrt. *G.* räumt selbst ein, dass der Stil im ersten Bande etwas Gezwungenes habe, im zweiten aber ohne Hindernisse leicht dahin fliesse, und in den übrigen Bänden dann und wann durch Gallicismen entstellt werde. Zuweilen mischt sich auch in seine Darstellung ein Spott, der dem Historiker fern bleiben sollte. Bei alledem gehört das Werk zu den vorzüglichsten hist. Werken aller Zeiten.

1) OPINION OF THE ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

The writings of Cicero represent in the most lively colours the ignorance, the errors, and the uncertainty of the ancient philosophers with regard to the immortality of the soul. When they are desirous of arming their disciples against the fear of death, they inculcate, as an obvious though melancholy position, that the fatal stroke of our dissolution releases us from the calamities of life; and that those can no longer suffer who no longer exist. Yet there were a few sages of Greece and Rome who had conceived a more exalted, and in some respects a juster idea of human nature; though it must be confessed, that in the sublime inquiry, their reason had often been guided by their imagination, and that their imagination had been prompted by their vanity. When they viewed with complacency the extent of their own mental powers; when they exercised the various faculties of memory, of fancy, and of judgment, in the most profound speculations, or the most important labours; and when they reflected on the desire of fame, which transported them into future ages, far beyond the bounds of death and of the grave, they were unwilling to confound themselves with the beasts of the field, or to suppose that a being, for whose dignity they entertained the most sincere admiration, could be limited to a spot of earth, and to a few years of duration. With this favourable prepossession, they summoned to their aid the science, or rather the language, of metaphysics. They soon discovered, that as none of the properties of matter will apply to the operations of the mind, the human soul must consequently be a substance distinct from the body—pure, simple, and spiritual, incapable of dissolution, and susceptible of a much higher degree of virtue and happiness after the release from its corporeal prison. From these specious and noble principles, the philosophers who trod in the footsteps of Plato deduced a very unjustifiable conclusion, since they asserted not only the future immortality, but the past eternity of the human soul, which they were too apt to consider as a portion of the infinite and self-existing spirit, which pervades and sustains the universe. A doctrine thus removed beyond the senses and the experience of mankind might serve to amuse the leisure of a philosophic mind; or, in the silence of solitude, it might sometimes impart a ray of comfort to desponding virtue; but the faint impression which had been received in the school was soon obliterated by the commerce and business of active life. We are sufficiently acquainted with the eminent persons who flourished in the age of Cicero, and of the first Cæsars, with their actions, their characters, and their motives, to be assured that their conduct in this life was never regulated by any serious conviction of the rewards or punishments of a future state. At the bar and in the senate of Rome the ablest orators were not apprehensive of giving offence to their hearers by exposing that doctrine as an idle and extravagant opinion, which was rejected with contempt by every man of a liberal education and understanding.

Since, therefore, the most sublime efforts

of philosophy can extend no farther than feebly to point out the desire, the hope, or at most the probability, of a future state, there is nothing except a divine revelation that can ascertain the existence and describe the condition of the invisible country which is destined to receive the souls of men after their separation from the body.

2) INVENTION AND USE OF GUNPOWDER.

The only hope of salvation for the Greek empire and the adjacent kingdoms, would have been some more powerful weapon, some discovery in the art of war, that should give them a decisive superiority over their Turkish foes. Such a weapon was in their hands; such a discovery had been made in the critical moment of their fate. The chemists of China or Europe had found, by casual or elaborate experiments, that a mixture of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal, produces, with a spark of fire, a tremendous explosion. It was soon observed, that if the expansive force were compressed in a strong tube, a ball of stone or iron might be expelled with irresistible and destructive velocity. The precise era of the invention and application of gunpowder is involved in doubtful traditions and equivocal language; yet we may clearly discern that it was known before the middle of the fourteenth century; and that before the end of the same, the use of artillery in battles and sieges, by sea and land, was familiar to the states of Germany, Italy, Spain, France, and England. The priority of nations is of small account; none could derive any exclusive benefit from their previous or superior knowledge; and in the common improvement, they stood on the same level of relative and military science. Nor was it possible to circumscribe the secret within the pale of the church; it was disclosed to the Turks by the treachery of apostates and the selfish policy of rivals; and the sultans had sense to adopt, and wealth to reward, the talents of a Christian engineer. The Genoese, who transported Amurath into Europe, must be accused as his preceptors; and it was probably by their hands that his cannon was cast and directed at the siege of Constantinople. The first attempt was indeed unsuccessful; but in the general warfare of the age, the advantage was on their side who were most commonly the assailants; for a while the proportion of the attack and defence was suspended; and this thundering artillery was pointed against the walls and towers which had been erected only to resist the less potent engines of antiquity. By the Venetians, the use of gunpowder was communicated without reproach to the sultans of Egypt and Persia, their allies against the Ottoman power; the secret was soon propagated to the extremities of Asia; and the advantage of the European was confined to his easy victories over the savages of the new world. If we contrast the rapid progress of this mischievous discovery with the slow and laborious advances of reason, science, and the arts of peace, a philosopher, according to his temper, will laugh or weep at the folly of mankind.

3) REMARKS ON READING.

(These remarks form the preface to a series of memoranda begun by Gibbon in 1761, *under the title of 'Abstract of my Readings').*

'Reading is to the mind,' said the Duke of Vivonne to Louis XIV., 'what your partridges are to my chops.' It is, in fact, the nourishment of the mind; for by reading we know our Creator, his works, ourselves chiefly, and our fellow-creatures. But this nourishment is easily converted into poison. Salmasius had read as much as Grotius, perhaps more; but their different modes of reading made the one an enlightened philosopher, and the other, to speak plainly, a pedant, puffed up with a useless erudition.

Let us read with method, and propose to ourselves an end to which all our studies may point. Through neglect of this rule, gross ignorance often disgraces great readers; who, by skipping hastily and irregularly from one

subject to another, render themselves incapable of combining their ideas. So many detached parcels of knowledge cannot form a whole. This inconstancy weakens the energies of the mind, creates in it a dislike to application, and even robs it of the advantages of natural good sense.

Yet let us avoid the contrary extreme, and respect method, without rendering ourselves its slaves. While we propose an end in our reading, let not this end be too remote; and when once we have attained it, let our attention be directed to a different subject. Inconstancy weakens the understanding; a long and exclusive application to a single object hardens and contracts it. Our ideas no longer change easily into a different channel, and the course of reading to which we have too long accustomed ourselves is the only one that we can pursue with pleasure.

We ought, besides, to be careful not to make the order of our thoughts subservient to that of our subjects; this would be to sacrifice the principal to the accessory. The use of our reading is to aid us in thinking. The perusal of a particular work gives birth, perhaps, to ideas unconnected with the subject of which it treats. I wish to pursue these ideas; they withdraw me from my proposed plan of reading, and throw me into a new track, and from thence, perhaps, into a second and a third. At length I begin to perceive whither my researches tend. Their result, perhaps, may be profitable; it is worth while to try; whereas, had I followed the high road, I should not have been able, at the end of my long journey, to retrace the progress of my thoughts.

This plan of reading is not applicable to our early studies, since the severest method is scarcely sufficient to make us conceive objects altogether new. Neither can it be adopted by those who read in order to write, and who ought to dwell on their subject till they have sounded its depths. These reflections, however, I do not absolutely warrant. On the supposition that they are just, they may be so, perhaps, for myself only. The constitution of minds differs like that of bodies; the same regimen will not suit all. Each individual ought to study his own.

To read with attention, exactly to define the expressions of our author, never to admit a conclusion without comprehending its reason, often to pause, reflect, and interrogate ourselves, these are so many advices which it is easy to give, but difficult to follow. The same may be said of that almost evangelical maxim of forgetting friends, country, religion, of giving merit its due praise, and embracing truth wherever it is to be found.

But what ought we to read? Each individual must answer this question for himself, agreeably to the object of his studies. The only general precept that I would venture to give, is that of Pliny, 'to read much, rather than many things;' to make a careful selection of the best works, and to render them familiar to us by attentive and repeated perusals. Without expatiating on the authors so generally known and approved, I would simply observe, that in matters of reasoning, the best are those who have augmented the number of useful truths; who have discovered truths, of whatever nature they may be; in one word, those bold spirits who, quitting the beaten track, prefer being in the wrong alone, to being in the right with the multitude. Such authors increase the number of our ideas, and even their mistakes are useful to their successors. With all the respect due to Mr. Locke, I would not, however, neglect the works of those academicians who destroy errors without hoping to substitute truth in their stead. In works of fancy, invention ought to bear away the palm; chiefly that invention which creates a new kind of writing; and next, that which displays the charms of novelty in its subject, characters, situation, pictures, thoughts, and sentiments. Yet this invention will miss its effect, unless it be accompanied with a genius capable of adapting itself to every variety of the subject — successively sublime, pathetic, flowery, majestic,

and playful; and with a judgment which admits nothing indecorous, and a style which expresses well whatever ought to be said. As to compilations which are intended merely to treasure up the thoughts of others, I ask whether they are written with perspicuity, whether superfluities are lopped off, and dispersed observations skilfully collected; and agreeably to my answers to those questions, I estimate the merit of such performances.

4) CHARLEMAGNE.

The appellation of *Great* has been often bestowed, and sometimes deserved, but Charlemagne is the only prince in whose favour the title has been indissolubly blended with the name. That name, with the addition of saint, is inserted in the Roman calendar; and the saint, by a rare felicity, is crowned with the praises of the historians and philosophers of an enlightened age. His real merit is doubtless enhanced by the barbarism of the nation and the times from which he emerged; but the apparent magnitude of an object is likewise enlarged by an unequal comparison; and the ruins of Palmyra derive a casual splendour from the nakedness of the surrounding desert. Without injustice to his fame I may discern some blemishes in the sanctity and greatness of the restorer of the western empire. Of his moral virtues, chastity is not the most conspicuous; but the public happiness could not be materially injured by his nine wives or concubines, the various indulgence of meaner or more transient amours, the multitude of his bastards whom he bestowed on the church, and the long celibacy and licentious manners of his daughters, whom the father was suspected of loving with too fond a passion. I shall be scarcely permitted to accuse the ambition of a conqueror; but in a day of equal retribution the sons of his brother Carloman, the Merovingian princes of Aquitain, and the four thousand five hundred Saxons who were beheaded on the same spot, would have something to allege against the justice and humanity of Charlemagne. His treatment of the vanquished Saxons was an abuse of the right of conquest: his laws were not less sanguinary than his arms, and in the discussion of his motives whatever is subtracted from bigotry must be imputed to temper. The sedentary reader is amazed by his incessant activity of mind and body; and his subjects and enemies were not less astonished at his sudden presence at the moment when they believed him at the most extremity of the empire: neither peace nor war, nor summer nor winter, were a season of repose; and our fancy cannot easily reconcile the annals of his reign with the geography of his expeditions. But this activity was a national rather than a personal virtue; the vagrant life of a Frank was spent in the chase, in pilgrimage, in military adventures; and the journeys of Charlemagne were distinguished only by a more numerous train and a more important purpose. His military renown must be tried by the scrutiny of his troops, his enemies, and his actions. Alexander conquered with the arms of Philip, but the two heroes who preceded Charlemagne bequeathed him their name, their example, and the companions of their victories. At the head of his veteran and superior armies he oppressed the savage or degenerate nations who were incapable of confederating for their common safety: nor did he ever encounter an equal antagonist in numbers, in discipline, or in arms. The science of war has been lost and revived with the arts of peace; but his campaigns are not illustrated by any siege or battle of singular difficulty and success; and he might behold with envy the Saracen trophies of his grandfather. After his Spanish expedition his rear guard was defeated in the Pyrenean mountains; and the soldiers, whose situation was irretrievable, and whose valour was useless, might accuse with their last breath the want of skill or caution of their general. I touch with reverence the laws of

Charlemagne, so highly applauded by a respectable judge. They compose not a system but a series of occasional and minute edicts, for the correction of abuses, the reformation of manners, the economy of his farms, the care of his poultry, and even the sale of his eggs. He wished to improve the laws and the character of the Franks; and his attempts, however feeble and imperfect, are deserving of praise: the inveterate evils of the times were suspended or mollified by his government; but in his institutions I can seldom discover the general views and the immortal spirit of a legislator, who survives himself for the benefit of posterity. The union and stability of his empire depended on the life of a single man: he imitated the dangerous practice of dividing his kingdoms amongst his sons; and after numerous diets the whole constitution was left to fluctuate between the disorders of anarchy and despotism. His esteem for the piety and knowledge of the clergy tempted him to entrust that aspiring order with temporal dominion and civil jurisdiction; and his son Lewis, when he was stripped and degraded by the bishops, might accuse, in some measure, the imprudence of his father. His laws enforced the imposition of tithes, because the demons had proclaimed in the air that the default of payment had been the cause of the last scarcity.

The literary merits of Charlemagne are attested by the foundation of schools, the introduction of arts, the works which were published in his name, and his familiar connexion with the subjects and strangers whom he invited to his court to educate both the prince and the people. His own studies were tardy, laborious, and imperfect; if he spoke Latin and understood Greek, he derived the rudiments of knowledge from conversation rather than from books: and in his mature age the emperor strove to acquire the practice of writing, which every peasant now learns in his infancy. The grammar and logic, the music and astronomy, of the times, were only cultivated as the handmaids of superstition; but the curiosity of the human mind must ultimately tend to its improvement, and the encouragement of learning reflects the purest and most pleasing lustre on the character of Charlemagne. The dignity of his person, the length of his reigns, the prosperity of his arms, the vigour of his government, and the reverence of distant nations, distinguish him from the royal crowd; and Europe dates a new era from his restoration of the western empire.

XX. THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

1769. 1770. 1771.

Macaulay giebt in seinen 'Critical and Historical Essays' Vol. IV. (Warren Hastings) folgende höchst interessante und werthvolle Mittheilungen über sie und ihren Verfasser:

The ablest of the new Councillors was, beyond all doubt, *Philip Francis* (geb. 1740 zu Dublin, gest. 1818). His acknowledged compositions prove that he possessed considerable eloquence and information. Several years, passed in the public offices, had formed him to habits of business. His enemies have never denied that he had a fearless and manly spirit; and his friends, we are afraid, must acknowledge that his estimate of himself was extravagantly high, that his temper was irritable, that his deportment was often rude and petulant, and that his hatred was of intense bitterness and of long duration. It is scarcely possible to mention this eminent man without adverting for a moment to the question which his name at once suggests to every mind. Was he the author of the Letters of Junius? Our own firm belief is that he was. The evidence is, we think, such as would support a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal proceeding.

The handwriting of Junius is the very peculiar handwriting of Francis, slightly disguised. As to the position, pursuits, and connections of Junius, the following are the most important facts which can be considered as clearly proved: first, that he was acquainted with the technical forms of the secretary of state's office; secondly, that he was intimately acquainted with the business of the war-office; thirdly, that he, during the year 1770, attended debates in the House of Lords, and took notes of speeches, particularly of the speeches of Lord Chatham; fourthly, that he was bound by some strong tie to the first Lord Holland. Now, Francis passed some years in the secretary of state's office. He repeatedly mentioned that he had himself, in 1770, heard speeches of Lord Chatham; and some of these speeches were actually printed from his notes. He resigned his clerkship at the war-office from resentment at the appointment of Mr. Chamier. It was by Lord Holland that he was first introduced into the public service. Now, here are five marks, all of which ought to be found in Junius. They are all five found in Francis. We do not believe that more than two of them can be found in any other person whatever. If this argument does not settle the question, there is an end of all reasoning on circumstantional evidence. The internal evidence seems to us to point the same way. The style of Francis bears a strong resemblance to that of Junius; nor are we disposed to admit what is generally taken for granted, that the acknowledged compositions of Francis are very decidedly inferior to the anonymous letters. The argument from inferiority, at all events, is one which may be urged with at least equal force against every claimant that has ever been mentioned, with the single exception of Burke; and it would be a waste of time to prove that Burke was not Junius. And what conclusion, after all, can be drawn from mere inferiority? Every writer must produce his best work; and the interval between his best work and his second best work may be very wide indeed. Nobody will say that the best letters of Junius are more decidedly superior to the acknowledged works of Francis than three or four of Corneille's tragedies to the rest, than three or four of Ben Jonson's comedies to the rest, than the Pilgrim's Progress to the other works of Bunyau, than Don Quixote to the other works of Cervantes. Nay, it is certain that the Man in the Mask, whoever he may have been, was a most unequal writer. To go no further than the letters which bear the signature of Junius, the letter to the king, and the letters to Horne Tooke, have little in common, except the asperity; and asperity was an ingredient seldom wanting either in the writings or in the speeches of Francis. Indeed one of the strongest reasons for believing that Francis was Junius, is the moral resemblance between the two men. It is not difficult, from the letters, which, under various signatures, are known to have been written by Junius, and from his dealings with Woodfall and others, to form a tolerably correct notion of his character. He was clearly a man not destitute of real patriotism and magnanimity, a man whose vices were not of the sordid kind. But he must also have been a man in the highest degree arrogant and insolent, a man prone to malevolence for public virtue. 'Doest thou well to be angry?' was the question asked in old time of the Hebrew prophet. And he answered: 'I do well.' This was evidently the temper of Junius: and to this cause we attribute the savage cruelty which disgraces several of his letters. No man is so merciless as he who, under a strong self-delusion, confounds his antipathies with his duties. It may be added that Junius, though allied with the democratic party by common enmities, was the very opposite of a democratic politician. While attacking individuals with a ferocity which perpetually violated all the laws of literary warfare, he regarded the most defective parts of old institutions with a respect amounting to pedantry, pleaded the cause of Old Sarum with fervour, and contemptuously told the capitalists of Manchester and Leeds that, if they wanted votes, they might buy land and become freeholders of Lancashire and Yorkshire. All this, we believe, might stand, with scarcely any

change, for a character of Philip Francis. It is not strange that the great anonymous writer should have been willing at that time to leave the country which had been so powerfully stirred by his eloquence. Every thing had gone against him. That party which he clearly preferred to every other, the party of George Grenville, had been scattered by the death of the chief, and Lord Suffolk had led the greater part of it over to the ministerial benches. The ferment produced by the Middlessex election had gone down. Every faction must have been alike an object of aversion to Junius. His opinions on domestic affairs separated him from the ministry; his opinions on colonial affairs, from the opposition. Under such circumstances, he had thrown down his pen in misanthropical despair. His farewell letter to Woodfall bears date the 19. of January, 1773. In that letter, he declared that he must be an idiot to write again: that he had meant well by the cause and the public; that both were given up; that there were not ten men who would act steadily together on any question. 'But it is all alike,' he added, 'vile and contemptible. You have never flinched that I know of, and I shall always rejoice to hear of your prosperity.' These were the last words of Junius. In a year from that time, Philip Francis was on his voyage to Bengal.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

Sir,

The submission of a free people to the executive authority of government is no more than a compliance with laws which they themselves have enacted. While the national honour is firmly maintained abroad and while justice is impartially administered at home, the obedience of the subject will be voluntary cheerful and I might almost say unlimited. A generous nation is grateful even for the preservation of its rights and willingly extends the respect due to the office of a good prince into an affection for his person. Loyalty, in the heart and understanding of an Englishman, is a rational attachment to the guardian of the laws. Prejudices and passion have sometimes carried it to a criminal length, and whatever foreigners may imagine, we know that Englishmen have erred as much in a mistaken zeal for particular persons and families, as they ever did in defence of what they thought most dear and interesting to themselves. It naturally fills us with resentment to see such a temper insulted and abused. In reading the history of a free people, whose rights have been invaded, we are interested in their cause. Our own feelings tell us, how long they ought to have submitted and at what moment it would have been treachery to themselves not to have resisted. How much warmer will be our resentment, if experience should bring the fatal example home to ourselves.

The situation of this country is alarming enough to rouse the attention of every man, who pretends to a concern for the public welfare. Appearances justify suspicion; and when the safety of a nation is at stake, suspicion is a just ground of inquiry. Let us enter into it with candour and decency. Respect is due to the station of ministers and if a resolution must at last be taken, there is none so likely to be supported with firmness, as that which has been adopted with moderation.

The ruin or prosperity of a state depends so much upon the administration of its government, that, to be acquainted with the merit of a ministry, we need only observe the condition of the people. If we see them obedient to the laws, prosperous in their industry, united at home and respected abroad, we may reasonably presume, that their affairs are conducted by men of experience, abilities and virtue If, on the contrary, we see a universal spirit of distrust and dissatisfaction, a rapid decay of trade, dissentions in all parts of the empire

and a total loss of respect in the eyes of foreign powers, we may pronounce without hesitation, that the government of that country is weak, distracted and corrupt. The multitude in all countries are patient to a certain point. Ill usage may rouse their indignation and hurry them into excesses, but the original fault is in government. Perhaps there never was an instance of a change in the circumstances and temper of a whole nation so sudden and extraordinary as that which the misconduct of ministers has, within these few years, produced in Great Britain. When our gracious Sovereign ascended the throne (Georg III.), we were a flourishing and contented people. If the personal virtues of a king could have insured the happiness of his subjects, the scene could not have altered so entirely as it has done. The idea of uniting all parties, of trying all characters and distributing the offices of state by rotation, was gracious and benevolent to an extreme, though it has not yet produced the many salutary effects which were intended by it. To say nothing of the wisdom of such a plan, it undoubtedly arose from an unbounded goodness of heart, in which folly had no share. It was not a capricious partiality to new faces, it was not a natural turn for low intrigue, nor was it the treacherous amusement of double and triple negotiations. No, Sir, it arose from a continued anxiety, in the purest of all possible hearts, for the general welfare. Unfortunately for us, the event has not been answerable to the design. After a rapid succession of changes we are reduced to that state which hardly any change can mend. Yet there is no extremity of distress, which of itself ought to reduce a great nation to despair. It is not the disorder, but the physician; it is not a casual concurrence of calamitous circumstances; it is the pernicious hand of government, which alone can make a whole people desperate.

Without much political sagacity or any extraordinary depth of observation, we need only mark how the principal departments of the state are bestowed and look no farther for the true cause of every mischief that befalls us.

The finances of a nation, sinking under its debts and expences, are committed to a young nobleman, already ruined by play. Introduced to act under the auspices of Lord Chatham and left at the head of affairs by that nobleman's retreat, he became Minister by accident: but deserting the principles and professions, which gave him a moment's popularity, we see him, from every honourable engagement to the public, an apostate by design. As for business, the world yet knows nothing of his talents or resolution, unless a wayward, wavering inconsistency be a mark of genius, and caprice a demonstration of spirit. It may be said, perhaps, that it is his Grace's province, as surely it is his passion, rather to distribute than to save the public money, and that while Lord North is Chancellor of the Exchequer, the First Lord of the Treasury may be as thoughtless and extravagant as he pleases. I hope, however, he will not rely too much on the fertility of Lord North's genius for finance: his Lordship is yet to give us the first fruits of his abilities. It may be candid to suppose, that he has hitherto voluntarily concealed his talents, intending, perhaps, to astonish the world, when we least expect it, with a knowledge of trade, a choice of expedients and a depth of resources, equal to the necessities and far beyond the hopes of his country. He must now exert the whole power of his capacity, if he would wish us to forget, that since he has been in office, no plan has been formed, no system adhered to, nor any one important measure adopted for the relief of public credit. If his plan for the service of the current year be not irrevocably fixed on, let me warn him to think seriously of consequences before he ventures to increase the public debt. Outraged and oppressed as we are, this nation will not bear, after a six year's peace, to see new millions borrowed, without an eventual diminution of debt, or reduction of interest. The attempt might rouse a spirit of resentment, which

might reach beyond the sacrifice of a Minister. As to the debt upon the civil list, the people of England expect, that it will not be paid without a strict inquiry how it was incurred. If it must be paid by Parliament, let me advise the Chancellor of the Exchequer to think of some better expedient than a lottery. To support an expensive war, or in circumstances of absolute necessity, a lottery may perhaps be allowable, but, besides that it is at all times the very worst way of raising money upon a people, I think it ill becomes the royal dignity to have the debts of a king provided for like the repairs of a country bridge or a decayed hospital. The menagenent of the king's affairs in the House of Commons cannot be more disgraced than it has been. A leading Minister repeatedly called down for absolute ignorance, ridiculous motions ridiculously withdrawn, deliberate plans disconcerted and a week's preparation of graceful oratory lost in a moment, give us some, though not adequate ideas of Lord North's parliamentary abilities and influence. Yet, before he had the misfortune of being Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was neither an object of derision to his enemies, nor of melancholy pity to his friends.

A series of inconsistent measures has alienated the colonies from their duty as subjects and from their natural affections to their common country. When Mr. Grenville was placed at the head of the treasury, he felt the impossibility of Great Britain's supporting such an establishment, as her former successes had made indispensable and at the same time of giving any sensible relief to foreign trade and to the weight of the public debt. He thought it equitable that those parts of the empire which had benefited most by the expences of the war, should contribute something to the expences of the peace and he had no doubt of the constitutional right vested in parliament to raise the contribution. But, unfortunately for his country, Mr. Grenville was at any rate to be distressed, because he was minister, and Mr. Pitt and Lord Camden were to be the patrons of America, because they were in opposition. Their declaration gave spirit and argument to the colonies, and while, perhaps, they meant no more than the ruin of a minister, they in effect divided one half of the empire from the other.

Under one administration the stamp act is made, under the second it is repealed, under the third, in spite of all experience, a new mode of taxing the colonies is invented, and a question revived, which ought to have been buried in oblivion. In these circumstances a new office is established for the business of the plantations and the Earl of Hillsborough called forth at a most critical season, to govern America. The choice at least announced to us a man of superior capacity and knowledge. Whether he be so, or not, let his dispatches, as far as they have appeared, let his measures, as far as they have operated, determine for him. In the former we have seen strong assertions without proof, declamation without argument and violent censures without dignity or moderation, but neither correctness in the composition, nor judgment in the design. As for his measures, let it be remembered, that he was called upon to conciliate and unite, and that, when he entered into office, the most refractory of the colonies were still disposed to proceed by the constitutional methods of petition and remonstrance. Since that period they have been driven into excesses little short of rebellion. Petitions have been hindered from reaching the throne and the continuance of one of the principal assemblies rested upon an arbitrary condition, which, considering the temper they were in, it was impossible they should comply with, and which would have availed nothing as to the general question, if it had been complied with.

Drawing lots would be a prudent and reasonable method of appointing the officers of state, compared to a late disposition of the secretary's office. Lord Rochford was acquainted with the affairs and temper of the southern courts; Lord Weymouth was equally qualified

for either department; by what unaccountable caprice has it happened, that the latter, who pretends to no experience whatsoever, is removed to the most important of the two departments and the former, by preference, placed in an office where his experience can be of no use to him? Lord Weymouth had distinguished himself, in his first employment, by a spirited, if not judicious conduct. He had animated the civil magistrate beyond the tone of civil authority and had directed the operations of the army to more than military execution. Recovered from the errors of his youth, from the distraction of play and the bewitching smiles of Burgundy, behold him exerting the whole strength of his clear, unclouded faculties in the service of the crown. It was not the heat of midnight excesses, nor ignorance of the laws, nor the furious spirit of the house of Bedford; no, Sir, when this respectable Minister interposed his authority between the magistrate and the people and signed the mandate, on which, for ought he knew, the lives of thousands depended, he did it from the deliberate motion of his heart, supported by the best of his judgment.

It has lately been a fashion to pay a compliment to the bravery and generosity of the commander in chief at the expence of his understanding. They who love him least, make no question of his courage, while his friends dwell chiefly on the facility of his disposition. Admitting him to be as brave as a total absence of all feeling and reflection can make him, let us see, what sort of merit he derives from the remainder of his character. If it be generosity to accumulate in his own person and family a number of lucrative employments, to provide at the public expence for every creature, that bears the name of Manners, and, neglecting the merit and services of the rest of the army, to heap promotions upon his favourites and dependants, the present commander in chief is the most generous man alive. Nature has been sparing of her gifts to this noble Lord, but where birth and fortune are united, we expect the noble pride and independence of a courtier. As to the goodness of his heart, if a proof of it be taken from the facility of never refusing, what conclusion shall we draw from the indecency of never performing? And if the discipline of the army be in any degree preserved, what thanks are due to a man, whose cares, notoriously confined to filling up vacancies, have degraded the office of commander in chief into a broker of commissions?

With respect to the navy, I shall only say, that this country is so highly indebted to Sir Edward Hawke, that no expence should be spared to secure to him an honourable and affluent retreat.

The pure and impartial administration of justice is, perhaps, the firmest bond to secure a cheerful submission of the people and to engage their affections to government. It is not sufficient, that questions of private right or wrong are justly decided, nor that judges are superior to the vileness of pecuniary corruption. Jefferies himself, when the court had no interest, was an upright judge. A court of justice may be subject to another sort of bias more important and pernicious, as it reaches beyond the interest of individuals and affects the whole community. A judge under the influence of government may be honest enough in the decision of private causes, yet a traitor to the public. When a victim is marked out by the ministry, this judge will offer himself to perform the sacrifice. He will not scruple to prostitute his dignity and betray the sanctity of his office, whenever an arbitrary point is to be carried for government or the resentment of a court to be gratified.

These principles and proceedings, odious and contemptible as they are, in effect are no less injudicious. A wise and generous people are roused by every appearance of oppressive, unconstitutional measures, whether those measures are supported only by the power of government or masked under the form of a court of justice. Prudence and selfpreservation will oblige the most moderate dispositions to make common cause, even with a man, whose conduct they censure, if they see him persecuted

in a way, which the real spirit of the laws will not justify. The facts, on which these remarks are founded, are too notorious to require an application.

This, Sir, is the detail. In one view we behold a nation overwhelmed with debt, her revenues wasted, her trade declining, the affections of her colonies alienated, the duty of the magistrates transferred to the soldiery, a gallant army, which never fought unwillingly but against their fellow subjects, mouldering away for want of the direction of a man of common abilities and spirit, and, in the last instance, the administration of justice become odious and suspected to the whole body of the people. This deplorable scene admits of but one addition: that we are governed by counsels from which a reasonable man can expect no remedy but poison, no relief but death.

If by the immediate interposition of Providence it were possible for us to escape a crisis so full of terror and despair, posterity will not believe the history of the present times. They will either conclude, that our distresses were imaginary, or that we had the good fortune to be governed by men of acknowledged integrity and wisdom; they will not believe it possible, that their ancestors could have survived or recovered from so desperate a condition, while a Duke of Grafton was Prime Minister, a Lord North Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Weymouth and a Hillsborough Secretaries of State, a Granby Commander in Chief and a Mansfield Chief Criminal Judge of the kingdom.

XXI. HENRY MACKENZIE,

geb. zu Edinburg 1745, gest. 1831; praktizirte, nachdem er in London seine Ausbildung erhalten, in seiner Vaterstadt als Sachwalter. Er war es, der in seiner Zeitschrift 'The Lounger,' welche an die Stelle des ebenfalls von ihm herausgeg. 'Mirror' trat, das Publikum zuerst auf *Robert Burns* aufmerksam machte. Unter *Pitt*, dem er sich durch mehre polit. Flugschriften empfohlen hatte, wurde er Generalcontrolleur der Steuern in Schottland. Sein erster Roman 'The Man of Feeling' erschien 1771; ihm folgten: 'The Man of the World' und 'Julia de Roubigné;' sie zeichnen sich durch angenehme Einfachheit und gefälligen Stil vortheilhaft aus. Seine sämmtlichen Werke erschienen in 8 Bänden, London 1818.

THE BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.

Harley sat down on a large stone to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat, mended with different-coloured rags, amongst which the blue and the russet were the predominant. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn; his knees (though he was no pilgrim) had worn the stuff of his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ankles. In his face, however, was the plump appearance of good humour: he walked a good round pace, and a crooked-legged dog trotted at his heels.

'Our delicacies,' said Harley to himself, 'are fantastic: they are not in nature! that beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted, while I have lost the most delightful dream in the world from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe.' The beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley; the dog began to beg too. It was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unneccessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and, with a sort of

smile on his countenance, said to Harley, 'that if he wanted his fortune told' — Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar: it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately. 'I would much rather learn,' said Harley, 'what it is in your power to tell me; your trade must be an entertaining one: sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession; I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself.'

'Master,' replied the beggar, 'I like your frankness much; God knows I had the humour of plain dealing in me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world; we must live as we can, and lying is, as you call it, my profession; but I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I dealt once in telling truth. I was a labourer, sir, and gained as much as to make me live; I never laid by indeed; for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr. Harley.' 'So,' said Harley, 'you seem to know me.' 'Ay, there are few folks in the country, that I don't know something of; how should I tell fortunes else?' 'True: but to go on with your story: you were a labourer, you say, and a wag; your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade; but your humour you preserve to be of use to you in your new.'

'What signifies sadness, sir? a man grows lean on't: but I was brought to my idleness by degrees; first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a jail fever at the time of the assizes being in the county where I lived; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr. Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground; I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however, but I was so weak, that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week when I was able to joke; I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any; thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I found it, Mr. Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and the few who gave me a halfpenny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short, I found that people do not care to give alms without some security for their money; a wooden leg or a withered arm is a sort of draught upon heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account there; so I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others. This I found by much the better way: folks will always listen when the tale is their own; and of many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance; amours and little squabbles are gleaned among servants and neighbours; and indeed people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose; they dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerable good memory and some share of cunning, with the help of walking a-nights over heaths and churchyards, with this, and showing the tricks of that there dog, whom I stole from the sergeant of a marching regiment (and, by the way, he can steal too upon occasion), I make shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade, indeed, is none of the honestest; yet people are not much cheated neither, who give a few halfpence for a prospect of happiness, which I have heard some persons say is all a man can arrive at in this world. But I must bid you good day, sir; for I have three miles

to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm or captains in the army; a question which I promised to answer them by that time.'

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket; but Virtue bade him consider on whom he was going to bestow it. Virtue held back his arm; but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him; his fingers lost their compression; nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground, than the watchful cur (a trick he had been taught) snapped it up; and contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.

XXII. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,

aus Boston in Nord-Amerika gebürtig, war zwar von seinem Vater für die Kirche bestimmt, musste ihm aber bald, da derselbe die Kosten der Erziehung nicht bestreiten konnte, in seinem Geschäfte, als Seifensieder, an die Hand gehen. Als indessen sein Bruder, *John*, aus England zurückgekehrt war, wo er die Buchdruckerkunst erlernt hatte, ging er zu diesem in die Lehre und benutzte seine Freistunden, oft auch die Nacht, zum Lesen nützlicher Bücher. Später trennte er sich von ihm und ging nach Philadelphia, wo er Arbeit fand und seine Studien fortsetzte. Von einer Reise nach England zurückgekehrt, errichtete er mit Unterstützung einiger Freunde eine Buchdruckerei, verheirathete sich 1730, begann die pennsylvanische Zeitung und seinen jährlichen Almanach, beschäftigte sich mit der Elektricität und stieg durch seine strenge Rechtlichkeit, sowie durch seinen seltenen Verstand immer höher in der Achtung seiner Mitbürger. Nach einer zweiten Reise nach London wurde er Generalpostmeister der engl.-amerik. Kolonien und kehrte ein drittes Mal (1767) dahin zurück, als das Unterhaus alle Agenten vor die Schranken forderte, um die Beschwerden der Kolonien zu untersuchen. Dort sprach er mit solcher Freimüthigkeit für die Sache seines Vaterlandes, dass er seinen Posten verlor, worauf er 1775 nach Philadelphia zurückkehrte. Im folgenden Jahre ging er nach Paris, wo er, nachdem Frankreich die Unabhängigkeit der Verein. Staaten 1778 anerkannt hatte, mit den engl. Kommissarien die Friedenspräliminarien (1783) unterzeichnete. Später bekleidete er die Stelle eines Präsidenten des Kongresses von Pennsylvanien und starb, von seinem Vaterlande geliebt und geachtet, in seinem 84. Lebensjahre (1790). Durch manche nützliche Erfindung, namentlich des Blitzableiters, hat er sich um die Menschheit verdient gemacht, auf deren Wohl sein ganzes Streben gerichtet war. Als Volksschriftsteller steht er fast unerreicht da in den Sprüchwörtern des alten Heinrich, oder dem Almanach des armen Richard, aus dem wir das Folgende entlehnt haben. Seine sämmtlichen Werke erschienen in 3 Bänden, London 1806. 'The Private Correspondence of B. Fr.', London 1817. — 'Memoirs of the Life and Writings of B. Fr.', 1818, 3 Bde.

PRELIMINARY ADDRESS TO THE PENNSYLVANIA ALMANAC, ENTITLED, 'POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC, FOR THE YEAR 1758.'

I have heard, that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by other learned authors. This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed; for though I have been, if I may say it without vanity, an eminent author (of Almanacs) annually now a full quarter of a century, my brother authors in the same way (for what reason I know not)

have ever been very sparing in their applauses; and no other author has taken the least notice of me: so that, did not my writings produce me some solid pudding, the great deficiency of praise would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded, at length, that the people were the best judges of my merit, for they buy my works; and, besides, in my rambles, where I am not personally known, I have frequently heard one or other of my adages repeated, with 'As poor Richard says,' at the end on't. This gave me some satisfaction, as it showed not only that my instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some respect for my authority; and I own, that to encourage the practice of remembering and reading those wise sentences, I have sometimes quoted myself with great gravity.

Judge then how much I have been gratified by an incident which I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchant's goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean, old man, with white locks, 'Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times? Won't these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?' Father Abraham stood up, and replied, — 'If you'd have my advice, I'll give it to you in short; "for a word to the wise is enough; and many words won't fill a bushel," as poor Richard says.' They joined in desiring him to speak his mind; and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

'Friends (says he) and neighbours, the taxes are indeed very heavy; and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; "God helps them that help themselves," as poor Richard says in his Almanac.

'It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth, or doing of nothing, with that which is spent in idle employments, or amusements that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the key often used, is always bright," as poor Richard says. "But dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of," as poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting, that "the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave," as poor Richard says. "If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be (as poor Richard says) the greatest prodigality;" since, as he elsewhere tells us, "Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough." Let us then up and be doing; and doing to the purpose: so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. "Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy," as poor Richard says; and, "he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him," as we read in poor Richard; who adds, "Drive thy business, let not that drive thee;" and, "early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

'So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We make these times better if we bestir ourselves. 'Industry needs not wish," as poor Richard says; and, "He that lives upon hope will die fasting." "There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no

lands; or if I have they are smartly taxed;" and (as poor Richard likewise observes), "He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honour;" but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious we shall never starve; for, as poor Richard says, "At the working-man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter; for, "Industry pays debts, but despair increaseth them," says poor Richard. What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy? "Diligence is the mother of good luck," as poor Richard says; and "God gives all things to industry; then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and to keep," says poor Dick. Work while it is called to-day; for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow; which makes poor Richard say, "One to-day is worth two to-morrows," and farther, "Have you somewhat to do to-morrow, do it to-day." "If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master, be ashamed to catch yourself idle," as poor Dick says. When there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, and your gracious king, be up by peep of day; "Let not the sun look down, and say, Inglorious here he lies!" Handle your tools without mittens; remember, that "the cat in gloves catches no mice," as poor Richard says. It is true, there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for, "continual dropping wears away stones, and by diligence and patience the mouse ate into the cable; and light strokes fell great oaks," as poor Richard says in his Almanac, the year I cannot just now remember.'

'Methinks I hear some of you say, "Must a man afford himself no leisure!" — I will tell thee my friend, what poor Richard says: "Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as poor Richard says, "A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things." Do you imagine that sloth will afford you more comfort than labour? No; for, as poor Richard says, "Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease: many without labour would live by their own wits only; but they break for want of stock. Whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. Fly pleasures, and they'll follow you; the diligent spinner has a large shift; and, now I have a sheep and a cow, every body bids me good morrow;" all which is well said by poor Richard.'

'But with our industry, we must likewise be steady, and settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as poor Richard says,

"I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as one that settled be."

'And, again, "Three removes are as bad as a fire;" and again, "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;" and again, "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." And again,

"He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

And again, "The eye of the master will do more work than his hands;" and again, "Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;" and again, "Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open." Trusting too much to other's care is the ruin of many: for, as the Almanac says, "In the affairs of the world, men are saved not by faith, but by the want of it;" but a man's own care is profitable: for, says poor Dick, "Learning is to the studious, and riches to the care-

ful, as well as power to the bold, and heaven to the virtuous." And, farther, "If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself." And again he adviseth to circumspection and care, even in the smallest matters, because sometimes, "A little neglect may breed great mischief;" adding, "For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse wast lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost;" being overtaken and slain by the enemy, all for want of care about a horse-shoe nail.'

'So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, "keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last." A fat kitchen makes a lean will," as poor Richard says; and,

"Many estates are spent in the getting;
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting."

"If you would be wealthy (says he, in another Almanac), think of saving as well as of getting; the Indias have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes."

'Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not have much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for, as poor Dick says,

"Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small, and the want great."

'And, farther, "What maintains one vice, would bring up two children." You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember what poor Richard says, "Many a little makes a mickle;" and farther, "Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship;" and again, "Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;" and, moreover, "Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them."

'Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and nicknacks. You call them *goods*; but if you do not take care, they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost: but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what poor Richard says, "Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries." And again, "At a great penny worth pause a while." He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, or not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, "Many have been ruined by buying good penny worths." Again, as poor Richard says, "It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;" and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanac. "Wise men (as poor Dick says) learn by others' harms, fools scarcely by their own; but *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*" Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and have starved their families: "Silk and satins, scarlet and velvets (as poor Richard says), put out the kitchen fire." These are not the necessaries of life, they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet only because they look pretty, how many want to have them? The artificial wants of mankind thus become more numerous than the natural; and, as poor Dick says, "For one poor person there are a hundred indigent." By these and other extravagances, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly, "A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, "It is day, and will never

be night:" that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding: "A child and a fool (as poor Richard says) imagine twenty shillings and twenty years can never be spent; but always by taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom;" then as poor Dick says, "When the well is dry they know the worth of water." But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice: "If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again." Poor Dick farther advises, and says,

"Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

And again, "Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy." When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but poor Dick says, 'It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it." And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

"Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore."

'Tis, however, a folly soon punished; for, "Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt," as poor Richard says. And, in another place, "Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy." And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, or ease pain, it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortunes.

"What is a butterfly? at best,
He's but a caterpillar drest;
The gaudy fop's his picture just,"

as poor Richaɹd says.'

'But what madness must it be to run in debt for these superfluities! We are offered by the terms of this sale six months' credit; and that perhaps has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt. You give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor: you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base downright lying; for, as poor Richard says, "the second vice is lying; the first is running in debt." And again, to the same purpose, "Lying rides upon debt's back;" whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue: "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright," as poor Richard truly says. What would you think of that prince, or that government, who would issue an edict, forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or a gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say, that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in jail for life, or by selling you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but "Creditors (poor Richard tells us) have better memories than debtors;" and in another place he says, "Creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times." The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it. Or if you bear your debt in mind, the term which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to

his heels as well as at his shoulders. "Those have a short Lent (saith poor Richard) who owe money to be paid at Easter." Then since, as he says, "The borrower is a slave to the lender, and the debtor to the creditor;" disdain the chain, preserve your freedom, and maintain your independency; be industrious and free; be frugal and free. At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

"For age and want save while you may,
No morning sun lasts a whole day,"

as poor Richard says. Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain: and "it is easier to build two chimneys, than to keep one in fuel," as poor Richard says. So "Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt."

"Get what you can, and what you get hold,
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold,"

as poor Richard says. And when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

'This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may be blasted without the blessing of Heaven: and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.'

'And now, to conclude, "Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct," as poor Richard says. However, remember this, "They that will not be counseled, cannot be helped," as poor Richard says; and, farther, that "If you will not bear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly, notwithstanding all his cautions, and their own fear of taxes. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacs, and digested all I had dropped on those topics, during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me, must have tired every one else: but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though I had first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away, resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine.

I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

Richard Saunders.

XXIII. DR. HUGH BLAIR,

erhielt seine wissenschaftliche Bildung in seiner Vaterstadt Edinburg und wurde im J. 1758 zum ersten Prediger an der High Church in Edinburg ernannt. Nachdem er eine Reihe öffentlicher Vorlesungen über Rhetorik und schöne Literatur mit vielem Beifalle gehalten hatte, wurde ihm 1762 die an der Universität neu gegründete Stelle eines Professors der Beredtsamkeit übertragen. Seine 'Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Letters,' Lond., 1783, 2 Bde., sind in einer edlen und eleganten Sprache geschrieben. Seine Predigten erschienen

zuerst unter dem Titel: 'Sermons of Hugh Blair,' Lond., 1777, 2 Bde., neue vermehrte Ausgabe 1794, 5 Bde. (deutsch von *Sack* und *Schleiermacher*, Leipz., 1781, 5 Bde.) Sie zeichnen sich durch schöne Darstellung aus, sind aber nicht sowohl Reden, die das Gemüth ergreifen, als vielmehr schätzbare moralische Abhandlungen. *B.* verstarb in seiner Vaterstadt am 8. Januar 1801 in seinem 83. Lebensjahre.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TASTE AND GENIUS.

('*From Blairs Lectures*')

Taste and genius are two words frequently joined together, and therefore, by inaccurate thinkers, confounded. They signify, however, two quite different things. The difference between them can be clearly pointed out, and it is of importance to remember it. Taste consists in the power of judging; genius in the power of executing. One may have a considerable degree of taste in poetry, eloquence, or any of the fine arts, who has little or hardly any genius for composition or execution in any of these arts; but genius cannot be found without including taste also. Genius, therefore, deserves to be considered as a higher power of the mind than taste. Genius always imports something inventive or creative, which does not rest in mere sensibility to beauty where it is perceived, but which can, moreover, produce new beauties, and exhibit them in such a manner as strongly to impress the minds of others. Refined taste forms a good critic; but genius is further necessary to form the poet or the orator.

It is proper also to observe, that genius is a word which, in common acceptation, extends much further than to the objects of taste. It is used to signify that talent or aptitude which we receive from nature for excelling in any one thing whatever. Thus, we speak of a genius for mathematics, as well as a genius for poetry — of a genius for war, for politics, or for any mechanical employment.

This talent or aptitude for excelling in some one particular is, I have said, what we receive from nature. By art and study, no doubt, it may be greatly improved, but by them alone it cannot be acquired. As genius is a higher faculty than taste, it is ever, according to the usual frugality of nature, more limited in the sphere of its operations. It is not uncommon to meet with persons who have an excellent taste in several of the polite arts, such as music, poetry, painting, and eloquence, all together; but to find one who is an excellent performer in all these arts, is much more rare, or rather, indeed, such a one is not to be looked for. A sort of universal genius, or one who is equally and indifferently turned towards several different professions and arts, is not likely to excel in any; although there may be some few exceptions, yet in general it holds, that when the bent of the mind is wholly directed towards some one object, exclusive in a manner of others, there is the fairest prospect of eminence in that, whatever it be. The rays must converge to a point, in order to glow intensely.

2) HISTORICAL VIEW OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The language which is, at present, spoken throughout Great Britain, is neither the ancient primitive speech of the island, nor derived from it; but is altogether of foreign origin. The language of the first inhabitants of our island, beyond doubt, was the Celtic, or Gallic, common to them with Gaul; from which country, it appears, by many circumstances, that Great Britain was peopled. This Celtic Tongue, which is said to be very expressive and copious, and is, probably, one of the most ancient languages in the world, reigned once in most of the western regions of Europe. It was the language

of Gaul, of Great Britain, of Ireland, and, very probably, of Spain also; till, in the course of those revolutions, which, by means of the conquests, first, of the Romans, and afterwards, of the northern nations, changed the government, speech, and, in a manner, the whole face of Europe, this tongue was gradually obliterated; and now subsists only in the mountains of Wales, in the Highlands of Scotland, and among the Irish. For the Irish, the Welch, and the Erse, are no other than different dialects of the same tongue, the ancient Celtic.

This, then, was the language of the primitive Britons, the first inhabitants, that we know of, in our island; and continued so till the arrival of the Saxons in England, in the year of our Lord 450; who, having conquered the Britons, did not intermix with them, but expelled them from their habitations, and drove them, together with their language, into the mountains of Wales. The Saxons were one of those northern nations that overran Europe; and their tongue, a dialect of the Gothic or Teutonic, altogether distinct from the Celtic laid the foundation of the present English tongue. With some intermixture of Danish, a language, probably, from the same root with the Saxon, it continued to be spoken throughout the southern part of the island, till the time of William the Conqueror. He introduced his Norman or French as the language of the court, which made a considerable change in the speech of the nation; and the English, which was spoken afterwards, and continues to be spoken now, is a mixture of the ancient Saxon, and this Norman French, together with such new and foreign words as commerce and learning have, in progress of time, gradually introduced.

The history of the English language can, in this manner, be clearly traced. The language spoken in the low countries of Scotland, is now, and has been for many centuries, no other than a dialect of the English. How, indeed, or by what steps, the ancient Celtic tongue came to be banished from the low countries in Scotland, and to make its retreat into the Highlands, cannot be so well pointed out, as how the like revolution was brought about in England. Whether the southernmost part of Scotland was once subject to the Saxons, and formed a part of the kingdom of Northumberland; or, whether the great number of English exiles that retreated into Scotland, upon the Norman conquest, and upon other occasions, introduced into that country their own language which afterwards, by the mutual intercourse of the two nations, prevailed over the Celtic, are uncertain and contested points, the discussion of which would lead us too far from our subject.

From what has been said, it appears, that the Teutonic dialect is the basis of our present speech. It has been imported among us in three different forms, the Saxon, the Danish, and the Norman; all which have mingled together in our language. A very great number of our words too, are plainly derived from the Latin. These, we had not directly from the Latin, but most of them, it is probable, entered into our tongue through the channel of that Norman French, which William the Conqueror introduced. For, as the Romans had long been in full possession of Gaul, the language spoken in that country, when it was invaded by the Franks and Normans, was a sort of corrupted Latin, mingled with Celtic, to which was given the name of Romanishe: and as the Franks and Normans did not, like the Saxons in England, expel the inhabitants, but, after their victories, mingled with them; the language of the country became a compound of the Teutonic dialect imported by these conquerors, and of the former corrupted Latin. Hence, the French language has always continued to have a very considerable affinity with the Latin; and hence, a great number of words of Latin origin, which were in use among the Normans in France, were introduced into our tongue at the conquest; to which, indeed, many have since been added directly from the Latin, in consequence of the great diffusion of Roman Literature throughout all Europe.

From the influx of so many streams, from the junction of so many dissimilar parts, it naturally follows, that the English, like every compounded language, must needs be somewhat irregular. We cannot expect from it that correspondence of parts, that complete analogy in structure, which may be found in those simpler languages, which have been formed in a manner within themselves, and built on one foundation. Hence it has but small remains of conjugation or declension; and its syntax is narrow, as there are few marks in the words themselves that can show their relation to each other, or, in the grammatical style, point out either their concordance, or their government, in the sentence. Our words having been brought to us from several different regions, straggle, if we may so speak, asunder from each other; and do not coalesce so naturally in the structure of a sentence, as the words in the Greek and Roman tongues.

But these disadvantages, if they be such, of a compound language, are balanced by other advantages that attend it; particularly, by the number and variety of words with which such a language is likely to be enriched. Few languages are, in fact, more copious than the English. In all grave subjects especially, historical, critical, political and moral, no writer has the least reason to complain of the barrenness of our tongue. The studious reflecting genius of the people, has brought together great store of expressions, on such subjects, from every quarter. We are rich too in the language of poetry. Our poetical style differs widely from prose, not in point of numbers only, but in the very words themselves; which shows what a stock and compass of words we have it in our power to select and employ, suited to those different occasions. Herein we are infinitely superior to the French, whose poetical language, if it where not distinguished by rhyme, would not be known to differ from their ordinary prose.

It is chiefly, indeed, on grave subjects, and with respect to the stronger emotions of the mind, that our language displays its power of expression. We are said to have thirty words, at least, for denoting all the varieties of the passion of anger.*) But, in describing the more delicate sentiments and emotions, our tongue is not so fertile. It must be confessed, that the French language surpasses ours by far in expressing the nicer shades of character; especially those varieties of manner, temper, and behaviour, which are displayed in our social intercourse with one another. Let any one attempt to translate, into English, only a few pages of one of Marivaux's Novels, and he will soon be sensible of our deficiency of expression on these subjects. Indeed, no language, is so copious as the French, for whatever is delicate, gay, and amusing. It is perhaps, the happiest language for conversation in the known world; but on the higher subjects of composition, the English may be justly esteemed to excel it considerably.

*) Anger, wrath, passion, rage, fury, outrage, fierceness, sharpness, animosity, choler, resentment, heat, heart-burning; to fume, inflame, be incensed; to vex, kindle, irritate, enrage, exasperate, provoke, fret; to be sullen, hasty, hot, rough, sour, peevish &c.

XXIV. ADAM SMITH,

berühmt wegen seines Werkes: 'Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations' wurde zu Kirkaldy in Schottland, am 5. Juni 1723 geboren und studirte anfangs zu Glasgow und Oxford Theologie, widmete sich aber später ausschliesslich der Philosophie und trat zuerst öffentlich mit seinen Vorlesungen über Rhetorik zu Edinburg auf; 1751 wurde er zum Professor der Logik nnd Moral zu Glasgow ernannt. Er begleitete hierauf den Herzog von *Buccleugh* auf einer Reise durch Frankreich und Italien und lebte nach

seiner Rückkehr in seiner Vaterstadt fast ausschliesslich den Wissenschaften. 1778 wurde er königl. Kommissar für die Zölle in Edinburg. — Sein erstes Werk war seine 'Theory of Moral Sentiments,' welches 1765 erschien. Das bereits angeführte Werk, wodurch er einen europäischen Ruf erlangte, war die Frucht seiner fast zehnjährigen Musse nach seiner Rückkehr vom Kontinente. Es erschien 1776 (London, 2 Bde.), ist aber seitdem wiederholt aufgelegt worden, zuletzt von *Mac Culloch*, 1827. — Eine ausführliche Beschreibung seines Lebens hat *Dugald Stewart* geliefert, welche dem Hauptwerke vorangedruckt ist.

ON THE DIVISION OF LABOR.

The greatest improvement in the productive powers of labor, and the greater part of the skill, dexterity, and judgment with which it is any where directed, or applied, seem to have been the effects of the division of labor.

The effects of the division of labor, in the general business of society, will be more easily understood, by considering in what manner it operates in some particular manufactures. It is commonly supposed to be carried furthest in some very trifling ones; not perhaps that it really is carried further in them than in others of more importance; but in those trifling manufactures which are destined to supply the small wants of but a small number of people, the whole number of workmen must necessarily be small; and those employed in every different branch of the work can often be collected into the same workhouse and placed ot once under the view of the spectator. In those great manufactures on the contrary, which are destined to supply the great wants of the great body of the people, every different branch in the work employs so great a number of workmen, that it is impossible to collect them all into the same workhouse. We can seldom see more, at one time, than those employed in one single branch. Though in such manufactures, therefore, the work may really be divided into a much greater number of parts, than in those of a more trifling nature, the division is not near so obvious, and has accordingly been much less observed.

To take an example, therefore, from a very trifling manufacture, but one in which the division of labor has been very often taken notice of, the trade of the pin-maker; a workman not educated to this business, which the division of labor has rendered a distinct trade, nor acquainted with the use of the machinery employed in it, to the invention of which the same division of labor has probably given occasion, could scarce, perhaps, with his utmost industry, make one pin in a day, and certainly could not make twenty. But in the way in which this business is now carried on, not only the whole work is a peculiar trade, but it is divided into a number of branches, of which the greater part are likewise peculiar trades. One man draws out the whire, another straights it, a third cuts it, a fourth points it, a fifth grinds it at the top for receiving the head; to make the head requires two or three distinct operations; to put it on, is a peculiar business, to whiten the pins is another, it is even a trade by itself to put them into the paper; and the important business of making a pin is, in this manner, divided into about eighteen distinct operations, which, in some manufactories, are all performed by distinct hands, though in others the same man will sometimes perform two or three of them. I have seen a small manufactory of this kind where ten men only were employed, and where some of them consequently performed two or three distinct operations. But though they were very poor, and therefore but indifferently accomodated with the necessary machinery, they could, when they excerted themselves, make among them about twelve pounds of pins in a day. There are in a pound upwards of four thousand pins of a middling size. Those ten persons, therefore,

could make among them upwards of forty-eight thousand pins in a day. Each person, therefore, making a tenth part of forty-eight thousand pins, might be considered as making four thousand eight hundred pins in a day. But if they had all wrought separately and independently, and without any of them having been educated to this particular business, they certainly could not each of them have made twenty, perhaps not one pin in a day; that is, certainly, not the two hundred and fortieth, perhaps not the four thousand eight hundreth part of what they are at present capable of performing, in consequence of a proper division and combination of their different operations.

In every other art and manufacture, the effects of the division of labor are similar to what they are in this trifling one; though, in many of them, the labor can neither be so much subdivided, nor reduced to so great a simplicity of operation. The division of labor, however, so far as it can be introduced, occasions, in every art, a proportionable increase of the productive powers of labor. The separation of different trades and employments from one another, seems to have taken place in consequence of this advantage. This separation too is generally carried furthest in those countries which enjoy the highest degree of industry and improvement; what is the work of one man in a rude state of society, being generally that of several in an improved one. In every improved society, the farmer is generally nothing but a farmer; the manufacturer nothing but a manufacturer. The labor too which is necessary to produce any one complete manufacture, is almost always divided among a great number of hands. How many different trades are employed in each branch of the linen and woollen manufactures, from the growers of the flax and the wool, to the bleachers and smoothers of the linen, or to the dyers and dressers of the cloth! The nature of agriculture, indeed, does not admit of so many subdivisions of labor, nor of so complete a separation of one business from another, as manufactures. It is impossible to separate so entirely the business of the grazier from that of the corn-farmer, as the trade of the carpenter is commonly separated from that of the smith. The spinner is almost always a distinct person from the weaver; but the ploughman, the harrower, the sower of the seed, and the reaper of the corn, are often the same. The occasions for those different sorts of labor returning with the different seasons of the year, it is impossible that one man should be constantly employed in any one of them. This impossibility of making so complete and entire a separation of all the different branches of labor employed in agriculture, is perhaps the reason why the improvement of the productive powers of labor in this art, does not always keep pace with their improvement in manufactures. The most opulent nations, indeed, generally excel all their neighbours in agriculture as well as in manufactures; but they are commonly more distinguished by their superiority in the latter than in the former. Their lands are in general better cultivated, and having more labor and expense bestowed upon them, produce more in proportion to the extent and natural fertility of the ground. But this superiority of produce is seldom much more than in proportion to the superiority of labor and expense. In agriculture, the labor of the rich country is not always much more productive than that of the poor; or, at least, it is never so much more productive, as it commonly is in manufactures. The corn of the rich country, therefore, will not always, in the same degree of goodness, come cheaper to market than that of the poor. The corn of Poland, in the same degree of goodness, is as cheap as that of France, notwithstanding the superior opulence and improvement of the latter country. The corn of France is, in the corn-provinces, fully as good, and in most years nearly about the same price with the corn of England, though, in opulence and improvement, France is perhaps inferior to England. The corn-lands of England, however, are better cultivated than those of France, and

the corn-lands of France are said to be much better cultivated than those of Poland. But though the poor country, notwithstanding the inferiority of its cultivation, can, in some measure, rival the rich in the cheapness and goodness of its corn, it can pretend to no such competition in its manufactures; at least if those manufactures suit the soil, climate, and situation of the rich country. The silks of France are better and cheaper than those of England, because the silk manufacture, at least under the present high duties upon the importation of raw silk, does not so well suit the climate of England as that of France. But the hardware and the coarse woollens of England are beyond all comparison superior to those of France, and much cheaper too in the same degree of goodness. In Poland there are said to be scarce any manufactures of any kind, a few of those coarser household manufactures excepted, without which no country can well subsist.

This great increase of the quantity of work, which, in consequence of the division of labor, the same number of people are capable of performing, is owing to three different circumstances; first, to the increase of dexterity in every particular workman; secondly, to the saving of the time which is commonly lost in passing from one species of work to another; and lastly, to the invention of a great number of machines which facilitate and abridge labor, and enable one man to do the work of many.

First, the improvement of the dexterity of the workman necessarily increases the quantity of the work he can perform; and the division of labor, by reducing every man's business to some one simple operation, and by making this operation the sole employment of his life, necessarily increases very much the dexterity of the workman. A common smith, who, though accustomed to handle the hammer, has never been used to make nails, if upon some particular occasion he is obliged to attempt it, will scarce, I am assured, be able to make above two or three hundred nails in a day, and those too very bad ones. A smith who has been accustomed to make nails, but whose sole or principal business has not been that of a nailer, can seldom with his utmost diligence make more than eight hundred or a thousand nails in a day. I have seen several boys under twenty years of age who had never exercised any other trade but that of making nails, and who, when they exerted themselves, could make, each of them, upwards of two thousand three hundred nails in a day. The making of a nail, however, is by no means one of the simplest operations. The same person blows the bellows, stirs or mends the fire as there is occasion, heats the iron, and forges every part of the nail: in forging the head too he is obliged to change his tools. The different operations into which the making of a pin, or of a metal button, is subdivided, are all of them much more simple, and the dexterity of the person, of whose life it has been the sole business to perform them, is usually much greater. The rapidity with which some of the operations of those manufactures are performed, exceeds what the human hand could, by those who had never seen them, be supposed capable of acquiring.

Secondly, the advantage which is gained by saving the time commonly lost in passing from one sort of work to another, is much greater than we should at first view be apt to imagine it. It is impossible to pass very quickly from one kind of work to another, that is carried on in a different place and with quite different tools. A country weaver, who cultivates a small farm, must lose a good deal of time in passing from his loom to the field, and from the field to his loom. When the two trades can be carried on in the same workhouse, the loss of time is no doubt much less. It is even in this case, however, very considerable. A man commonly saunters a little in turning his hand from one sort of employment to another. When he first begins the new work, he is seldom very keen and hearty; his mind, as they say, does not go to it, and for some time he rather trifles than applies to good purpose. The habit

of sauntering and of indolent careless application, which is naturally, or rather necessarily acquired by every country workman who is obliged to change his work and his tools every half hour, and to apply his hand in twenty different ways almost every day of his life, renders him almost always slothful and lazy, and incapable of any vigorous application even on the most pressing occasions. Independent, therefore, of his deficiency in point of dexterity, this cause alone must always reduce considerably the quantity of work which he is capable of performing.

Thirdly, and lastly, every body must be sensible how much labor is facilitated and abridged by the application of proper machinery. It is unnecessary to give any example. I shall only observe, therefore, that the invention of all those machines by which labor is so much facilitated and abridged, seems to have been originally owing to the division of labor. Men are much more likely to discover easier and readier methods of attaining any object, when the whole attention of their minds is directed towards that single object, than when it is dissipated among a great variety of things. But in the consequence of the division of labor, the whole of every man's attention comes naturally to be directed towards some one very simple object. It is naturally to be expected, therefore, that some one or other of those who are employed in each particular branch of labor should soon find out easier and readier methods of performing their own particular work, wherever the nature of it admits of such improvement. A great part of the machines made use of in those manufactures in which labor is most subdivided, were originally the inventions of common workmen, who, being each of them employed in some very simple operation, naturally turned their thoughts towards finding out easier and readier methods of performing it. Whoever has been much accustomed to visit such manufactures, must frequently have been shown very pretty machines, which were the inventions of such workmen, in order to facilitate and quicken their own particular part of the work. In the first fire-engines, a boy was constantly employed to open and shut alternately the communication between the boiler and the cylinder, according as the piston either ascended or descended. One of those boys, who loved to play with his companions, observed that, by tying a string from the handle of the valve which opened this communication to another part of the machine, the valve would open and shut without his assistance, and leave him at liberty to divert himself with his playfellows. One of the greatest improvements that has been made upon this machine, since it was first invented, was in this manner the discovery of a boy who wanted to save his own labor.

All the improvements in machinery, however, have by no means been the inventions of those who had occasion to use the machines. Many improvements have been made by the ingenuity of the makers of the machines, when to make them became the business of a peculiar trade; and some by that of those who are called philosophers or men of speculation, whose trade it is not to do any thing, but to observe every thing; and who, upon that account, are often capable of combining together the powers of the most distant and dissimilar objects. In the progress of society, philosophy or speculation becomes, like every other employment, the principal or sole trade and occupation of a particular class of citizens. Like every other employment too, it is subdivided into a great number of different branches, each of which affords occupation to a peculiar tribe or class of philosophers; and this subdivision of employment in philosophy, as well as in every other business, improves dexterity, and saves time. Each individual becomes more expert in his own peculiar branch, more work is done upon the whole, and the quantity of science is considerably increased by it.

It is the great multiplication of the productions of all the differents arts, in consequence of the division of labor, which occa-

sions, in a well-governed society, that universal opulence which extends itself to the lowest ranks of the people. Every workman has a great quantity of his own work to dispose of beyond what he himself has occasion for; and every other workman being exactly in the same situation, he is enabled to exchange a great quantity of his own goods for a great quantity, or, what comes to the same thing, for the price of a great quantity of theirs. He supplies them abundantly with what they have occasion for, and they accomodate him as amply with what he has occasion for, and a general plenty diffuses itself through all the different ranks of the society. .

Observe the accomodation of the most common artificer or day-laborer in a civilized and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accomodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-laborer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labor of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others who often live in a very distant part of the country! how much commerce and navigation in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What a variety of labor too is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labor is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smeltinghouse, the brick-maker, the brick-layer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the millwright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine, in the same manner, all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him perhaps by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glasswindow which lets in the heat and the light and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniences; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labor is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilized country could not be provided, even according to, what we very falsely imagine, the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommodation must no doubt

appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of an European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute master of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.

XXV. CHARLES JAMES FOX,

geb. 13. Jan. 1748, gest. 13. Sept. 1806, der zweite Sohn des *Henry Fox, Lord Holland,* erhielt seine Bildung zu Westminster, Eton und Oxford. Die allzugrosse Nachsicht seines Vaters und eine Reise auf dem Kontinente, als er kaum 19 Jahr alt war, erzeugten in ihm einen Hang zur Zerstreuung und Verschwendung, so dass er schon tief verschuldet in das öffentliche Leben eintrat. 1768, ehe er noch das gesetzliche Alter erreicht hatte, wurde er ins Parlament gewählt und 1770 zu einem Lord der Admiralität erhoben. 1772 erhielt er eine Stelle im Schatzamte. In der nordamerikanischen Frage bereitete er, in Verbindung mit *Burke* und andern Freunden dem Ministerium nicht geringe Verlegenheiten. Im J. 1782 wurde er Staatssecretair; aber weder das Ministerium *Rockingham,* noch das darauf folgende unter *Shelburne* konnte sich lange halten und als auch das berühmte Koalitions-Ministerium zwischen *North* und *Fox* bei den Verhandlungen über die India-Bill zurücktreten musste, übernahm *Pitt* die Leitung der Angelegenheiten. Durch eine Reise auf dem Kontinente (1788) suchte *Fox* seine ohnehin geschwächte Gesundheit, die durch die fortwährenden Kämpfe mit seinen mächtigen Gegnern noch mehr erschüttert worden war, wiederherzustellen. Als die franz. Revolution ausbrach, war er bereits auf die Seite der Whigs getreten u. wurde nun ein enthusiastischer Lobredner jenes Ereignisses, so dass sich *Burke* von ihm trennte, der selbst auf seinem Todtenbette sich nicht mit ihm aussöhnen wollte. Durch sein ungeregeltes Leben waren seine Verlegenheiten endlich so hoch gestiegen, dass er sich (1792) genöthigt sah, von seinen Freunden eine Leibrente von *l.* 3000. anzunehmen. Nach *Pitt's* Tode wurde *F.* erster Minister, überlebte seinen grossen Nebenbuhler aber nur kurze Zeit und wurde neben ihm in der Westminster Abtei unter grossen Feierlichkeiten beigesetzt. — Viele seiner R e d e n sind gedruckt worden. Sein 'Letter to the Electors of Westminster,' 1793, worin er seine Ansichten über die franz. Revolut. rechtfertigt, wurde in wenigen Monaten 13 Mal aufgelegt. Auch seine 'Sketch of the Character of Francis Duke of Bedford,' Lond., 1802, war sehr beliebt; sein vorzüglichstes Werk ist indessen die 'History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II., (herausgeg. von seinem Neffen *Lord Holland*) Lond., 1808; obschon die Hoffnungen, welche der Name u. das grosse Talent des Verfassers erregt hatten, nicht erfüllt wurden. Seine 'Correspondence with Gilbert Wakefield, from 1796—1801,' zeigt, wie innig er mit der griech. Literatur vertraut war. — *Sir James Mackintosh* sagt von ihm: *Mr. Fox* united in the most remarkable degree the seemingly repugnant characters of the mildest of men and the most vehement of orators. — In classical erudition he was inferior to few professed scholars. — When he began to speak, a common observer might have thought him awkward, and even a consummate judge could only have been struck with the justness of his ideas and the transparent simplicity of his mannerst But no sooner had he spoken for some time, than he was changed into another being: he forgo. himself and every thing around him: he thought only of his subject. His genius kindled as he

went on: he darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and conviction. He certainly possessed above all moderns that union of reason, simplicity and vehemence which formed the Prince of Orators. The simplicity of his character inspired confidence, the ardour of his eloquence aroused enthusiasm and the gentleness of his manners invited friendship. Vergl. noch die S. 244 mitgetheilte Charakteristik *F.'s*, von *Henry Grattan.*

ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.—1778.

You have now two wars before you, of which you must choose one; for, both you cannot support. The war against America has hitherto been carried on against her alone, unassisted by any ally whatever: notwithstanding she stood alone, you have been obliged uniformly to increase your exertions, and to push your efforts in the end to the extent of your power, without being able to bring it to an issue: you have exerted all your force hitherto without effect, and you cannot now divide a force found already inadequate to its object. My opinion is for withdrawing your forces from America entirely; for, a defensive war you can never think of there of any sort; a defensive war would ruin this nation at any time, and in any circumstances: offensive war is pointed out as proper for this country; our situation points it out, and the spirit of the nation impels us to attack rather than defence: — attack France then, for she is your object. The nature of the wars is quite different: the war against America is against your own countrymen — you have stopped me from saying against your fellow-subjects; that against France is against your inveterate enemy and rival. Every blow you strike in America is against yourselves; it is against all ideas of reconciliation; and against your own interest, though you should be able, as you never will, to force them to submit. Every stroke against France is of advantage to you: the more you lower the scale in which France lays in the balance, the more your own rises, and the more the Americans will be detached from her as useless to them. Even your own victories over America are in favour of France, from what they must cost you in men and money: your victories over France will be felt by her ally. America must be conquered in France: France never can be conquered in America.

The war of the Americans is a war of passion; it is of such a nature as to be supported by the most powerful virtues — love of liberty and of their country; and, at the same time, by those passions in the human heart, which give courage, strength, and perseverance to man—the spirit of revenge for the injuries you have done them; of retaliation for the hardships you have inflicted on them; and of opposition to the unjust powers you have exercised over them. Every thing combines to animate them to this war, and such a war is without end; for, whatever obstinacy, enthusiasm ever inspired man with, you will now find it in America; no matter what gives birth to that enthusiasm, whether the name of religion or of liberty, the effects are the same; it inspires a spirit that is unconquerable, and solicitous to undergo difficulty, danger, and hardship: and as long as there is a man in America, a being formed such as we are, you will have him present himself against you in the field. The war of France is a war of another sort; the war of France is a war of interest: it was her interest first induced her to engage in it, and it is by that interest that she will measure its continuance. Turn your face at once against her; attack her wherever she is exposed, crush her commerce wherever you can, make her feel heavy and immediate distress throughout the nation: the people will soon cry out to their government. Whilst the advantages she promises herself are remote and uncertain, inflict

present evils and distresses upon her subjects: the people will become discontented and clamorous: she will find it a bad bargain, having entered into this business; and you will force her to desert any ally that brings so much trouble, and distress, and misfortune, the advantages of whose alliance may never take effect; or, if they should, be subject always to disturbance from this country, which it always ought to be, and which I know you are able to give, if you once get your hands clear of America. What is become of the ancient spirit of this nation? Where is the national spirit that ever did honour to this country? Have the present ministry spent that too, with almost the last shilling of your money? Are they not ashamed of the temporizing conduct they have used towards France? Her correspondence with America has been clandestine: compare that with their conduct towards Holland some time ago;—but it is the characteristic of little minds to be exact in little things, whilst they shrink from their rights in great ones.

The conduct of France is called clandestine: look back but a year ago to a letter from one of your secretaries of state to Holland: 'it is with surprise and indignation' your conduct is seen, in something done by a petty governor of an island, while they affect to call the measures of France clandestine. This is the way that ministers support the character of the nation, and the national honour and glory! But, look again how that same Holland is spoken of to-day: even in your correspondence with her your littleness appears: —

— — *Pauper et exul uterque,*
Projecit ampullas, et sesquipedalia verba.

From this you may judge of your situation, from this you may know what a state you are reduced to. How will the French party in Holland exult over you, and grow strong! She will never continue your ally when you meanly crouch to France, and do not dare to stir in your defence! But it is nothing extraordinary that she should not, while you keep the ministers you have: no power in Europe is blind; there is none blind enough to ally itself with weakness, and become partner in bankruptcy; there is no one blind enough to ally themselves to obstinacy, absurdity, and imbecility.

XXVI. HENRY GRATTAN,

geb, 1750, gest. 1820, war ein irländischer Redner von hohem Talente, dessen Reden 'are written with such facility and vigour of style, that they will ever be preserved. The glittering point and antithesis of his thought and language have seldom been united to such originality and force.' (Chambers.)

SPEECH AGAINST NAPOLEON.

The proposition that we should not interfere with the government of other nations is true, but true with qualifications. If the government of any other country contains an insurrectionary principle, as France did, when she offered to aid the insurrection of her neighbours, your interference is warranted; if the government of another country contains the principle of universal empire, as France did, and promulgated, your interference is justifiable. Gentlemen may call this internal government, but I call this conspiracy. If the government of another country maintains a predatory army, such as Buonaparte's, with a view to hostility and conquest, your interference is just. He may call this internal government, but I

call this a preparation for war. No doubt he will accompany this with offers of peace, but such offers of peace are nothing more than one of the arts of war, attended, most assuredly, by charging on you the odium of a long and protracted contest, and with much common place, and many good saws and sayings of the miseries of bloodshed, and the savings and good husbandry of peace, and the comforts of a quiet life: but if you listen to this, you will be much deceived; not only deceived, but you will be beaten. Again, if the government of another country covers more ground in Europe, and destroys the balance of power, so as to threaten the independence of other nations, this is a cause of your interference. Such was the principle upon which we acted in the best times: such was the principle of the grand alliance; such was the triple alliance, and such the quadruple; and by such principles has Europe not only been regulated, but protected. If a foreign government does any of those acts I have mentioned, we have a cause of war; but if a foreign power does all of them,—forms a conspiracy for universal empire, keeps up an army for that purpose, employs that army to overturn the balance of power, and attempts the conquest of Europe, — attempt do I say? in a great degree achieves it, (for what else was Buonaparte's dominion before the battle of Leipsic?)—and then receives an overthrow; owes its deliverance to treaties which give that power its life, and these countries their security, (for what did you get from France but security?) — if this power, I say, avails itself of the conditions in the treaties, which give it colonies, prisoners, and deliverance, and breaks those conditions which give you security, and resumes the same situation which renders this power capable of repeating the same atrocity, —has England, or has she not, a right of war?

Having considered the two questions, that of ability and that of right, and having shown that you are justified on either consideration to go to war, let me now suppose that you treat for peace. First, you will have peace upon a war establishment, and then a war without your present allies. It is not certain that you will have any of them, but it is certain that you will not have the same combination, while Buonaparte increases his power by confirmation of his title, and by further preparation; so that you will have a bad peace and a bad war. Were I disposed to treat for peace I would not agree to the amendment, because it disperses your allies and strengthens your enemy, and says to both, we will quit our alliance to confirm Napoleon on the throne of France, that he may hereafter more advantageously fight us, as he did before, for the throne of England.

Gentlemen set forth the pretensions of Buonaparte; gentlemen say, that he has given liberty to the press; he has given liberty to publication, to be afterwards tried and punished according to the present constitution of France, as a military chief pleases; that is to say, he has given liberty to the French to hang themselves. Gentlemen say, he has in his dominions abolished the slave trade: I am unwilling to deny him praise for such an act; but if we praise him for giving liberty to the African, let us not assist him in imposing slavery on the European. Gentlemen say, will you make war upon character? but the question is, will you trust a government without one? What will you do if you are conquered, say gentlemen? I answer, the very thing you must do, if you treat,—abandon the Low Countries. But the question is, in which case are you most likely to be conquered, with allies or without them. Either you must abandon the Low Countries, or you must preserve them by arms, for Buonaparte will not be withheld by treaty. If you abandon them, you will lose your situation on the globe; and instead of being a medium of communication and commerce between the new and the old, you will become an anxious station between two fires, — the continent of America, rendered hostile by the intrigues of France, and the continent of Europe, possessed by her arms. It then remains for you to determine, if you do not abandon the Low Coun-

tries, in what way you mean to defend them, alone or with allies.

Gentlemen complain of the allies, and say, they have partitioned such a country, and transferred such a country, and seized on such a country. What! will they quarrel with their ally, who has possessed himself of a part of Saxony, and shake hands with Buonaparte, who proposes to take possession of England? If a prince takes Venice, we are indignant; but if he seizes on a great part of Europe, and stands covered with the blood of millions and the spoils of half mankind, our indignation ceases; vice becomes gigantic, conquers the understanding, and mankind begin by wonder, and conclude by worship. The character of Buonaparte is admirably calculated for this effect; he invests himself with much theatrical grandeur; he is a great actor in the tragedy of his own government; the fire of his genius precipitates on universal empire, certain to destroy his neighbours or himself; — better formed to acquire empire than to keep it, he is a hero and a calamity, formed to punish France and to perplex Europe.

The authority of Mr. Fox has been alluded to; a great authority, and a great man; his name excites tenderness and wonder. To do justice to that immortal person, you must not limit your view to this country: his genius was not confined to England, it acted three hundred miles off, in breaking the chains of Ireland; it was seen three thousand miles off, in communicating freedom to the Americans; it was visible, I know not how far off, in ameliorating the condition of the Indian; is was discernible on the coast of Africa, in accomplishing the abolition of the slave trade. You are to measure the magnitude of his mind by parallels of latitude. His heart was as soft as that of a woman, his intellect was adamant; his weaknesses were virtues,—they protected him against the hard habit of a politician, and assisted nature to make him amiable and interesting. The question discussed by Mr. Fox in 1792 was, whether you would treat with a revolutionary government; the present is, whether you will confirm a military and a hostile one. You will observe, that when Mr. Fox was ready to treat, the French, it was understood, were ready to evacuate the Low Countries. If you confirm the present government, you must expect to lose them. Mr. Fox objected to the idea of driving France upon her resources, lest you should make her a military government. The question now is, whether you will make that military government perpetual. I therefore do not think the theory of Mr. Fox can be quoted against us; and the practice of Mr. Fox tends to establish our proposition, for he treated with Buonaparte, and failed. Mr. Fox was tenacious of England, and would never yield an iota of her superiority; but the failure of the attempt to treat was to be found, not in Mr. Fox, but in Buonaparte.

On the French subject, speaking of authority, we cannot forget Mr. Burke, — Mr. Burke, the prodigy of nature and acquisition! He read every thing, he saw every thing, he foresaw every thing. His knowledge of history amounted to a power of foretelling; and when he perceived the wild work that was doing in France, that great political physician, intelligent of symptoms, distinguished between the access of fever and the force of health; and what other men conceived to be the vigour of her constitution, he knew to be no more than the paroxism of her madness; and then, prophet-like, he pronounced the destinies of France, and in his prophetic fury admonished nations.

Gentlemen speak of the Bourbon family. I have already said, we should not force the Bourbon upon France; but we owe it to departed (I would rather say to interrupted) greatness to observe, that the House of Bourbon was not tyrannical: under her, every thing, except the administration of the country, was open to animadversion; every subject was open to discussion, philosophical, ecclesiastical, and political, so that learning, and arts, and sciences, made progress. Even England consented to borrow not a little from the temperate

meridian of that government. Her court stood controlled by opinion, limited by principles of honour, and softened by the influence of manners; and, on the whole, there was an amenity in the condition of France, which rendered the French an amiable, an enlightened, a gallant and accomplished race. Over this gallant race you see imposed an oriental despotism. Their present court (Buonaparte's court) has gotten the idiom of the East as well as her constitution; a fantastic and barbaric expression; an unreality, which leaves in the shade the modesty of truth, and states nothing as it is, and every thing as it is not. The attitude is affected, the taste is corrupted, and the intellect perverted. Do you wish to confirm this military tyranny in the heart of Europe? A tyranny founded on the triumph of the army over the principles of civil government; tending to universalize throughout Europe the domination of the sword, and to reduce to paper and parchment Magna Charta and all our civil constitutions? An experiment such as no country ever made, and no good country would ever permit — to relax the moral and religious influences; to set heaven and earth adrift from one another, and make God Almighty a tolerated alien in his creation; an insurrectionary hope to every bad man in the community, and a frightful lesson of profit and power, vested in those who have pandered their allegiance from king to emperor, and now found their pretensions to domination on the merit of breaking their oaths and deposing their sovereign. Should you do any thing so monstrous as to leave your allies in order to confirm such a system; should you forget your name, forget your ancestors, and the inheritance they have left you of morality and renown; should you astonish Europe, by quitting your allies to render immortal such a composition; would not the nations exclaim, 'You have very providently watched over our interests, and very generously have you contributed to our service, and do you falter now? In vain have you stopped in your own person the flying fortunes of Europe; in vain have you taken the eagle of Napoleon, and snatched *invincibility* from his standard; if now, when confederated Europe is ready to march, you take the lead in the desertion, and preach the penitence of Buonaparte and the poverty of England.'

As to her poverty, you must not consider the money you spend in her defence, but the fortune you would lose if you were not defended; and further, you must recollect you will pay less to an immediate war, than to a peace with a war establishment, and a war to follow it. Recollect further, that whatever be your resources, they must outlast those of all your enemies; and further, that your empire cannot be saved by a calculation. Besides, your wealth is only a part of your situation. The name you have established, the deeds you have achieved, and the part you have sustained, preclude you from a second place among nations; and when you cease to be the first, you are nothing.

UEBERSICHTSTABELLE DER SCHRIFTSTELLER DIESER PERIODE.

1) PERIODICAL ESSAYISTS. Dr. Sam. Johnson (S. Novelists) 'The Rambler'; Henry Mackenzie (S. Novelists) 'The Mirror'; ferner *John Hawkesworth* (1715 — 1773) 'The Adventurer'; *Dr. Moore* 'The World'.

2) NOVELISTS. Fielding, Johnson, Sterne, Smollet, Dr. John More, Goldsmith, Henry Mackenzie; ferner *Henry Brooke* (1706 — 1783) 'The Fool of Quality'; *Miss Clara Reeve* (1716 — 1803) 'The Old English Baron' ein Roman, der nach Sir Walter Scott's Meinung 'is marked by excellent good sense, pure morality, and a competent

command of those qualities which constitute a good romance'. *Horace Walpole* (1719—1797) 'The Castle of Otranto'; *Charles Johnstone* (schrieb um 1760) 'The Adventures of a Guinea' welcher Roman 'The baser sides of literature and life' malt.

3) MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS. Franklin, Johnson, Melmoth, Adam Smith, Rev. Gilbert White, Rev. William Gilpin, Goldsmith, Burke; ferner *Soame Jenyns* (1704—1787), Hauptw.: 'Disquisitions on Various Subjects' enthält 'much ingenious speculation' ist aber jetzt unpopulär; *Lord Monboddo* (1714—1799) 'Essay on the Origin and Progress of Language' 1773. *De Lolme* (schrieb 1775) 'The Constitution of England, or an Account of the English Government' — 'A performance deep, solid, and ingenious' (Junius). *Horace Walpole* (S. Novelists) 'Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors' 1758; 'Anecdotes of Painting in England', 1761. *Dr. Hugh Blair* (S. Divinity) 'Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian', 1763; 'Rhetorical Lectures' 1780. *Dr. George Campbell* (S. Divinity) 'Philosophy of Rhetoric', 1776 'perhaps the best book of the kind since Aristotle'. 'Lectures on Ecclesiastical History' 1797.

4) WRITERS ON METAPHYSICS AND PHILOSOPHY. Lord Kames, David Hume (S. History), Beattie; ferner *Dr. Fr. Hutcheson* (1705—1747) 'Inquiry into Beauty and Virtue' (1726). 'Sein Hauptwerk: 'System of Moral Philosophy' erschien erst nach seinem Tode. *Dr. Davis Hartley* (1705—57), Hauptwerk: 'Observations on Man, his Frame, his Duty and his Expectations' in welchem er 'refers all the operations of the intellect to the association of ideas'. *Abraham Tucker* (1705—1774) 'The Light of Nature Pursued (gedr. unter dem Pseudonamen Edw. Search, und 'contains more original thinking and observation than any other work of the kind' [Paley]). *Dr. Reid* (1710—1796) 'Inquiry into the Human Mind' (1764); 'Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man' (1785); 'Essays on the Active Powers of Man' (1788). Er ist: 'a correct reasoner and original thinker on moral science, free from the jargon of the schools, and basing his speculations on inductive reasoning' (Chambers). *Dr. Richard Price* (1723—1791) 'A Review of the Principal Questions and Difficulties in Morals' (1758); ist 'an attempt to revive the intellectual theory of moral obligation, which seemed to have fallen under the attacks of Butler, Hutcheson and Hume, even before Smith'. *Dr. Adam Ferguson* (1724—1816. s. auch History) 'Institutes of Moral Philosophy' (1769); 'Principles of Moral and Political Science' (1792). — *Dr. Joseph Priestley* (schrieb 1775) 'Matter and Spirit, a Series of Disquisitions'; nach dem Edinburgh Review waren 'the indefatigable activity, that bigotted vanity, that precipitation, cheerfulness, and sincerity, which made up the character of this restless philosopher' ein treues Bild seiner Schriften.

5) WRITERS ON DIVINITY. Middleton, Blair; ferner *Dr. Nathanael Lardner* (1684 bis 1768) Hauptw.: 'Credibility of the Gospel History' (1730). *Rev. William Law* (1686—1761) Hauptw.: 'A Serious Call to a Holy Life' noch immer populär. *John Leland* (1691—1766) 'A View of the Deistical Writers in England' ist noch 'one of the best confutations of infidelity'. *Dr. Joseph Butler* (1692—1752) Hauptw.: 'Analogy of Religion to the Course of Nature' (1736). *Dr. Isaac Watts* (schrieb 1724) 'Various Theological Treatises'. *Dr. James Foster* (1697—1752) 'Tracts on Heresy; Discourses on Natural Religion and Social Virtues'. *Dr. John Jortin* (1698—1770) 'Remarks on Ecclesiastical History'. *William Warburton*, Bischof von Gloucester (1698—1779) Hauptw.: 'The Divine Legation of Moses' (1738), gelehrt, aber

anmassend. *Dr. Philip Doddridge* (1702 — 1751) Hauptw.: 'The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.' Sehr populär. *John Westley* (1703—1791) 'Sermons', von denen er über 40,000 gehalten und dabei gegen 300,000 engl. Meilen zurückgelegt hat. Seine Lehre der 'Methodisten' griff so um sich, dass sich die Zahl seiner Anhänger bei seinem Tode auf 80,000 belief. *Dr. Robert Lowth* (1710—1787) 'Prelections on Hebrew Poetry', welche zusammen mit Herder's Geist der hebräischen Poesie, dies Thema vielleicht noch für lange Zeit erschöpft haben dürften. Seine 'Translation of Isaiah' ist ganz ausgezeichnet. *George Whitefield* (1714—1770) 'Sermons'. *Hugh Farmer* (1714 — 1787) Hauptw.: 'Dissertation on Miracles' (1771), streng orthodox. *Dr. George Campbell* (1719—1796) 'Sermons' und 'A Translation of the Four Gospels' (s. Misc. Writers). *Dr. Richard Hurd* (1720—1808) 'Introduction to the Study of the Prophecies'. Werthvoll. — *Dr. George Horne* (1730—1792) Hauptwerk: 'Commentary on the Book of Psalms' (1776) noch gebraucht.

6) HISTORIANS. Middleton, Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Goldsmith; ferner: *George Psalmanazar* (1679—1763) 'Universal History' mittelmässig; *Thomas Carte* (1686—1754) 'A Complete Domestic or Civil History of England' (von diesem grossartig angelegten Werke erschienen nur 4 Bde.) *Archibald Bower* (1686—1766) 'History of the Popes'; *Dr. Thomas Birch* (1705—66) 'Historical Memoirs and Lives' auf Urkunden gegründet; *William Guthrie* (1708—1770) 'History of England,' 'History of Scotland,' 'Geographical Grammar' u. A. m.; *Dr. John Campbell* (1709 bis 1775) 'Military History of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene,' 'History of Europe,' 'A Political Survey of Britain &c.' — *William Tytler* (1711 bis 1792) 'Inquiry, Historical and Critical, into the Evidence against Mary Queen of Scots, and an Examination of the Histories of Dr. Robertson and Mr. Hume with respect to that Evidence.' Gelehrt und scharfsinnig. *Dr. Robert Henry* (1718 bis 1790) 'History of Great Britain,' die Arbeit von 30 Jahre langem treuen Fleisse. *Dr. Adam Ferguson* (S. Metaphysics) 'The History of Civil Society' 1766, 'The History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic' (1783), ausgezeichnet. *Dr. Warner* (schrieb 1763) 'History of Ireland.' *Lord Lyttelton* (schrieb 1767) 'History of the Reign of Henry II.' *Hooke* (schrieb 1771) 'Roman History' *John Whittaker* (schrieb 1771) 'History of Manchester.' *William Russell* (1741—1793) 'History of Modern Europe' (1779), 'continues to be a standard work.' *Dr. Gilbert Stuart* (1742—1786) 'History of Scotland,' 'A History of the Reformation' &c. *Dr. Leland* (schrieb 1773) der beste englische Uebersetzer Demosthenes', schrieb eine 'History of Ireland.' *Dr. Thomas Warton* (schrieb 1774) 'History of English Poetry,' 'A work of vast research, and upon the whole accurate, but left incomplete by the author.' — *Granger* (schrieb 1775) 'Biographical History of England.' *Orme* (schrieb 1775) 'History of the British Transactions in Hindostan.' *Macpherson*, der Uebersetzer von Ossians Gedichten, schrieb 1775 eine 'History of Great Britain.' *Lord Hailes* (schrieb 1776) 'The Annals of Scotland.' *Robert Watson* (schrieb 1776) 'History of Philip II. of Spain' als Fortsetzung zu Robertson's Geschichte. *Dr. Charles Burney* (schrieb 1776) 'General History of Music'; 4 Bände. Sehr geschätzt.

7) MEMOIRS. *Horace Walpole* (S. Novelists) 'Memoirs of the Court of George II.'

William Harris (1720—1770) 'Memoirs of James I., Charles I., Oliver Cromwell and Charles II.' Werthvoll.

8) BIOGRAPHY. Dr. Johnson; ferner *John Jortin* (S. Divinity) 'Life of Erasmus.' *John Campbell* (S. History) 'Lives of the Admirals' und einen grossen Theil der 'Biographia Britannica.' *James Grainger* (schrieb 1769) 'Lifes of Queen Elizabeth, Raleigh, Tillotson, Henry Prince of Wales' &c.

9) ORATORS. Burke, Earl of Chatham, Fox, Grattan.

10) ANTIQUITIES. *William Stuckeley* (1687—1765) 'Itinerarium Curiosum, or An Account of the Antiquities and Curiosities of Great Britain &c.' *Edward King* (1735 bis 1807) 'Observations on Ancient Castles' und ein mit vielem Fleisse gearbeitetes Werk 'Monumenta Antiqua, descriptive of English Architecture anterior to the Norman Conquest.'

11) LAW. *Sir William Blackstone* (1723—1780) 'Commentaries on the Laws of England.' Noch immer das wichtigste Werk darüber.

12) LETTERS. Chesterfield, Burke, Junius und *Horace Walpole* (S. Novelists.)

13) ENCYCLOPAEDIES AND MAGAZINES. *Ephraim Chambers*, 'Cyclopaedia' (1728), 'Literary Magazine' (1735). *Dr. John Campbell* (S. History) 'Biographia Britannica' (1742). *Edward Cave* 'Gentleman's Magazine' (1731); ferner: 'London Magazine,' 'British Magazine' u. V. a.

FÜNFTE PERIODE,

VON 1781 BIS AUF DIE GEGENWART.

Wir glauben diese Periode nicht besser charakterisiren zu können, als wenn wir dies, so weit es unserm Zwecke entspricht, durch die berühmtesten englischen Kritiker selbst geschehen lassen, da es uns schwerlich gelingen möchte, etwas Gründlicheres mit mehr Präcision darüber zu sagen.

Werfen wir denn zunächst mit der '*Edinburgh Review*' einen Blick auf den ganzen uns vorliegenden grossen Abschnitt und sehen wir wodurch er sich von den ihm vorangegangenen, und vorzüglich von dem letzten derselben, wesentlich unterscheidet.

'By far the most considerable change,' sagt dieses Blatt in einem Artikel über '*The Changes in the Character of English Poetry from the Reign of Queen Anne to the Present Time,*' *) by far the most considerable change, which has taken place in the world of letters in our days, is that by which the wits of Queen Anne's time have been gradually brought down from the supremacy which they had enjoyed, without competition, for the best part of a century. When we were at our studies, some twenty-five years ago, we can perfectly remember, that every young man was set to read Pope, Swift and Addison, as regularly as Virgil, Cicero, and Horace. All who had any tincture of letters were familiar with their writings and their history; allusions to them abounded in all popular discourses and all ambitious conversation; and they and their contemporaries were universally acknowledged as our great models of excellence, and placed without challenge at the head of our national literature. New books, even when allowed to have merit, were never thought of as fit to be placed in the same class, but were generally read and forgotten, and passed away like the transitory meteors of a lower sky; while they remained in their brightness, and were supposed to shine with a fixed and unalterable glory.

All this, however, we take it, is now pretty well altered; and in so far as persons of our antiquity can judge of the training and habits of the rising generation, those celebrated writers no longer form the manual of our studious youth, or enter necessarily into the institution of a liberal education. **) Their names, indeed, are still familiar to our ears; but their writings no longer solicit our habitual notice, and their subjects begin already to fade from our recollection.

*) V. Edinburgh Review, Vol. XXVII., pag. 1 ff. September 1816.

**) 'The death of Samuel Johnson, in the end of the year 1783,' bemerkt Geo. L. Craik (Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England, London 1845, Vol. VI., pag. 5) in Bezug auf diesen Umstand, 'makes a pause, or point of distinction, in our Literature, hardly less notable than the acknowledgment of the independence of America, the year before, makes in our political history. It was not only the end of a reign, but the end of kingship altogether, in our literary system. For King Samuel has had no successor; nobody since his day, and that of his contemporary Voltaire, has sat on a throne of literature either in England or in France.

Their high privileges and proud distinctions, at any rate, have evidently passed into other hands. It is no longer to them, that the ambitious look up with envy, or the humble with admiration; nor is it in their pages that the pretenders to wit and eloquence now search for allusions that are sure to captivate, and illustrations that cannot be mistaken. In this decay of their reputation they have few advocates, and no imitators: and from a comparison of many observations, it seems to be clearly ascertained, that they are declined considerably from 'the high meridian of their glory,' and may fairly be apprehended to be 'hastening to their setting.' Neither is it time alone that has wrought this obscuration: for the fame of Shakspeare still shines in undecaying brightness; and that of Bacon has been steadily advancing, and gathering new honours, during the whole period which has witnessed the rise and decline of his less vigorous successors.'

Für die Lösung dieses Räthsels, wenn es eines ist, scheinen nur zwei Annahmen möglich: es muss entweder der Geschmack der jüngeren Generation so ausgeartet sein, dass ihre Geistesprodukte denen der früheren Generationen an innerem Gehalte nachstehen, oder diese sind von jenen verdunkelt worden, indem sie einem bessern Geschmacke, einer andern, höhern Weltanschauung Platz machen mussten.

Wir, unsererseits, bekennen uns mit voller Ueberzeugung zu der Ansicht, welcher die '*Edinburgh Review*' in einem andern Artikel *) ausspricht, dass 'The present age, we think, has a hundred times more poetry, and more true taste for poetry, than that which immediately preceded it, — and of which, reckoning its duration from the extinction of the last Queen Anne's wits down to about thirty odd years ago, we take leave to say that is was, beyond all dispute, the most unpoetical age in the annals of this or any other considerable nation.'

Ueber die ersten zwanzig Jahre (die letzten des Jahrhunderts) giebt Geo. L. Craik **) folgende Rückschau:

In prose literature, although there was book-making enough, not much that has proved enduring was done in England during the last decade and a half of the eighteenth century, at least if we except a few works produced by one or two of the great writers of the preceding time who have been already noticed — such, for instance, as the three last volumes of Gibbon's 'History,' published in 1788, and Burke's 'Reflections' and other writings, chiefly on the subject of the French Revolution, which appeared between 1790 and his death in 1797.

In the department of fictitious narrative there was more to boast of. William Godwin, already distinguished by his '*Enquiry concerning Political Justice*' made a great sensation in 1794 by his novel of '*Things as they Are, or the Adventures of Caleb Williams*,' a performance still standing almost alone in our literature of that description for earnest, impassioned verisimilitude; and in 1799 the same writer achieved perhaps a still greater triumph by a different application of the same kind of power in his *St. Leon*, in which even the supernatural and impossible is invested with the strongest likeness to truth and reality. The '*Evelina*' of Miss Frances Burney appeared in 1778; Mrs. Ann Radcliffe produced within this period her '*Romance of the Forest*' and her '*Mysteries of Udolpho*;' Dr. John More his '*Zeluco*,' his '*Edward*,' and his '*Mordaunt*;' Mrs. Inchbald, her '*Simple Story*.'

In History, if we except the conclusion of Gibbon's '*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*' no work that has any pretensions to be accounted classical was added to our literature.'

Zwar erschien 1784 die '*History of Greece*' von Mitford; 1787 die '*Dissertation on the Scythians or Goths*' von John Pinkerton und 1789 die '*History of Scotland preceding the*

*) On the Present State of Poetry in England. Vol. XLVIII., pag. 47. September, 1828.

**) In dem angezogenen Werke Vol. VI., pag. 102.

Reign of Malcolm III.,' sowie 1797 die '*History of Scotland from the Accession of the House of Stuart to that of Mary*' von demselben Schriftsteller, allein sie alle trugen mehr den Stempel des unermüdlichsten Fleisses als des historischen Genies.

Für Biography ist noch Roscoe's elegant geschriebenes '*Life of Lorenzo di Medici*' (1795) und Bothwell's '*Life of Johnson*' zu nennen.

Dagegen geschah Ausserordentliches für die Wissenschaften und die klassische Gelehrsamkeit, über welche wir uns aller Details enthalten müssen, um nicht in's Maasslose zu gerathen.

Mit dem neuen Jahrhunderte dagegen durchdrang auch ein neuer Geist die Werke der englischen Schriftsteller. Craik spricht sich in dem angezogenen Werke (Band VI., pag. 111.) so schön und präcis darüber aus, dass wir es uns nicht versagen können das ganze Stück im Originaltexte mitzutheilen:

'It would almost seem,' sagt er, 'as if there were something in the impressiveness of the great chronological event formed by the termination of one century and the commencement of another that had been wont to act with an awakening and fructifying power upon literary genius in this island. Of the three last great sunbursts of our literature, the first, making what has been called the Elizabethan age of our dramatic and other poetry, threw its splendour over the last quarter of the sixteenth and the first of the seventeenth century; the second, famous as the Augustan age of Anne, brightened the earlier years of the eighteenth; the nineteenth century was ushered in by the third. At the termination of the reign of George III., in the year 1820, there were still among us, not to mention minor names, at least nine or ten poetical writers, each commanding universal attention from the reading world to whatever he produced: — Crabbe, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Shelley, and perhaps we ought to add Keats, though rather for what he promised to do if he had lived, than for what he had actually done. Many other voices there were from which divine words were often heard, but these were oracles to whom all listened, whose inspiration all men acknowledged. It is such crowding and clustering of remarkable writers that has chiefly distinguished the great literary ages in every country: there are eminent writers at other times, but then they come singly or in small numbers, as Lucretius, the noblest of the Latin poets, did before the Augustan age of Roman literature; as our own Milton and Dryden did in the interval between our Elizabethan age and that of Anne; as Goldsmith, and Burke, and Johnson and then Cowper, and Burns, in twos and threes, or one by one, preceded and as it were let in the rush and crush of our last revival. For such single swallows, though they do not make, do yet commonly herald the summer; and accordingly those remarkable writers who have thus appeared between one great age of literature and another have mostly, it may be observed, arisen, not in the earlier but in the later portion of the interval — have been not the lagging successors of the last era, but the precursors of the next. But, however, it is to be explained or accounted for, it does indeed look as if Nature in this, as in other things, had her times of production and of comparative rest and inactivity — her autumns and her winters — or, as we may otherwise conceive it, her alternations of light and darkness, of day and night.

After a busy and brilliant period of usually some thirty or forty years, there has always followed in every country a long term during which the literary spirit, as if over-worked and exhausted, has manifested little real energy or power of life, and even the very demand and taste for the highest kind of literature, for depth, and subtlety, and truth, and originality, and passion, and beauty, has in a great measure ceased with the supply — a sober and slumbrous twilight of

imitation and mediocrity, and little more than mechanical dexterity in bookmaking, at least with the generality of the most popular and applauded writers. After all, the re-awakening of our English literature, on each of the three occasions we have mentioned, was probably brought about mainly by the general political and social circumstances of the country and of the world at the time. The poetical and dramatical wealth and magnificence of the era of Elizabeth and James came, no doubt, for the most part, out of the passions that had been stirred and the strength that had been acquired in the mighty contests and convulsions which filled, here and throughout Europe, the middle of the sixteenth century; another breaking up of old institutions and re-edifications of the state upon a new foundation and a new principle, the work of the last sixty years of the seventeenth century, if it did not contribute much to train the wits and fine writers of the age of Anne, at least both prepared the tranquillity necessary for the restoration of elegant literature, and disposed the public mind for its enjoyment; the poetical dayspring, finally, that came with our century was born with, and probably in some degree out of, a third revolution, which shook both established institutions and the minds and opinions of men throughout Europe as much almost as the Reformation itself had done three centuries and a half before. It is also to be observed that on each of these three occasions the excitement appears to have come to us in part from a foreign literature which had undergone a similar re-awakening, or put forth a new life and vigour, shortly before our own: in the Elizabethan age the contagion or impulse was caught from that of France; in the present period from that of Germany.

Diese zum Theil von Deutschland ausgehende Anregung hatte zur Folge, dass 'even in the least inspired writers, we can again reckon upon freedom and variety of style, some sparks of fancy, and some traits of nature; while in authors of greater vigour, we are sure to meet also with gorgeous descriptions and splendid imagery, tender sentiments expressed in simple words, and vehement passions pouring themselves out in fearless and eloquent declamation.'

Freilich stellt sich aber auch eine Schattenseite ein, die darin besteht, dass fast Alles auf Beschreibung hinausläuft und ein grosser Mangel an Originalität der Erfindung und Ausführung eingetreten ist.

Als die am meisten kultivirten Zweige der modernen englischen Literatur tritt unstreitig der *Roman* und die *Reiseliteratur* hervor, welche beide ein fast unermessliches Material geliefert haben, auf dessen Sichtung, um hier nicht weitläuftig zu werden, wir in der Uebersichtstabelle, am Ende dieser Periode, noch näher eingehen werden.

DR. WILLIAM PALEY,

geb. 1743 zu Peterborough, gest. 1805 zu Richmond. Der grösste Kanzelredner dieser Periode. Er war ein Mann 'of remarkable vigour and clearness of intellect, and originality of character. His acquirements as a scholar and churchman were grafted on a homely, shrewd, and benevolent nature, which no circumstances could materially alter. There was no doubt or obscurity either about the man or his works: he stands out in bold relief among his brother divines, like a sturdy oak on a lawn or parterre — a little hard and cross-grained, but sound, fresh, and massive — dwarfing his neighbours with his weight and bulk, and intrinsic excellence.' (Chambers, II. 651.) Nach dem Erscheinen seines Hauptwerkes 'Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy' (1785) strömten ihm Freunde und einträgliche Posten in Menge zu, so dass er in ungestörter Musse seine andern beiden Werke 'View of the Evidences of Christianity' (1794) und 'Natural Theology' (1802) beendigen konnte.

Nachstehender Auszug ist dem letzteren dieser Werke entlehnt.

THE WORLD WAS MADE WITH A BENEVOLENT DESIGN.

From 'Natural Theology.'

It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. 'The insect youth are on the wing.' Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy and the exultation which they feel in their lately-discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment; so busy and so pleased: yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half-domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and, under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them. But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but that this is a state of gratification: what else should fix them so close to the operation, and so long? Other species are running about with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes half covered with these brisk and sprightly natures. If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it (which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement), all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Walking by the sea-side in a calm evening upon a sandy shore and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height, perhaps, of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young shrimps in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this; if they had meant to make signs of their hap. piness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose, then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment; what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view!

The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child without knowing anything of the use of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or perhaps of the single word which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavours to walk, or rather to run (which precedes walking), although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say; and with walking, without knowing where to go. And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the walking hours

of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat no less than with the playful kitten; in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance or the animation of the chase. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardour of pursuit, succeeds what is, in no inconsiderable degree, an equivalent for them all, 'perception of ease.' Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure; the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degrees of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigour of youth was to be stimulated to action by impatience of rest; whilst to the imbecility of age, quietness and repose become positive gratifications. In one important step the advantage is with the old. A state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of pleasure. A constitution, therefore, which can enjoy ease, is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure. This same perception of ease oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort, especially when riding at its anchor after a busy or tempestuous life. It is well described by Rousseau to be the interval of repose and enjoyment between the hurry and the end of life. How far the same cause extends to other animal natures, cannot be judged of with certainty. The appearance of satisfaction with which most animals, as their activity subsides, seek and enjoy rest, affords reason to believe that this source of gratification is appointed to advanced life under all or most of its various forms. In the species with which we are best acquainted, namely, our own, I am far, even as an observer of human life, from thinking that youth is its happiest season, much less the only happy one.

II. WILLIAM MITFORD,

geb. 1744 zu London, gest, 1827 auf seinem Familiengute in Hampshire. Er stammte aus einer alten adligen Familie in Northumberland und studirte anfangs die Rechte, trat aber bald darauf in die South Hampshire Militia, in welchem Regimente er später den Posten eines Lieutenant-Colonel einnahm. Im Jahre 1761 kam er in Besitz seines Familiengutes und wurde dadurch in den Stand gesetzt, den klassischen, und namentlich den historischen Studien obzuliegen, durch welche er sich einen so grossen Ruf erworben. Sein erstes Werk: 'Essay on the Harmony of Language, intended principally to illustrate that of the English Language' erschien 1774; die 'Treatise on the Military Force, and particularly of the Militia of the Kingdom' später; sein Hauptwerk, die vollendete und umfassende 'History of Greece' i. J. 1784. *Byron* spricht sich über *M.*, in Bezug auf dieses Werk, folgendermaassen aus: 'His great pleasure consists in praising tyrants, abusing Plutarch, spelling oddly, and writing quaintly; and what is strange, after all, *his* is the best modern history of Greece in any language, and he is perhaps the best of all modern historians whatsoever. Having named his sins, it is but fair to state his virtues — learning, labour, research, wrath, and partiality. I call the latter virtues in a writer, because they make him write in earnest.' In jüngster Zeit ist *M's* History of Greece sehr heftig von *Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton* in dessen 'Athens; its Rise and Fall' angegriffen und darin vielfach auf die Mängel des Werks hingewiesen worden. (S. u. A. Book II. Chapt. III.) Nachstehendes schön geschriebene Fragment aus demselben wird unsern Lesern gewiss nicht ohne Interesse sein:

CONDEMNATION AND DEATH OF SOCRATES.

We are not informed when Socrates first became distinguished as a sophist; for in that description of men he was in his own day reckoned. When the wit of Aristophanes was directed against him in the theatre, he was already among the most eminent, but his eminence seems to have been then recent. It was about the tenth or eleventh year of the Peleponnesian war, when he was six or seven and forty years of age, that, after the manner of the old comedy, he was offered to public derision upon the stage by his own name, as one of the persons of the drama, in the comedy of Aristophanes, called The Clouds, which is yet extant. Some antipathy, it appears, existed between the comic poets collectively and the sophists or philosophers. The licentiousness of the former could indeed scarcely escape the animadversion of the latter, who on the contrary, favoured the tragic poets, competitors with the comedians for public favour. Euripides and Aristophanes were particularly enemies; and Socrates not only lived in intimacy with Euripides, but is said to have assisted him in some of his tragedies. We are informed of no other cause for the injurious representation which the comic poet has given of Socrates, whom he exhibits in The Clouds as a flagitious yet ridiculous pretender to the occult sciences, conversing with the clouds as divinities, and teaching the principal youths of Athens to despise the received gods and to cozen men. The audience, accustomed to look on defamation with carelessness, and to hold as lawful and proper whatever might amuse the multitude, applauded the wit, and even gave general approbation to the piece; but the high estimation of the character of Socrates sufficed to prevent that complete success which the poet had promised himself. The crown which rewarded him whose drama most earned the public favour, and which Aristophanes had so often won, was on this occasion refused him.

Two or three and twenty years had elapsed since the first representation of The Clouds; the storms of conquest suffered from a foreign enemy, and of four revolutions in the civil government of the country, had passed; nearly three years had followed of that quiet which the revolution under Thrasybulus produced, and the act of amnesty should have confirmed, when a young man named Melitus went to the kingarchon, and in the usual form delivered an information against Socrates, and bound himself to prosecute. The information ran thus: —'Melitus, son of Melitus, of the borough of Pitthos, declares these upon oath against Socrates, son of Sophroniscus, of the borough of Alopece: Socrates is guilty of reviling the gods whom the city acknowledges, and of preaching other new gods: moreover, he is guilty of corrupting the youth. Penalty, death.'

Xenophon begins his memorials of his revered master, with declaring his wonder how the Athenians could have been persuaded to condemn to death a man of such uncommonly clear innocence and exalted worth. Ælian, though for authority he can bear no comparison with Xenophon, has nevertheless, I think, given the solution. 'Socrates,' he says, 'disliked the Athenian constitution; for he saw that democracy is tyrannical, and abounds with all the evils of absolute monarchy.' But though the political circumstances of the times made it necessary for contemporary writers to speak with caution, yet both Xenophon and Plato have declared enough to show that the assertion of Ælian was well-founded, and farther proof, were it wanted, may be derived from another early writer, nearly contemporary, and deeply versed in the politics of his age, the orator Æschines. Indeed, though not stated in the indictment, yet it was urged against Socrates by his prosecutors before the court, that he was disaffected to the democracy; and in proof, they affirmed it to be notorious that he had ridiculed what the Athenian constitution prescribed, the appointment to magistracy by lot. 'Thus,' they said, 'he taught his numer-

ous followers, youths of the principal families of the city, to despise the established government, and to be turbulent and seditious; and his success had been seen in the conduct of the most eminent, Alcibiades and Critias. Even the best things he converted to these ill purposes: from the most esteemed poets, and particularly from Homer, he selected passages to enforce his anti-democratical principles.'

Socrates, it appears, indeed, was not inclined to deny his disapprobation of the Athenian constitution. His defence itself, as it is reported by Plato, contains matter on which to found an accusation against him of disaffection to the sovereignty of the people, such as, under the jealous tyranny of the Athenian democracy, would sometimes subject a man to the penalties of high treason. 'You well know,' he says, Athenians, that had I engaged in public business, I should long ago have perished without procuring any advantage either to you or to myself. Let not the truth offend you: it is no peculiarity of your democracy, or of your national character; but wherever the people is sovereign, no man who shall dare honestly to oppose injustice — frequent and extravagant injustice — can avoid destruction.'

Without this proof, indeed, we might reasonably believe, that though Socrates was a good and faithful subject of the Athenian government, and would promote no sedition, no political violence, yet he could not like the Athenian constitution. He wished for wholesome changes by gentle means; and it seems even to have been a principal object of the labours to which he dedicated himself, to infuse principles into the rising generation that might bring about the desirable change insensibly. His scholars were chiefly sons of the wealthiest citizens, whose easy circumstances afforded leisure to attend him; and some of these zealously adopting his tenets, others merely pleased with the ingenuity of his arguments and the liveliness of his manner, and desirous to emulate triumphs over his opponents, were forward, after his example, to engage in disputation upon all the subjects on which he was accustomed to discourse. Thus employed, and thus followed, though himself avoiding office and public business, those who governed or desired to govern the commonwealth through their influence among the many, might perhaps not unreasonably consider him as one who was or might become a formidable adversary, nor might it be difficult to excite popular jealousy against him.

Melitus, who stood forward as his principal accuser, was, as Plato informs us, no way a man of any great consideration. His legal description gives some probability to the conjecture, that his father was one of the commissioners sent to Lacedæmon from the moderate party, who opposed the ten successors of the thirty tyrants, while Thrasybulus held Piræus, and Pausanias was encamped before Athens. He was a poet, and stood forward as in a common cause of the poets, who esteemed the doctrine of Socrates injurious to their interest. Unsupported, his accusation would have been little formidable; but he seems to have been a mere instrument in the business. He was soon joined by Lycon, one of the most powerful speakers of his time. Lycon was the avowed patron of the rhetoricians, who, as well as the poets, thought their interest injured by the moral philosopher's doctrine. I know not that on any other occasion in Grecian history we have any account of this kind of party-interest operating; but from circumstances nearly analogous in our own country — if we substitute for poets the clergy, and for rhetoricians the lawyers — we may gather what might be the party-spirit, and what the weight of influence of the rhetoricians and poets in Athens. With Lycon, Anytus, a man scarcely second to any in the commonwealth in rank and general estimation, who had held high command with reputation in the Peloponnesian war, and had been the principal associate of Thrasybulus in the war against the thirty and the restoration of the democracy, declared himself a supporter of the prosecution. Nothing in the accusation could,

by any known law of Athens, affect the life of the accused. In England, no man would be put upon trial on so vague a charge — no grand jury would listen to it. But in Athens, if the party was strong enough, it signified little what was the law. When Lycon and Anytus came forward, Socrates saw that his condemnation was already decided.

By the course of his life, however, and by the turn of his thoughts for many years, he had so prepared himself for all events, that, far from alarmed at the probability of his condemnation, he rather rejoiced at it, as at his age a fortunate occurrence. He was persuaded of the soul's immortality, and of the superintending providence of an all-good Deity, whose favour he had always been assiduously endeavouring to deserve. Men fear death, he said, as if unquestionably the greatest evil, and yet no man knows that it may not be the greatest good. If, indeed, great joys were in prospect, he might, and his friends for him, with somewhat more reason regret the event; but at his years, and with his scanty fortune — though he was happy enough at seventy still to preserve both body and mind in vigour — yet even his present gratifications must necessarily soon decay. To avoid, therefore, the evils of age, pain, sickness, decay of sight, decay of hearing, perhaps decay of understanding, by the easiest of deaths (for such the Athenian mode of execution — by a draught of hemlock — was reputed), cheered with the company of surrounding friends, could not be otherwise than a blessing.

Xenophon says that, by condescending to a little supplication, Socrates might easily have obtained his acquittal. No admonition or intreaty of his friends, however, could persuade him to such an unworthiness. On the contrary, when put upon his defence, he told the people that he did not plead for his own sake, but for theirs, wishing them to avoid the guilt of an unjust condemnation. It was usual for accused persons to bewail their apprehended lot, with tears to supplicate favour, and, by exhibiting their children upon the bema, to endeavour to excite pity. He thought it, he said, more respectful to the court, as well as more becoming himself, to omit all this; however aware that their sentiments were likely so far to differ from his, that judgment would be given in anger for it.

Condemnation pronounced wrought no change upon him. He again addressed the court, declared his innocence of the matters laid against him, and observed that, even if every charge had been completely proved, still, all together did not, according to any known law, amount to a capital crime. 'But,' in conclusion he said, 'it is time to depart — I to die, you to live; but which for the greater good, God only knows.'

It was usual at Athens for execution very soon to follow condemnation commonly on the morrow; but it happened that the condemnation of Socrates took place on the eve of the day appointed for the sacred ceremony of crowning the galley which carried the annual offerings to the gods worshipped at Delos, and immemorial tradition forbade all executions till the sacred vessel's return. Thus, the death of Socrates was respited thirty days, while his friends had free access to him in the prison. During all that time he admirably supported his constancy. Means were concerted for his escape; the jailer was bribed, a vessel prepared, and a secure retreat in Thessaly provided. No arguments, no prayers, could persuade him to use the opportunity. He had always taught the duty of obedience to the laws, and he would not furnish an example of the breach of it. To no purpose it was urged that he had been unjustly condemned — he had always held that wrong did not justify wrong. He waited with perfect composure the return of the sacred vessel, reasoned on the immortality of the soul, the advantage of virtue, the happiness derived from having made it through life his pursuit, and, with his friends about him, took the fatal cup and died.

Writers who, after Xenophon and Plato, have related the death of Socrates, seem to

have held themselves bound to vie with those who preceded them in giving pathos to the story. The purpose here has been rather to render it intelligible — to show its connexion with the political history of Athens — to derive from it illustration of the political history. The magnanimity of Socrates, the principal efficient of the pathos, surely deserves admiration; yet it is not that in which he has most outshone other men. The circumstances of Lord Russel's fate were far more trying. Socrates, we may reasonably suppose, would have borne Lord Russel's trial; but with Bishop Burnet for his eulogist instead of Plato and Xenophon, he would not have had his present splendid fame. The singular merit of Socrates lay in the purity and the usefulness of his manners and conversation; the clearness with which he saw, and the steadiness with which he practised, in a blind and corrupt age, all moral duties; the disinterestedness and the zeal with which he devoted himself to the benefit of others; and the enlarged and warm benevolence, whence his supreme and almost only pleasure seems to have consisted in doing good. The purity of Christian morality, little enough, indeed, seen in practice, nevertheless is become so familiar in theory, that it passes almost for obvious, and even congenial to the human mind. Those only will justly estimate the merit of that near approach to it which Socrates made, who will take the pains to gather — as they may from the writings of his contemporaries and predecessors — how little conception was entertained of it before his time; how dull to a just moral sense the human mind has really been; how slow the progress in the investigation of moral duties, even where not only great pains have been taken, but the greatest abilities zealously employed; and when discovered, how difficult it has been to establish them by proofs beyond controversy, or proofs even that should be generally admitted by the reason of men. It is through the light which Socrates diffused by his doctrine, enforced by his practice, with the advantage of having both the doctrine and the practice exhibited to highest advantage in the incomparable writings of disciples such as Xenophon and Plato, that his life forms an era in the history of Athens and of man.

III. FRANCES BURNEY,

(später *Madame d'Arblay*) geb. 1752 zu Lynn-Regis (Norfolk), gest. 1840 zu Bath, 'the wonder and delight of the generation of novel readers succeeding that of Fielding and Smollet' war Verfasserin zweier Novellen: 'Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World' (London, 1778) und 'Cecilia' (1782), welche ihrer Zeit ungemeines Aufsehen erregten und den Namen der Schriftstellerin zu den gefeiertsten Englands erhoben. Scharfe Auffassungsgabe, tiefes wahrhaftes Gefühl, glückliche Erfindung der Situationen und meisterhafte Darstellung der Seltsamkeiten und Absurditäten der damaligen englischen fashionablen Gesellschaft werden ihr allgemein zuerkannt, und diese Eigenschaften machen ihre Romane, trotz der veränderten gesellschaftlichen Verhältnisse, noch immer zu einer interessanten Lektüre. Von ihren übrigen Schriften heben wir noch die nach ihrem Tode veröffentlichten 'Diary and Letters' hervor, denen nachfolgendes Bruchstück entlehnt ist.

MISS BURNEY EXPLAINS TO KING GEORGE III. THE CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING THE COMPOSITION OF 'EVELINA.'

(*From 'Diary and Letters.'*)

The king went up to the table, and looked at a book of prints, from Claude Lorraine, which had been brought down for Miss Dewes; but Mrs. Delany, by mistake, told him they were for me. He turned over a leaf or two, and then said —

'Pray, does Miss Burney draw too?

The *too* was pronounced very civilly.

'I believe not, sir,' answered Mrs. Delany; 'at least she does not tell.'

'Oh,' cried he, laughing, 'that's nothing; she is not apt to tell; she never does tell, you know. Her father told me that himself. He told me the whole history of her "Evelina." And I shall never forget his face when he spoke of his feelings at first taking up the book; he looked quite frightened, just as if he was doing it that moment. I never can forget his face while I live.'

Then coming up close to me, he said, 'But what! what! how was it?'

'Sir,' cried I, not well understanding him.

'How came you — how happened it — what — what?'

'I — I only wrote, sir, for my own amusement — only in some odd idle hours.'

'But your publishing — your printing — how was that?'

'That was only, sir — only because —'

I hesitated most abominably, not knowing how to tell him a long story, and growing terribly confused at these questions; besides, to say the truth, 'what! what!' so reminded me of those vile Probationary Odes, that, in the midst of all my flutter, I was really hardly able to keep my countenance.

The *what!* was then repeated, with so earnest a look, that, forced to say something, I stammeringly answered, 'I thought, sir, it would look very well in print.'

I do really flatter myself this is the silliest speech I ever made. I am quite provoked with myself for it; but a fear of laughing made me eager to utter anything, and by no means conscious, till I had spoken, of what I was saying.

He laughed very heartily himself — well he might — and walked away to enjoy it, crying out, 'Very fair indeed; that's being very fair and honest.'

Then returning to me again, he said, 'But your father — how came you not to show him what you wrote?'

'I was too much ashamed of it, sir, seriously.'

Literal truth that, I am sure.

'And how did he find it out?'

'I don't know myself, sir. He never would tell me.'

Literal truth again, my dear father, as you can testify.

'But how did you get it printed?'

'I sent it, sir, to a bookseller my father never employed, and that I never had seen myself, Mr. Lowndes, in full hope that by that means he never would hear of it.'

'But how could you manage that?'

'By means of a brother, sir.'

'O, you confided in a brother then?'

'Yes, sir — that is, for the publication.'

'What entertainment you must have had from hearing people's conjectures before you were known! Do you remember any of them?'

'Yes, sir, many.'

'And what?'

'I heard that Mr. Baretti laid a wager it was written by a man; for no woman, he said, could have kept her own counsel.'

This diverted him extremely.

'But how was it,' he continued, 'you thought most likely for your father to discover you?'

'Sometimes, sir, I have supposed I must have dropt some of the manuscript; sometimes, that one of my sisters betrayed me.'

'O, your sister? what! not your brother?'

'No, sir, he could not, for —'

I was going on, but he laughed so much

I could not be heard, exclaiming, Vastly well! I see you are of Mr. Baretti's mind, and think your brother could keep your secret and not your sister. Well, but,' cried he, presently, 'how was it first known to you you were betrayed?'

'By a letter, sir, from another sister. I was very ill, and in the country; and she wrote me word that my father had taken up a review, in which the book was mentioned, and had put his finger upon its name, and said, "Contrive to get that book for me."

'And when he got it,' cried the king, 'he told me he was afraid of looking at it, and never can I forget his face when he mentioned his first opening it. But you have not kept your pen unemployed all this time?'

'Indeed I have, sir.'

'But why?'

'I — I believe I have exhausted myself, sir.'

He laughed aloud at this, and went and told it to Mrs. Delany, civilly treating a plain fact as a mere *bon mot.*

Then returning to me again, he said more seriously, 'But you have not determined against writing any more?'

'N — o, sir.'

'You have made no vow — no real resolution of that sort?'

'No sir.'

'You only wait for inclination?'

How admirably Mr. Cambridge's speech might have come in here.

'No, sir.'

A very civil little bow spoke him pleased with this answer, and he went again to the middle of the room, where he chiefly stood, and addressing us in general, talked upon the different motives of writing, concluding with, 'I believe there is no constraint to be put upon real genius; nothing but inclination can set it to work. Miss Burney, however, knows best.' And then hastily returning to me, he cried, 'What! what?'

'No, sir, I — I believe not, certainly,' quoth I very awkwardly, for I seemed taking a violent compliment only as my due; but I knew not how to put him off as I would another person.

IV. WILLIAM ROSCOE,

geb. 1752 zu Liverpool, gest. ebendas. 30. Juni 1831. Von ganz unbemittelten Eltern abstammend, die ihm nur eine höchst unvollkommene Erziehung geben konnten, trat er noch sehr jung als Schreiber in die Dienste eines Rechtsgelehrten zu Liverpool, und arbeitete unter dessen Leitung mit solchem Erfolge, dass er nach einigen Jahren die Geschäfte desselben fast allein führen konnte. Mit welch eisernem Fleisse er vorwärts strebte, geht u. A. daraus hervor, dass er sich während dieser Zeit ausserdem eine gründliche Kenntniss des Lateinischen, Französischen und Italienischen erwarb. Später gab er die juristische Laufbahn ganz auf und etablirte ein Bankiergeschäft in seiner Vaterstadt, welche er auch eine Zeit lang im Parlamente vertrat. Er war indessen so unglücklich in seinen Unternehmungen, dass sein Haus fallirte und er sogar den Schmerz hatte, seine ungemein reiche Bibliothek verkaufen zu müssen. Vergl. über ihn den vortrefflichen Aufsatz in *Washington Irving's Sketch-Book.* — Bereits in seinem 17. Jahre war sein beschreibendes Gedicht: 'Mount pleasant' erschienen; durch das im J. 1788 veröffentlichte: 'The Wrongs in Africa' suchte er das grössere Publikum für die damals angeregte Frage wegen Abschaffung des Sklavenhandels zu gewinnen. 1795 erschien sein erstes histor. Werk: 'The Life of Lorenzo de' Medici,'

Liverpool, 2 Bde., welches mit Recht zu den klassischen engl. Geschichtswerken gerechnet wird; zur Fortsetzung desselben aufgefordert, gab er 1805: 'The Life and Pontificate of Leo X.,' Liverpool, 4 Bde., heraus, welches dem früheren zwar nicht gleichkommt, sich aber doch durch eifrige und gewissenhafte Forschung auszeichnet. Ein Hauptfehler desselben ist eine gewisse Umständlichkeit in der Darstellung, die keinen Unterschied macht zwischen Wesentlichem und Unwesentlichem.

LORENZO ESTABLISHES A SCHOOL FOR THE STUDY OF THE ANTIQUE. MICHELANGELO BUONAROTTI, RAFAELLO D'URBINO.

But it is not the industry, the liberality, or the judgment shown by Lorenzo in forming his magnificent collection, so much as the important purpose to which he destined it, that entitles him to the esteem of the professors and admirers of the arts. Conversant from his youth with the finest forms of antiquity, he perceived and lamented the inferiority of his contemporary artists, and the impossibility of their improvement upon the principles then adopted. He determined therefore to excite among them, if possible, a better taste, and by proposing to their imitation the remains of the ancient masters, to elevate their views beyond the forms of common life, to the contemplation of that ideal beauty which alone distinguishes works of art from mere mechanical productions. With this view he appropriated his gardens, adjacent to the monastery of St. Marco, to the establishment of a school or academy for the study of the antique, and furnished the different buildings and avenues with statues, busts, and other pieces of ancient workmanship. Of these he appointed the sculptor Bertoldo, the favorite pupil of Donatello, but who was then far advanced in years, superintendant. The attention of the higher rank of fellow-citizens was incited to these pursuits by the example of Lorenzo, that of the lower class by his liberality. To the latter he not only allowed competent stipends, whilst they attended to their studies, but appointed considerable premiums as the rewards of their proficiency.

To this institution, more than any other circumstance, we may, without hesitation, ascribe the sudden and astonishing proficiency, which towards the close of the fifteenth century took place in the arts, and which commencing at Florence, extended itself in concentric circles to the rest of Europe. The gardens of Lorenzo de' Medici are frequently celebrated by the historian of the painters, as the nursery of men of genius, but if they had produced no other artist than Michelangelo Buonarotti, they would sufficiently have answered the purposes of their founder. It was here that this great man began to imbibe that spirit, which was destined to effect a reformation in the arts, and which he could perhaps have derived from no other source. Of a noble, but reduced family, he had been placed by his father, when young, under the tuition of the painter Ghirlandajo, from whom Lorenzo, desirous of promoting his new establishment, requested that he would permit two of his pupils to pursue their studies in his gardens, at the same time expressing his hopes, that they would there obtain such instruction, as would not only reflect honour on the institution, but also on themselves and on their country. The students who had the good fortune to be thus selected, were Michelangelo and Francesco Granacci. On the first visit of Michelangelo, he found in the gardens his future adversary, Torrigiano, who under the directions of Bertoldo, was modelling figures in clay. Michelangelo applied himself to the same occupation and his work soon afterwards attracted the attention of Lorenzo, who from these early specimens formed great expectations of his talents. Encouraged by such approbation, he began to cut in marble the head of a Faun, after an antique sculpture, which though accustomed to

the chisel, he executed with such skill as to astonish Lorenzo; who observing that he had made some intentional deviations from the original, and that in particular he had represented the lips smoother, and had shown the tongue and teeth, remarked to him, with his accustomed jocularity, that he should have remembered that old men seldom exhibit a complete range of teeth. The docile artist, who paid no less respect to the judgment, than to the rank of Lorenzo, was no sooner left to himself, than he struck out one of the teeth, giving to the part the appearance of its having been lost by age. On his next visit Lorenzo was equally delighted with the disposition and the genius of his young pupil, and sending for his father, not only took the son under his particular protection, but made such a provision for the old man, as his age and the circumstances of his numerous family required. From this time till the death of Lorenzo, which included an interval of four years, Michelangelo constantly resided in the palace of the Medici, and sat at the table of Lorenzo, among his most honoured guests, where by a commendable regulation, the troublesome distinctions of rank were abolished, and every person took his place in the order of his arrival. Hence the young artist found himself at once associated, on terms of equality, with all that was illustrious and learned in Florence, and formed those connexions and friendships, which if they do not create, are at least necessary to promote and reward superior talents. His leisure-hours were passed in contemplating the intaglios, gems, and medals, of which Lorenzo had collected an astonishing number, whence he imbibed that taste for antiquarian researches, which was of essential service to him in his more immediate studies, and which he retained to the close of his life.

Whilst Michelangelo was thus laying the sure foundation of his future fame, and giving daily proofs of his rapid improvement, he formed an intimacy with Poliziano, who resided under the same roof and who soon became warmly attached to his interests. At his recommendation, Michelangelo executed a *basso-rilievo* in marble, the subject of which is the battle of the Centaurs. This piece yet ornaments the dwelling of one of his descendants, and although not wholly finished, displays rather the hand of an experienced master, than that of a pupil. But its highest commendation is, that it stood approved even in the riper judgment of the artist himself; who although not indulgent to his own productions, did not hesitate, on seeing it some years afterwards, to express his regret that he had not entirely devoted himself to that branch of art. The death of Lorenzo deprived him of his protector. Piero the son of Lorenzo, continued indeed to show to him the same marks of kindness which his father had uniformly done; but that prodigality, which so speedy dissipated his authority, his fortune, and his fame, was extended even to his amusements, and the talents of Michelangelo, under the patronage of Piero, instead of impressing on brass or on marble the forms of immortality, were condemned to raise a statue of snow! Nor was this intercourse of long continuance, for Piero, instead of affording support to others, was soon obliged to seek, in foreign countries, a shelter for himself.

The history of Michelangelo forms that of all the arts which he professed. In him, sculpture, painting, and architecture, seem to have been personified. Born with talents superior to his predecessors, he had also a better fate. Ghiberti, Donatello, Verocchio, were all men of genius, but they lived during the gentile state of the art. The light had now risen, and his young and ardent mind, conversant with the finest forms of antiquity, imbibed at its genuine source, a relish for their excellence. With the specimens of ancient arts, the depositories of ancient learning were unlocked to him, and of these also he made no inconsiderable use. As a poet he is entitled to rank high amongst his countrymen, and the triple wreath of painting, sculpture, and architecture, with

which his disciples decorated his tomb, might without exaggeration have been interwoven with a fourth.

Of the sculptures of Michelangelo, some yet remain in an unfinished state, which strikingly display the comprehension of his ideas, and the rapidity of his execution. Such are the busts of Brutus, and the statue of a female figure in the gallery at Florence. In the latter the chisel has been handled with such boldness, as to induce a connoisseur of our own country to conjecture, that it would be necessary, in the finishing, to restore the cavities. Perhaps a more involuntary homage was never paid to genius, than that which was extorted from the sculptor Falconet, who having presumed upon all occasions to censure the style of Michelangelo, without having had an opportunity of inspecting any of his works, at length obtained a sight of two of his statues, which were brought into France by Cardinal Richelieu. *I have seen Michelangelo*, exclaimed the French artist, *he is terrific*.

The labours of the painter are necessarily transitory, for so are the materials that compose them. In a few years, Michelangelo will be known, like an ancient artist, only by his works in marble. Already it is difficult to determine, whether his reputation be enhanced or diminished by the sombre representations of his pencil in the Pauline and Sixtine chapels, or by the few specimens of his cabinet pictures, now rarely to be met with, and exhibiting only a shadow of their original excellence. But the chief merit of this great man is not to be sought for in the remains of his pencil, nor even in his sculptures, but in the general improvement of the public taste which followed his astonishing productions. If his labours had perished with himself, the change which they effected in the opinions and the works of his contemporaries, would still have entitled him to the first honours of the art. Those who from ignorance, or from envy, have endeavoured to depreciate his productions, have represented them as exceeding in their forms and attitudes the limits and the possibilities of nature, as a race of beings, the mere creatures of his own imagination; but such critics would do well to consider, whether the great reform to which we have alluded, could have been effected by the most accurate representations of common life, and whether any thing short of that ideal excellence which he only knew to embody, could have accomplished so important a purpose The genius of Michelangelo was a leaven which was to operate on an immense and heterogeneous mass, the salt intended to give a relish to insipidity itself; it was therefore active, penetrating, energetic, so as not only effectually to resist the contagious effects of a depraved taste, but to communicate a portion of its spirit to all around.

Of the contemporary artists of Michelangelo, such only are entitled to high commendation, as accompanied his studies, or availed themselves of his example. Among these appears the divine Rafaello; second to his great model only in that grandeur of design which elevates the mind, superior to him in that grace which interests the heart. Endowed, if not with vigour sufficient alone to effect a reform, with talents the best calculated to promote its progress. It is well known that the works of this exquisite master form two distinct classes, those which he painted before and those which he painted after he had caught from the new Prometheus a portion of the ethereal — those of the scholar of Perugino, and of the competitor of Michelangelo. 'Happy age,' exclaims, with more than common animation, the historian of the painters (Vasari), 'and happy artists, for so I may well denominate you, who have had the opportunity of purifying your eyes at so clear a fountain; who have found your difficulties removed, your crooked paths made straight by so wonderful an artist; know,then, and honour the man who has enabled you to distinguish between truth and falsehood, and let your gratitude be shown in returning your thanks to heaven, and in imitating Michelangelo in all things.'

LEONARDO DA VINCI, HIS PICTURE OF THE LAST SUPPER.

The tranquility which had now for some years reigned in Italy, had introduced into that country an abundance, a luxury, and a refinement, almost unexampled in the annals of mankind. Instead of contending for dominion and power, the sovereigns and native princes of that happy region, attempted to rival each other in taste, in splendour, and in elegant accomplishments; and it was considered as essential to their grandeur, to give their household establishments a literary character. Hence their palaces became a kind of polite academy, in which the nobility of both sexes found a constant exercise for their intellectual talents; and courage, rank, and beauty, did not hesitate to associate with taste, with learning, and with wit. In this respect, the court of Milan was eminently distinguished. By the ostentatious liberality of Lodovico Sforza, who then held, in the name of his nephew Galeazzo, but directed at his own pleasure, the government of that place, several of the most distinguished artists and scholars of the time, were induced to fix their residence there. Among the former of these the celebrated Leonardo da Vinci deservedly holds the most conspicuous place. This extraordinary man, who united in himself the various qualifications of a painter, a sculptor, a poet, a musician, an architect, and a geometrician, and who in short, left untouched very few of those objects, which have engaged the attention of the human faculties, was born about the year 1443, at the castle of Vinci in Valdarno. After having given striking indications of superior talents, he for some time availed himself of the instructions of Andrea Verocchio, whom he soon surpassed in such a degree, as to render him dissatisfied with the efforts of his own pencil. His singular productions in every branch of art, had already excited the admiration of all Italy, when he was invited by Lodovico, in the year 1492, to fix his residence at Milan. By his astonishing skill in music, which he performed on a kind of Lyre of his own invention, and by his extraordinary facility as an *Improvisatore*, in the recitation of Italian verse, no less than by this professional talents, he secured the favour of his patron, and the applauses of the Milanese court. Lodovico had, however, the judgment to avail himself of the opportunity afforded him by this great artist, to enrich the city of Milan with some of the finest productions of his pencil; and if the abilities of Leonardo were to be estimated by a single effort, his panegyrist might perhaps select his celebrated picture of the Last Supper, in the refectory of the Dominicans, as the most valuable of his works. In this piece it was doubtless the intention of the painter to surpass whatever had before been executed, and to represent, not merely the external form and features, but the emotions and passions of the mind, from the highest degree of virtue and beneficence in the character of the Saviour, to the extreme of treachery and guilt in that of Iscariot; whilst the various sensations of affection and veneration, of joy, and of sorrow, of hope, and of fear, displayed in the countenances and gestures of the disciples, might express their various apprehensions of the mysterious rite. In the midst sits the great founder, dispensing with unshaken firmness, from either hand, the emblems of his own approaching sufferings. The agitation of the disciples is marked by their contrasted attitudes, and various expressions. Treachery and inhumanity, seem to be concentred in the form and features of Judas Iscariot. In representing the countenance of Christ, he found, however, the powers of the artist inadequate to the conceptions of his own mind. To step beyond the limits of earth, and to diffuse over these features a ray of divinity, was his bold, but fruitless attempt. The effort was often renewed, and as often terminated in disappointment and humiliation. Despairing of success, he disclosed his anxiety to his friend and associate, Bernardo Zenale, who advised him to desist from all further endeavours; in

consequence of which, this great work was suffered to remain imperfect. Nor did Leonardo, in acknowledging with Timanthes, the inefficacy of his skill, imitate that artist in the method which he adopted on that occasion. Agamemnon conceals his face in his robe, and the imagination of the spectator is at liberty to supply the defect; but in marking the head of his principal figure by a simple outline, Leonardo openly avows his inability, and leaves us only to regret, either the pusillanimity of the painter, or the impotence of his art.

V. WILLIAM BECKFORD,

ein noch lebender Schriftsteller, veröffentlichte 1784, ursprünglich in französischer Sprache, den orientalischen Roman 'Vathek: an Arabian Tale,' der später durch mehre englische Auflagen ging. Der Verfasser, 'England's wealthiest son' *(Byron)* ist im Besitz des ungeheuren Vermögens von weit über *l.* 100,000 jährlicher Einkünfte, und liebt es, wie der Kaliph den er schildert, sich mit der ausgesuchtesten Pracht zu umgeben; auch in Portugal (Cintra) liess er einen prachtvollen Palast aufführen, den er aber dem gänzlichen Verfall dermassen preisgab, dass

giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide.
(Byron, Childe Harold, Canto I. Stanza XXIII.)

B. hatte bereits in seinem 17. Jahre 'Biographical Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters' und später Briefe über 'Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal' herausgegeben, denen 1835 seine 'Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha' folgten, welche wegen der Beschreibungen des üppigen Lebens der reichen Priester und Mönche interessiren. Wir müssen es uns versagen irgend wie in Details über die verschwenderische Pracht und den wahrhaft feenartigen Reichthum seiner zauberischen Paläste einzugehen, indem wir auf deren Beschreibungen in der 'Literary Gazette' von 1822 und in 'Gentleman's Magazine' (1822) verweisen, und dieselben vielleicht in nachfolgendem Auszuge aus 'Vathek' selbst wiederfinden.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CALIPH VATHEK AND HIS MAGNIFICENT PALACES.

Vathek, ninth caliph of the race of the Abassides, was the son of Motassem, and the grandson of Haroun al Raschid. From an early accession to the throne, and the talents he possessed to adorn it, his subjects were induced to expect that his reign would be long and happy. His figure was pleasing and majestic; but when he was angry, one of his eyes became so terrible that no person could bear to behold it; and the wretch upon whom it was fixed instantly fell backward, and sometimes expired. For fear, however, of depopulating his dominions, and making his palace desolate, he but rarely gave way to his anger.

Being much addicted to the pleasures of the table, he sought by his affability to procure agreeable companions; and he succeeded the better as his generosity was unbounded and his indulgences unrestrained; for he did not think, with the caliph Omar Ben Abdalaziz, that it was necessary to make a hell of this world to enjoy paradise in the next.

He surpassed in magnificence all his predecessors. The palace of Alkoremi, which his

father, Motassem, had erected on the hill of Pied Horses, and which commanded the whole city of Samarah, was in his idea far too scanty; he added, therefore, five wings, or rather other palaces, which he destined for the particular gratification of each of the senses. In the first of these were tables continually covered with the most exquisite dainties, which were supplied both by night and by day, according to their constant consumption; whilst the most delicious wines, and the choicest cordials, flowed forth from a hundred fountains that were never exhausted. This palace was called The Eternal, or Unsatiating Banquet. The second was styled The Temple of Melody, or The Nectar of the Soul. It was inhabited by the most skilful musicians and admired poets of the time, who not only displayed their talents within, but, dispersing in bands without, caused every surrounding scene to reverberate their songs, which were continually varied in the most delightful succession.

The palace named The Delight of the Eyes, or The Support of Memory, was one entire enchantment. Rarities, collected from every corner of the earth, were there found in such profusion as to dazzle and confound, but for the order in which they were arranged. One gallery exhibited the pictures of the celebrated Mani, and statues that seemed to be alive. Here a well managed perspective attracted the sight; there the magic of optics agreeably deceived it; whilst the naturalist, on his part, exhibited in their several classes the various gifts that Heaven had bestowed on our globe. In a word, Vathek omitted nothing in this palace that might gratify the curiosity of those who resorted to it, although he was not able to satisfy his own, for of all men he was the most curious.

The Palace of Perfumes, which was termed likewise The Incentive to Pleasure, consisted of various halls, where the different perfumes which the earth produces were kept perpetually burning in censers of gold. Flambeaux and aromatic lamps were here lighted in open day. But the too powerful effects of this agreeable delirium might be alleviated by descending into an immense garden, where an assemblage of every fragrant flower diffused through the air the purest odours.

The fifth palace, denominated The Retreat of Mirth, or The Dangerous, was frequented by troops of young females, beautiful as the Houris, and not less seducing, who never failed to receive with caresses all whom the caliph allowed to approach them, and enjoy a few hours of their company.

Notwithstanding the sensuality in which Vathek indulged, he experienced no abatement in the love of his people, who thought that a sovereign giving himself up to pleasure was as able to govern as one who declared himself an enemy to it. But the unquiet and impetuous disposition of the caliph would not allow him to rest there. He had studied so much for his amusement in the lifetime of his father as to acquire a great deal of knowledge, though not a sufficiency to satisfy himself; for he wished to know everything, even sciences that did not exist. He was fond of engaging in disputes with the learned, but did not allow them to push their opposition with warmth. He stopped with presents the mouths of those whose mouths could be stopped; whilst others, whom his liberality was unable to subdue, he sent to prison to cool their blood—a remedy that often succeeded.

Vathek discovered also a predilection for theological controversy; but it was not with the orthodox that he usually held. By this means he induced the zealots to oppose him, and then persecuted them in return; for he resolved, at any rate, to have reason on his side.

The great prophet, Mahomet, whose vicars the caliphs are, beheld with indignation from his abode in the seventh heaven the irreligious conduct of such a vicegerent. 'Let us leave him to himself,' said he to the genii, who are always ready to receive his commands; 'let us see to what lengths his folly and impiety will carry him; if he run into excess, we shall know how to chastise him. Assist him, therefore, to

complete the tower, which, in imitation of Nimrod, he hath begun; not, like that great warrior, to escape being drowned, but from the insolent curiosity of penetrating the secrets of Heaven: he will not divine the fate that awaits him.'

The genii obeyed; and, when the workmen had raised their structure a cubit in the day time, two cubits more were added in the night. The expedition with which the fabric arose was not a little flattering to the vanity of Vathek: he fancied that even insensible matter showed a forwardness to subserve his designs, not considering that the successes of the foolish and wicked form the first rod of their chastisement. — His pride arrived at its hight when, having ascended for the first time the fifteen hundred stairs of his tower, he cast his eyes below, and beheld men not larger than pismires, mountains than shells, and cities than bee-hives. The idea which such an elevation inspired of his own grandeur completely bewildered him; he was almost ready to adore himself, till, lifting his eyes upward, he saw the stars as high above him as they appeared when he stood on the surface of the earth. He consoled himself, however, for this intruding and unwelcome perception of his littleness, with the thought of being great in the eyes of others; and flattered himself that the light of his mind would extend beyond the reach of his sight, and extort from he stars the decrees of his destiny.

VI. WILLIAM GODWIN,

geb. 1756 zu Wisbeach (Cambridgeshire) gest. 1836 in New Palace Yard, war ein seltsamer Charakter, der bei den friedfertigsten und eingezogensten Gewohnheiten die aufregendsten Schriften verbreitete, die, in Ausführung gebracht, die gesammten gesellschaftlichen Verhältnisse England's hätten stürzen müssen. Der Sohn eines nonkonformistischen Predigers widmete auch er sich diesem Berufe und gab bereits 1782 sein erstes Werk: 'Sketches of History, in Six Sermons;' und 1793 die berühmte: 'Enquiry concerning Political Justice, and its Influences on General Virtues and Happiness' heraus, in welcher letzteren er eine ungewöhnliche Macht der Beredtsamkeit und der Ueberredungskunst entfaltete. Ein Jahr später erschien sein Roman: 'Things as they Are or the Adventures of Caleb Williams,' welcher die Absicht hatte 'a general review of the modes of domestic and unrecorded despotism, by which man becomes the destroyer of man' zu geben. Es ist ein interessantes, energisches Werk und übertrifft an Originalität der Erfindung, Kraft und Energie der Gedanken und der Darstellung, Natürlichkeit der Situationen und feiner Entwickelung der Charaktere nicht nur seine übrigen Romane ('St. Leon,' 1799; 'Fleetwood, or the Man of Feeling,' 1804; 'Mandeville,' 1817 und 'Cloudesley,' 1830), sondern auch die von *Defoe* und *Swift*. Ausser einigen misslungenen Tragödien, verschiedenen moralischen 'Essays,' Biographien ('Life of Chaucer,' 1803, 3 Bde.; 'Lives of Edward and John Philips, the nephews of Milton,' 1815) schrieb er noch eine 'History of the Commonwealth,' 1805, u. A. — G. war überhaupt ein Vielschreiber. Verheirathet war er mit *Mary Wollstonecraft*, der Verfasserin von 'The Vindication of the Rights of Woman:' die Frucht dieser Ehe war die später durch ihren ausgezeichneten Roman 'Frankenstein' so berühmt gewordene *Mrs. Shelley*.

CONCLUDING SCENE OF CALEB WILLIAMS.

I can conceive of no shock greater than that I received from the sight of Mr. Falkland. His appearance on the last occasion on which we met had been haggard, ghost-like, and wild, energy in his gestures, and phrensy in his aspect. It was now the appearance of a corpse.

He was brought in in a chair, unable to stand, fatigued and almost destroyed by the journey he had just taken. His visage was colourless; his limbs destitute of motion, almost of life. His head reclined upon his bosom, except that now and then he lifted it up, and opened his eyes with a languid glance, immediately after which he sank back into his former apparent insensibility. He seemed not to have three hours to live. He had kept his chamber for several weeks, but the summons of the magistrate had been delivered to him at his bedside, his orders respecting letters and written papers being so peremptory that no one dared to disobey them. Upon reading the paper, he was seized with a very dangerous fit; but as soon as he recovered, he insisted upon being conveyed, with all practicable expedition, to the place of appointment. Falkland, in the most helpless state, was still Falkland, firm in command, and capable to extort obedience from every one that approached him.

What a sight was this to me! Till the moment that Falkland was presented to my view, my breast was steeled to pity. I thought that I had coolly entered into the reason of the case (passion, in a state of solemn and omnipotent vehemence, always appears to be coolness to him whom it domineers), and that I had determined impartially and justly. I believed that, if Mr. Falkland were permitted to persist in his schemes, we must both of us be completely wretched. I believed that it was in my power, by the resolution I had formed, to throw my share of this wretchedness from me, and that his could scarcely be increased. It appeared, therefore, to my mind to be a mere piece of equity and justice, such as an impartial spectator would desire, that one person should be miserable in preference to two, that one person, rather than two, should be incapacitated from acting his part, and contributing his share to the general welfare. I thought that in this business I had risen superior to personal considerations, and judged with a total neglect of the suggestions of selfregard. It is true Mr. Falkland was mortal: but notwithstanding his apparent decay, he might live long. Ought I to submit to waste the best years of my life in my present wretched situation? He had declared that his reputation should be for ever inviolate; this was his ruling passion, the thought that worked his soul to madness. He would probably, therefore, leave a legacy of persecution to be received by me, from the hands of Gines, or some other villain equally atrocious, when he should himself be no more. Now or never was the time for me to redeem my future life from endless woe.

But all these fine-spun reasonings vanished before the object that was now presented to me. Shall I trample upon a man thus dreadfully reduced? Shall I point my animosity against one whom the system of nature has brought down to the grave? Shall I poison, with sounds the most intolerable to his ears, the last moments of a man like Falkland? It is impossible. There must have been some dreadful mistake in the train of argument that persuaded me to be the author of this hateful scene. There must have been a better and more magnanimous remedy to the evils under which I groaned.

It was too late. The mistake I had committed was now gone, past all power of recall. Here was Falkland, solemnly brought before a magistrate to answer to a charge of murder. Here I stood, having already declared myself the author of the charge, gravely and sacredly pledged to support it. This was my situation; and thus situated I was called upon immediately to act. My whole frame shook. I would eagerly have consented that that moment should have been the last of my existence. I, however, believed that the conduct now most indispensably incumbent on me was to lay the emotions of my soul naked before my hearers. I looked first at Mr. Falkland, and then at the magistrate and attendants, and then at Mr Falkland again. My voice was suffocated with agony. I began: — 'Would to God it were possible for me to retire from this scene without

uttering another word! I would brave the consequences—I would submit to any imputation of cowardice, falsehood, and profligacy, rather than add to the weight of misfortune with which Mr. Falkland is overwhelmed. But the situation, and the demands of Mr. Falkland himself, forbid me. He, in compassion for whose fallen state I would willingly forget every interest of my own, would compel me to accuse, that he might enter upon his justification. I will confess every sentiment of my heart. Mr. Falkland well knows — I affirm it in his presence — how unwillingly I have proceeded to this extremity. I have reverenced him; he was worthy of reverence. From the first moment I saw him, I conceived the most ardent admiration. He condescended to encourage me; I attached myself to him with the fulness of affection. He was unhappy; I exerted myself with youthful curiosity to discover the secret of his woe. This was the beginning of misfortune. What shall I say? He was indeed the murderer of Tyrrel! He suffered the Hawkinses to be executed, knowing that they were innocent, and that he alone was guilty! After successive surmises, after various indiscretions on my part, and indications on his, he at length confided to me at full the fatal tale! Mr. Falkland! I most solemnly conjure you to recollect yourself! Did I ever prove myself unworthy of your confidence? The secret was a most painful burthen to me: it was the extremest folly that led me unthinkingly to gain possession of it; but I would have died a thousand deaths rather than betray it. It was the jealousy of your own thoughts, and the weight that hung upon your mind, that led you to watch my motions, and conceive alarm from every particle of my conduct. You began in confidence—why did you not continue in confidence? The evil that resulted from my original imprudence would then have been comparatively little. You threatened me: did I then betray you? A word from my lips at that time would have freed me from your threats for ever. I bore them for a considerable period, and at last quitted your service, and threw myself a fugitive upon the world, in silence. Why did you not suffer me to depart? You brought me back by stratagem and violence, and wantonly accused me of an enormous felony. Did I then mention a syllable of the murder, the secret of which was in my possession? Where is the man that has suffered more from the injustice of society than I have done? I was accused of a villany that my heart abhorred. I was sent to jail. I will not enumerate the horrors of my prison, the lightest of which would make the heart of humanity shudder. I looked forward to the gallows! Young, ambitious, fond of life, innocent as the child unborn, I looked forward to the gallows. I believed that one word of resolute accusation against my patron would deliver me: yet I was silent; I armed myself with patience, uncertain whether it where better to accuse or to die. Did this show me a man unworthy to be trusted? I determined to break out of prison. With infinite difficulty, and repeated miscarriages, I at length effected my purpose. Instantly a proclamation, with a hundred guineas' reward, was issued for apprehending me. I was obliged to take shelter among the refuse of mankind, in the midst of a gang of thieves. I encountered the most imminent peril of my life when I entered this retreat, and when I quitted it. Immediately after, I travelled almost the whole length of the kingdom, in poverty and distress, in hourly danger of being retaken and manacled like a felon. I would have fled my country; I was prevented. I had recourse to various disguises; I was innocent, and yet was compelled to as many arts and subterfuges as could have been entailed on the worst of villains. In London I was as much harassed, and as repeatedly alarmed, as I had been in my flight through the country. Did all these persecutions persuade me to put an end to my silence? No: I suffered them with patience and submission; I did not make one attempt to retort them upon their author. I fell at last into the hands of the miscreants. In this ter-

rible situation I, for the first time, attempted, by turning informer, to throw the weight from myself. Happily for me the London magistrate listened to my tale with insolent contempt. I soon, and long, repented of my rashness, and rejoiced in my miscarriage. I acknowledge that in various ways Mr. Falkland showed humanity towards me during this period. He would have prevented my going to prison at first; he contributed to my subsistence during my detention; he had no share in the pursuit that had been set on foot against me: he at length procured my discharge when brought forward for trial. But a great part of his forbearance was unknown to me; I supposed him to be my unrelenting pursuer. I could not forget that, whoever heaped calamities on me in the sequel, they all originated in his forged accusation. The prosecution against me for felony was now at an end. Why were not my sufferings permitted to terminate then, and I allowed to hide my weary head in some obscure yet tranquil retreat! Had I not sufficiently proved my constancy and fidelity? Would not a compromise in this situation have been most wise and most secure? But the restless and jealous anxiety of Mr. Falkland would not permit him to repose the least atom of confidence. The only compromise that he proposed was, that, with my own hand, I should sign myself a villain. I refused this proposal, and have ever since been driven from place to place, deprived of peace, of honest fame, even of bread. For a long time I persisted in the resolution that no emergency should convert me into the assailant. In an evil hour I at last listened to my resentment and impatience, and the hateful mistake into which I fell has produced the present scene. I now see that mistake in all its enormity. I am sure that if I had opened my heart to Mr. Falkland, if I had told to him privately the tale that I have now been telling, he could not have resisted my reasonable demand. After all his precautions, he must ultimately have depended upon my forbearance. Could he be sure, that if I were at last worked up to disclose everything I knew, and to enforce it with all the energy I could exert, I should obtain no credit? If he must in every case be at my mercy, in which mode ought he to have sought his safety — in conciliation, or in inexorable cruelty? Mr. Falkland is of a noble nature. Yes! in spite of the catastrophe of Tyrrel, of the miserable end of the Hawkinses, and of all that I have myself suffered, I affirm that he has qualities of the most admirable kind. It is therefore impossible that he could have resisted a frank and fervent expostulation, the frankness and the fervour in which the whole soul was poured out. I despaired while it was yet time to have made the just experiment; but my despair was criminal, was treason against the sovereignty of truth. I have told a plain and unadulterated tale. I came hither to curse, but I remain to bless. I came to accuse, but am compelled to applaud. I proclaim to all the world that Mr. Falkland is a man worthy of affection and kindness, and that I am myself the basest and most odious of mankind! Never will I forgive myself the iniquity of this day. The memory will always haunt me, and embitter every hour of my existence. In thus acting, I have been a murderer — a cool, deliberate, unfeeling murderer. I have said what my accursed precipitation has obliged me to say. Do with me as you please. I ask no favour. Death would be a kindness compared to what I feel!'

Such were the accents dictated by my remorse. I poured them out with uncontrollable impetuosity, for my heart was pierced, and I was compelled to give vent to its anguish. Every one that heard me was petrified with astonishment. Every one that heard me was melted into tears. They could not resist the ardour with which I praised the great qualities of Falkland; they manifested their sympathy in the tokens of my penitence.

How shall I describe the feelings of this unfortunate man! Before I began, he seemed sunk and debilitated, incapable of any strenuous impression. When I mentioned the mur-

der, I could perceive in him an involuntary shuddering, though it was counteracted, partly by the feebleness of his frame, and partly by the energy of his mind. This was an allegation he expected, and he had endeavoured to prepare himself for it. But there was much of what I said of which he had had no previous conception. When I expressed the anguish of my mind, he seemed at first startled and alarmed, lest this should be a new expedient to gain credit to my tale. His indignation against me was great for having retained all my resentment towards him, thus, as it might be, in the last hour of his existence. It was increased when he discovered me, as he supposed, using a pretence of liberality and sentiment to give new edge to my hostility. But as I went on, he could no longer resist. He saw my sincerity; he was penetrated with my grief and compunction. He rose from his seat, supported by the attendants, and — to my infinite astonishment —threw himself into my arms!

'Williams,' said he, 'you have conquered! I see too late the greatness and elevation of your mind. I confess that it is to my fault, and not yours, that it is to the excess of jealousy that was ever burning in my bosom that I owe my ruin. I could have resisted any plan of malicious accusation you might have brought against me. But I see that the artless and manly story you have told, has carried conviction to every hearer. All my prospects are concluded. All that I most ardently desired is for ever frustrated. I have spent a life of the basest cruelty to cover one act of momentary vice, and to protect myself against the prejudices of my species. I stand now completely detected. My name will be consecrated to infamy, while your heroism, your patience, and your virtues, will be for ever admired. You have inflicted on me the most fatal of all mischiefs, but I bless the hand that wounds me. And now'—turning to the magistrate—'and now, do with me as you please. I am prepared to suffer all the vengeance of the law. You cannot inflict on me more than I deserve. You cannot hate me more than I hate myself. I am the most execrable of all villains. I have for many years (I know not how long) dragged on a miserable existence in insupportable pain. I am at last, in recompense for all my labours and my crimes, dismissed from it with the disappointment of my only remaining hope, the destruction of that for the sake of which alone I consented to exist. I was worthy of such a life that it should continue just long enough to witness this final overthrow. If, however, you wish to punish me, you must be speedy in your justice; for as reputation was the blood that warmed my heart, so I feel that death and infamy must seize me together!'

I record the praises bestowed on me by Falkland, not because I deserve them, but because they serve to aggravate the baseness of my cruelty. He survived but three days this dreadful scene. I have been his murderer. It was fit that he should praise my patience, who has fallen a victim, life and fame, to my precipitation! It would have been merciful, in comparison, if I had planted a dagger in his heart. He would have thanked me for my kindness. But atrocious, execrable wretch that I have been, I wantonly inflicted on him an anguish a thousand times worse than death. Meanwhile I endure the penalty of my crime. His figure is ever in imagination before me. Waking or sleeping, I still behold him. He seems mildly to expostulate with me for my unfeeling behaviour. I live the devoted victim of conscious reproach. Alas! I am the same Caleb Williams that so short a time ago boasted that, however great were the calamities I endured, I was still innocent.

Such has been the result of a project I formed for delivering myself from the evils that had so long attended me. I thought that if Falkland were dead, I should return once again to all that makes life worth possessing. I thought that if the guilt of Falkland were established, fortune and the world would smile upon my efforts. Both these events are accomplished, and it is now only that I am truly miserable.

Why should my reflections perpetually centre upon myself?—self, an overweening regard to which has been the source of my errors! Falkland, I will think only of thee, and from that thought will draw everfresh nourishment for my sorrows! One generous, one disinterested tear, I will consecrate to thy ashes! A nobler spirit lived not among the sons of men. Thy intellectual powers were truly sublime, and thy bosom burned with a godlike ambition. But of what use are talents and sentiments in the corrupt wilderness of human society! It is a rank and rotten soil, from which every finer shrub draws poison as it grows. All that, in a happier field and a purer air, would expand into virtue and germinate into usefulness, is thus converted into henbane and deadly nightshade.

Falkland! thou enteredst upon thy career with the purest and most laudable intentions. But thou imbibedst the poison of chivalry with thy earliest youth; and the base and low-minded envy that met thee on thy return to thy native seats, operated with this poison to hurry thee into madness. Soon, too soon, by this fatal coincidence, were the blooming hopes of thy youth blasted for ever! From that moment thou only continuedst to live to the phantom of departed honour. From that moment thy benevolence was, in a great measure, turned into rankling jealousy and inexorable precaution. Year after year didst thou spend in this miserable project of imposture; and only at last continuedst to live long enough to see, by my misjudging and abhorred intervention, thy closing hope disappointed, and thy death accompanied with the foulest disgrace!

VII. MRS. ELIZABETH HAMILTON,

geb. 1758 zu Belfast, gest. 1816 in Harrowgate, war die liebenswürdige und verdienstvolle Verfasserin eines kleinen moralischen Romans: 'The Cottagers of Glenburnie', welcher wahrscheinlich zur Förderung der häuslichen Wohlfahrt unter den Landleuten Schottlands eben so viel beitrug als *Johnson's* 'Journey to the Hebrides' zu Anpflanzungen von Baumschulen. — Ihr Vater, ein Kaufmann in Schottland, starb früh indem er eine Wittwe mit drei Kindern hinterliess. *Elizabeth* kam zu ihrer Tante, der Frau eines Pächters in Stirlingshire, wo sie so sorgfältig erzogen wurde als die Umstände es nur gestatteten. Ihr schriftstellerisches Talent entwickelte sich hier früh und machte sich in Ergiessungen in ihrem Tagebuche Luft. Die 1796 erschienenen 'Letters of a Hindoo Rajah' sind 'a work equally remarkable for good sense and sprightliness' und zum Theil das Resultat ihrer Correspondenz mit einem Bruder, der im Dienste der Indischen Kompagnie stand; der glänzende Erfolg dieses Werkes veranlasste das Erscheinen von 'The Modern Philosophers' (1800, 3 Bde.). ferner der 'Letters on Education', 'Memoirs of Agrippina' und 'Letters to the Daughters of a Nobleman' (bis 1806). Im Jahre 1808 erschien endlich ihr berühmtestes Werk: 'The Cottagers of Glenburnie,' welchem vor ihrem Tode noch 'Popular Essays on the Human Mind' und 'Hints to the Directors of Public Schools' folgten. — 'The "Cottagers of Glenburnie" is in reality a tale of cottage life, and derives none of its interest from those strange and splendid vicissitudes, contrasts, and sentimental dangers which embellish the ideal world of so many fictitious narratives. The scene is laid in a poor scattered Scottish hamlet, and the heroine is a retired English governess, middle-aged and lame, with *l.* 30 a-year! This person, Mrs. Mason, after being long in a noble family, is reduced from a state of ease and luxury into one of comparative indigence, and having learned that her cousin, her only surviving relative, was married to one

of the small farmers in Glenburnie, she agreed to fix her residence in her house as a lodger. On her way she called at Gowan-brae, the house of the factor or land-steward on the estate, to whom she had previously been known, and we have a graphic account of the family of this gentleman, one of whose daughters figures conspicuously in the after-part of the tale. Mr. Stewart, the factor, his youngest daughter, and boys, accompany Mrs. Mason to Glenburnie. (*Chambers*).

PICTURE OF GLENBURNIE, AND VIEW OF A SCOTCH COTTAGE IN THE LAST CENTURY.

They had not proceeded many paces until they were struck with admiration at the uncommon wildness of the scene which now opened to their view. The rocks which seemed to guard the entrance of the glen were abrupt and savage, and approached so near each other, that one could suppose them to have been riven asunder to give a passage to the clear stream which flowed between them. As they advanced, the hills receeded on either side, making room for meadows and corn-fields, through which the rapid burn pursued its way in many a fantastic maze.

If the reader is a traveller, he must know, and if he is a speculator in canals, he must regret, that rivers have in general a trick of running out of the straight line. But however they may in this resemble the moral conduct of man, it is but doing justice to these favourite children of nature to observe, that, in all their wanderings, each stream follows the strict injunctions of its parent, and never for a moment loses its original character. That our burn had a character of its own, no one who saw its spirited career could possibly have denied. It did not, like the lazy and luxuriant streams which glide through the fertile valleys of the south, turn and wind in listless apathy, as if it had no other object than the gratification of ennui or caprice. Alert, and impetuous, and persevering, it even from its infancy dashed onward, proud and resolute; and no sooner met with a rebuff from the rocks on one side of the glen, than it flew indignant to the other, frequently awaking the sleeping echoes by the noise of its wild career. Its complexion was untinged by the fat of the soil; for in truth the soil had no fat to throw away. But little as it owed to nature, and still less as it was indebted to cultivation, it had clothed itself in many shades of verdure. The hazel, the birch, and the mountain-ash, were not only scattered in profusion through the bottom, but in many places clomb to the very tops of the hills. The meadows and corn-fields, indeed, seemed very evidently to have been encroachments made by stealth on the sylvan region; for none had their outlines marked with the mathematical precision in which the modern improver so much delights. Not a straight line was to be seen in Glenburnie. The very ploughs moved in curves; and though much cannot be said of the richness of the crops, the ridges certainly waved with all the grace and pride of beauty.

The road, which winded along the foot of the hills, on the north side of the glen, owed as little to art as any country road in the kingdom. It was very narrow, and much encumbered by loose stones, brought down from the hills above by the winter torrents.

Mrs. Mason and Mary were so enchanted by the change of scenery which was incessantly unfolding to their view, that they made no complaints of the slowness of their progress, nor did they much regret being obliged to stop a few minutes at a time, where they found so much to amuse and to delight them. But Mr. Stewart had no patience at meeting with obstructions, which, with a little pains, could have been so easily obviated; and as he walked by the side of the car, expatiated upon the indolence of the people of the glen, who,

though they had no other road to the market, could contentedly go on from year to year without making an effort to repair it. 'How little trouble would it cost,' said he, 'to throw the smaller of these loose stones into these holes and ruts, and to remove the larger ones to the side, where they would form a fence between the road and the hill! There are enough of idle boys in the glen to effect all this, by working at it for one hour a-week during the summer. But then their fathers must unite in setting them to work; and there is not one in the glen who would not sooner have his horses lamed, and his carts torn to pieces, than have his son employed in a work that would benefit his neighbours as much as himself.'

As he was speaking, they passed the door of one of these small farmers; and immediately turning a sharp corner, began to descend a steep, which appeared so unsafe that Mr. Stewart made his boys alight, which they could do without inconvenience, and going to the head of the horse, took his guidance upon himself.

At the foot of this short precipice the road again made a sudden turn, and discovered to them a misfortune which threatened to put a stop to their proceeding any farther for the present evening. It was no other than the overturn of a cart of hay, occasioned by the breaking down of the bridge, along which it had been passing. Happily for the poor horse that drew this ill-fated load, the harness by which he was attached to it was of so frail a nature as to make little resistance; so that he and his rider escaped unhurt from the fall, notwithstanding its being one of considerable depth.

At first, indeed, neither boy nor horse was seen; but as Mr. Stewart advanced to examine, whether by removing the hay, which partly covered the bridge and partly hung suspended on the bushes, the road might still be passable, he heard a child's voice in the hollow exclaiming, 'Come on, ye muckle brute! ye had as weel come on! I'll gar ye! I'll gar ye! That's a gude beast now; come awa! That's it! Ay, ye're a gude beast now!'

As the last words were uttered, a little fellow of about ten years of age was seen issuing from the hollow, and pulling after him, with all his might, a great long-backed clumsy animal of the horse species, though apparently of a very mulish temper.

'You have met with a sad accident,' said Mr. Stewart; 'how did all this happen?' 'You may see how it happened plain eneugh,' returned the boy; 'the brig brak, and the cart couppet.' 'And did you and the horse coup likewise?' said Mr. Stewart. 'O ay, we a' couppet thegither, for I was ridin' on his back.' 'And where is your father, and all the rest of the folk?' 'Whaur sud they be but in the hay-field? Dinna ye ken that we're takin' in our hay? John Tamson's and Jamie Forster's was in a week syne, but we're aye ahint the lave.'

All the party were greatly amused by the composure which the young peasant evinced under his misfortune, as well as by the shrewdness of his answers; and having learned from him that the hay-field was at no great distance, gave him some half-pence to hasten his speed, and promised to take care of his horse till he should return with assistance.

He soon appeared, followed by his father and two other men, who came on stepping at their usual pace. 'Why, farmer,' said Mr. Stewart, 'you have trusted rather too long to this rotten plank, I think' (pointing to where it had given way); 'if you remember the last time I passed this road, which was several months since, I then told you that the bridge was in danger, and showed you how easily it might be repaired?'

'It is a' true,' said the farmer, moving his bonnet; 'but I thought it would do weel eneugh. I spoke to Jamie Forster and John Tamson about it; but they said they wad na fash themselves to mend a brig that was to serve a' the folk in the glen.'

'But you must now mend it for your own sake,' said Mr. Stewart, 'even though a' the folk in the glen should be the better for it.'

'Ay, sir,' said one of the men, 'that's

spoken like yoursel'! would every body follow your example, there would be nothing in the world but peace and good neighbourhood. Only tell us what we are to do, and I'll work at your bidding till it be *pit-mirk*.'

'Well,' said Mr. Stewart, 'bring down the planks that I saw lying in the barn-yard, and which, though you have been obliged to step over them every day since the stack they propped was taken in, have never been lifted. You know what I mean?'

'O yes, sir,' said the farmer, grinning, 'we ken what ye mean weel eneugh: and indeed I may ken, for I have fallen thrice owre them since they lay there, and often said they sud be set by, but we cou'dna be fashed.'

While the farmer, with one of the men, went up, taking the horse with them, for the planks in question, all that remained set to work, under Mr. Stewart's direction, to remove the hay, and clear away the rubbish; Mrs. Mason and Mary being the only idle spectators of the scene. In little more than half an hour the planks were laid, and covered with sod cut from the bank, and the bridge now only wanted a little gravel to make it as good as new. This addition, however, was not essential towards rendering it passable for the car, which was conveyed over it in safety; but Mr. Stewart, foreseeing the consequences of its remaining in this unfinished state, urged the farmer to complete the job on the present evening, and at the same time promised to reimburse him for the expense. The only answer he could obtain was, 'Ay, ay, we'll do't in time; but I'se warrant it'll do weel eneugh.'

Our party then drove off, and at every turning of the road expressed fresh admiration at the increasing beauty of the scene. Towards the top of the glen the hills seemed to meet, the rocks became more frequent and more prominent, sometimes standing naked and exposed, and sometimes peeping over the tops of the rowan-tree and weeping birch, which grew in great abundance on all the steepy banks. At length the village appeared in view. It consisted of about twenty or thirty thatched cottages, which, but for their chimneys, and the smoke that issued from them, might have passed for so many stables or hogsties, so little had they to distinguish them as the abodes of man. That one horse, at least, was the inhabitant of every dwelling, there was no room to doubt, as every door could not only boast its dunghill, but had a small cart stuck up on end directly before it; which cart, though often broken, and always dirty, seemed ostentatiously displayed as a proof of wealth.

In the middle of the village stood the kirk, a humble edifice, which meekly raised its head but a few degrees above the neighbouring houses. It was, however, graced by an ornament of peculiar beauty. Two fine old ash-trees, which grew at the east end, spread their protecting arms over its lowly roof, and served all the uses of a steeple and a belfry; for on one of the loftiest of these branches was the bell suspended which, on each returning Sabbath,

'Rang the blest summons to the house of God.'

On the other side of the churchyard stood the manse, distinguished from the other houses in the village by a sash window on each side of the door, and garret windows above; which showed that two floors were, or might be, inhabited; for in truth the house had such a sombre air that Mrs. Mason, in passing, concluded it to be deserted.

As the houses stood separate from each other at the distance of many yards, she had time to contemplate the scene, and was particularly struck with the number of children which, as the car advanced, poured forth from every little cot to look at the strangers and their uncommon vehicle. On asking for John Macclarty's, three or four of them started forward to offer themselves as guides; and running before the car, turned down a lane towards the river, on a road so deep with ruts, that, though they had not twenty yards to go, it was attended with some danger. Mrs. Mason, who was shaken to pieces by the jolting, was very glad

to alight; but her limbs were in such a tremor, that Mr. Stewart's arm was scarcely sufficient to support her to the door.

It must be confessed that the aspect of the dwelling where she was to fix her residence was by no means inviting. The walls were substantial, built, like the houses in the village, of stone and lime; but they were blackened by the mud which the cart-wheels had spattered from the ruts in winter; and on one side of the door completely covered from view by the contents of a great dunghill. On the other, and directly under the window, was a squashy pool, formed by the dirty water thrown from the house, and in it about twenty young ducks were at this time dabbling.

At the threshold of the door, room had been left for a paving-stone, but it had never been laid; and consequently the place became hollow, to the great advantage of the younger ducklings, who always found in it a plentiful supply of water, in which they could swim without danger. Happily Mr. Stewart was provided with boots, so that he could take a firm step in it, while he lifted Mrs. Mason, and set her down in safety within the threshold. But there an unforeseen danger awaited her, for there the great whey pot had stood since morning, when the cheese had been made, and was at the present moment filled with chickens, which were busily picking at the bits of curd which had hardened on the sides, and cruelly mocked their wishes. Over this Mr. Stewart and Mrs. Mason unfortunately tumbled. The pot was overturned, and the chickens, cackling with hideous din, flew about in all directions, some over their heads, and others making their way by the hallan (or inner door) into the house.

The accident was attended with no further bad consequences than a little hurt upon the shins: and all our party were now assembled in the kitchen; but, though they found the doors of the house open, they saw no appearance of any inhabitants. At length Mrs. Macclarty came in; all out of breath, followed by her daughters, two big girls of eleven and thirteen years of age. She welcomed Mrs. Mason and her friends with great kindness, and made many apologies for being in no better order to receive them; but said that both her gudeman and herself thought that her cousin would have stayed at Gowan-brae till after the fair, as they were too far off at Glenburnie to think of going to it; though it would, to be sure, be only natural for Mrs. Mason to like to see all the grand sights that were to be seen there; for, to be sure, she would gang mony places before she saw the like. Mrs. Mason smiled, and assured her she would have more pleasure in looking at the fine view from her door than in all the sights at the fair.

'Ay, it's a bonny piece of corn, to be sure,' returned Mrs. Macclarty with great simplicity; 'but then, what with the trees, and rocks, and wimplings o' the burn, we have nae room to make parks o' ony size.'

'But were your trees, and rocks, and wimplings of the burn all removed,' said Mr. Stewart, 'then your prospect would be worth the looking at, Mrs. Macclarty; would it not?'

Though Mr. Stewart's irony was lost upon the good woman, it produced a laugh among the young folks, which she, however, did not resent, but immediately fell to busying herself in sweeping the hearth, and adding turf to the fire, in order to make the kettle boil for tea.

'I think,' said Miss Mary, 'you might make your daughters save you that trouble,' looking at the two girls, who stood all this time leaning against the wall.

'O, poor things,' said their mother, 'they have not been used to it; they have eneugh of time for wark yet.'

'Depend upon it,' said Mrs. Mason, 'young people can never begin too soon; your eldest daughter there will soon be as tall as yourself.'

'Indeed she's of a stately growth,' said Mrs. Macclarty, pleased with the observation; and Jenny there is little ahint her; but what are they but bairns yet for a' that! In time, I warrant, they'll do weel eneugh. Meg can milk a cow as weel as I can do, when she likes.'

'And does she not always like to do all she can?' said Mrs. Mason.

'O, we mauna complain,' returned the mother; 'she does well eneugh.'

The gawky girl now began to rub the wall up and down with her dirty fingers; but happily the wall was of too dusky a hue to be easily stained. And here let us remark the advantage which our cottages in general possess over those of our southern neighbours; theirs being so whitened up, that no one can have the comfort of laying a dirty hand upon them without leaving the impression; an inconvenience which reduces people to the necessity of learning to stand upon their legs, without the assistance of their hands; whereas, in our country, custom has rendered the hands in standing at a door, or in going up or down a stair, no less necessary than the feet, as may be plainly seen in the finger-marks which meet one's eye in all directions.

Some learned authors have indeed adduced this propensity in support of the theory which teaches that mankind originally walked upon all fours, and that standing erect is an outrage on the laws of nature; while others, willing to trace it to a more honourable source, contend that, as the propensity evidently prevails chiefly among those who are conscious of being able to transmit the colour of their hands to the objects on which they place them, it is decidedly an impulse of genius, and, in all probability, derived from our Pictish ancestors, whose passion for painting is well known to have been great and universal.

VIII. JOHN PINKERTON,

geb. 1758, gest. 1825, veröffentlichte 1789: 'An Inquiry into the History of Scotland, preceding the Reign of Malcolm III.,' worin er über einen bis dahin ziemlich dunkeln Theil der schott. Geschichte mancherlei Aufklärung gab. Er besass in reichem Maasse den Enthusiasmus und den unermüdlichen Fleiss des historischen Forschers, war aber auch nicht frei von den Vorurtheilen, die nur zu oft mit diesem Charakter verbunden sind. Eleganz und philosophische Schärfe gehen ihm ganz ab, ein Mangel, der durch sein fortwährendes, sichtliches Streben nach diesen Vorzügen nur um so deutlicher hervortritt. Seine 'History of Scotland from the Accession of the House of Stuart to the Reign of James V.', erschien 1797 und zeugt von Gelehrsamkeit und gründlichem Forschen, die man noch mehr bewundern würde, wenn der Verfasser nicht versucht hätte verhältnissmässig unbedeutende und obskure Details in die schwülstige Deklamation *Gibbon's* (in dessen 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire') zu kleiden.

1) JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

After two weak and inactive reigns, and two regencies of no superior character, a monarch is to succeed, whose government is to be distinguished for its novelty and vigour; and the house of Stuart is at last to know a sovereign. James had now attained his thirtieth year; and his prime of life was yet further recommended by every advantage, which natural talents and a complete education could bestow. In person he was rather under the middle size, but endued with such firmness and agility as to excel in every manly exercise. In wrestling, in the management of the bow or the spear, in throwing the quoit, in running, in horsemanship, he yielded to none. But his mental abilities were yet more conspicuous. A man of science

and learning, an excellent poet, a master of music, the fame of his accomplishments reflected glory even on the throne. Illustrious in every personal virtue, free from any personal vice, his very amusements adorned his character; his hours of leisure being frequently dedicated to elegant writing, miniature painting, to mechanical arts, and to the cultivation of the garden and the orchard.

The features of his government it is more difficult to discriminate. If we believe some writers, not less than three thousand men were put to death in the two first years of his reign; and after the inroad of Donald Balloch, three hundred highland banditi met with the same fate. Happily these matters are quite unknown to contemporary and authentic monuments of our history: the justice of James fell only on a few nobles and some chiefs of clans; but the numerous dependents of those victims of equitable severity embraced every occasion to excite discontents, and propagate falsehoods against the government, falsehoods which have even passed into the page of history, for one of the misfortunes of the house of Stuart has consisted in the prejudices of several Scottish historians. If any blame must fall, let it fall where it ought, upon the misrule of the house of Albany. To a people who had lived half a century under a loose and delegated government, and who had been accustomed to regard licence as liberty, it is no wonder that the punishment of crimes seemed quite a new and strange cruelty: that a salutary strength of government appeared despotism; that a necessary and legal taxation assumed the shape of tyrannic extortion. The commons, led by the nobles, absurdly regarded the cause of the latter as their own, and saw not that the king in crushing the aristocracy was doing the most essential service to his people. The plans of James were sagacious and profound, but sometimes incur the charge of temerity; and while they partake of the greatness of genius, they are limited by the want of a sufficient power in the Scottish monarchy for their complete execution. In a word, James is fully entitled to the uncommon character of a great sovereign in the arts of government and of peace.

2) JAMES II. OF SCOTLAND.

His actions proclaim him a prince of decisive, and sometimes even violent spirit. In war he was a valiant and popular leader; and surpassed his father in a marked attention to military discipline. Negligent of pomp, the equal of every soldier, he shared the mean repast of the march, confident that poison is seldom administered in vessels of wood, and reposing absolute faith on the love of his people. The power of his abilities, the excellence of his intentions in peace, are best displayed by the laws of his reign, always the most instructive and valuable portion of history. His wisdom appears conspicuous, in his reverence for the counsels of the wise, in guiding his most important actions by the experience of Crichton, and the benign and patriotic prudence of Kennedy. The perdition of the aristocratic and tyrannic house of Douglas was to be a spirited exertion of justice to himself and to his people. But that any fixed plan yet existed, for the destruction of the aristocracy, seems a refined theory, incongruous with the ignorance and spirit and manners of the times; and is best confuted by the plain facts, that the families abased are ever remarkable for important crimes, and that the property and power, which were withdrawn from one house, were ever to be bestowed on another. Even when Louis XI. and Henry VII. were, towards the termination of this century, in countries of greater civilization, and political science, to humble the aristocracy, an unprejudiced reader will be ready to infer that the events proceed rather from chance and circumstances, and the rotation of society, than from design. As to the person of the second James, we only know that it was robust; and that a red tinge, which deformed

one of his cheeks, gave him the vulgar appellation of James with the fiery face.

3) JAMES III. AND HIS BROTHERS.

His person was elegant, his mind weak. In attachment to favourites, in superstition, in love of retirement and literature, he not a little resembled James VI. The other chief features of his character were avarice, caprice, and a delight in architecture, music, and astrology, too violent to leave room for the duties of a monarch. His aversion to the severity of public business rendered the relaxation of his government obnoxious to the united evils of anarchy and tyranny; for, besides a fixed inclination to despotism, his impatience of slow and moderate measures prompted him to sudden acts of outrage; and his favourites oppressed the people, while the indolence of the king abandoned the reins of justice; and his lenity to the bad was cruelty to the good. His sceptre was so little stained with blood, that the fate of his brother may excite doubt or astonishment; yet oppression may proceed by rapid, though silent steps, while the fears and weakness of the sovereign constrain him to shrink from sanguinary violence. * * *

The character of James was strongly contrasted by those of his brothers, Alexander duke of Albany, and John Earl of Mar. While the king, in solitary retirement, indulged his favourite studies of music, architecture, and astrology, he forgot the duties, amid the idle amusements of a monarch. The nobles, in the feudal ages, seldom visiting the court, except upon occasions of business or high festivals, and being ignorant of the arts in which James delighted, he had recourse to the conversation of those who excelled in them; but forgot the majesty of the sovereign so far as to make companions and favourites of men of mean origin: imitating Louis XI. who had raised his barber, Oliver le Dain, to great wealth and high dignities; but a stranger to the standing army, large revenue, and other resources, which enabled that king to crush the lofty and exalt the humble. Cochran, a mason or architect, and Rogers, the English master of music, were respectable names among the favourites of the Scottish king, when followed by those of Leonard, a smith; Hommil a tailor; and Torpichan, a fencing master. The contempt and indignation of the nobility were extreme, when they beheld the public favour of the sovereign to those minions, joined with a pointed neglect of their haughty order.

Albany was a sensible and spirited prince, fond of martial exercises, of fine horses, and of attendants tall and vigorous. In person he was of a middle stature, strong, and well proportioned: his broad shoulders, and blooming yet stern countenance, engaged the praise of a martial age; and his known courage, if we believe an historian, was the only cause why the nobles did not rebel against James, while he lived in amity with this brother. Mar added superior stature to youth, beauty, and elegance of person: his gentle manners won every heart: nor did he yield to his brother in the favourite exercises of the nobility, or in his attention to the breed of his war horses: and in hunting, hawking, and every knightly pastime, his skill and grace were admired. * * *

As the king, in his flight, was about to pass the rivulet Bannockburn, at the hamlet of Miltown, a woman, who was drawing water, alarmed at his appearance and rapidity, fled, and left her pitcher, which startled the steed, or disordered his career, so that the unexpected rider fell from the saddle, and, oppressed with the weight of his armour, fainted away. A miller and his wife conveyed their unknown sovereign into the mill; and, to conceal the stranger from any pursuers, they covered him with a cloth. Some time after he resumed his senses; but perceiving himself much hurt, and very weak, he called for a priest to hear his confession: and to his blunt hosts, who inquired his name and quality, his impatience answered, 'I was your king this morning.' The

woman upon this ran into the road, wringing her hands, and calling aloud for a priest to the king. It so chanced that some of the rebels were in the neighbourhood engaged in disorderly pursuit; and a priest, one of Lord Gray's followers, as is said, riding up, exclaimed, 'I am a priest, where is the king?' Being conducted to the place, he knew his sovereign; and, kneeling, inquired if he thought he might survive, by the help of surgery; to which James answered, 'I believe that I might; but let me have a priest to hear my confession, and to bring me the eucharist. The priest, it is averred, heard his confesion; and then stabbed the unfortunate monarch; whose weakness deserved a milder fate than to fall the victim of a lawless aristocracy, more inimical to public order and prosperity than the feeble despotism of their sovereign.

On this important event some reflections naturally arise. Had James been victorious, the power of the Scottish aristocracy might have been crushed for ever; and, weak and despotic as he was, it would have been better for the people to have one tyrant than many. But this monarch (if we set the dubious murder of his brother aside), was more weak than vicious; and even when his feebleness and impolicy are mentioned, it is rather in a relative than a positive view; for his conduct was chiefly blameable, because ill adapted to the ferocious times and people, which required, in the character of a sovereign, the duties of a magistrate, and the valour and skill of a general. Had James lived a century or two later, his faults would perhaps have escaped observation. But the conduct of the rebellious peers, whose sanguinary lust of power, and eagerness to continue their lawless rapine, opposed the son in open combat against his father, that last infamy of civil war, cannot be too severely reprobated. They excite horror, while the monarch attracts a reverential compassion.

4) JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND.

At length a reign arises, undisturbed by the disorders of a minority; and forming a strong contrast to the preceding in spirit and ability. The young monarch was soon to develop a character brightened with many illustrious qualities, and darkened with few shades. His strict administration of justice, by which the realm was maintened in a tranquillity long unknown, his uniform concord with his nobles, his magnificence, his generosity, his patronage of useful arts and sciences, particularly navigation, which had been strangely neglected by the Scottish monarchs, and even his spirit of chivalry, were to render his reign popular and glorious. Nor has it been unjustly asserted, that the period of his domination was that of the greatest wealth and power of Scotland, while a separate kingdom. Yet some of his qualities were rather specious than solid, and rather belonged to chivalrous romance than to real life: in the high regal duties of a politician, and of a general, he was extremely defective; his natural impetuosity predominating alike in his smaller pursuits and in his most important affairs. The avarice of the preceding reign he contrasted by a profusion which secured the attachment of the peers at the expense of the people. That superstitious devotion which, with a few exceptions, was inherent in his family, from its first elevation to his final descent from the throne, was in the fourth James much increased by his remorse for the death of his father: and the mass formed one of his chief daily offices. The resources of his magnificence were not exempt from a charge of extortion: but his gentleness and affability won all hearts, and stifled all murmurs. Just in his decrees, the severity of punishment was softened by his visible reluctance to chastise. To admonition, or even reproach, his ear was open; and his sense of an innocent conscience such that he listened without the smallest emotion. By a neglected education he was ignorant of letters but his mind was acute; he excelled in music,

in horsemanship, and other exercises; and a firm constitution enabled him to support every fatigue. His person was of the middle size, and elegant; his countenance majestic.

5) MARGARET, WIDOW OF JAMES IV.

The royal widow appears to have merited, and possessed, the admiration of all ranks; and as she continues to occupy much attention, during the various and stormy scenes of this long minority, some account of her character may not be here improper. Margaret was now in her twenty-fourth year; and her youthful beauty and graces rather proclaimed the bride than the widow. Her circular countenance displaying gaiety, her vivacious eyes, her person rather rustic than delicate, were accompanied with a corresponding vigour of health. Her amorous propensities were strong; and were to be indulged at the expense of ambition and decency, in precipitate marriages; and if we believe her brother (Henry VIII.) and Wolsey, in yet bolder deviations. But eminent in accomplishments, and in prudence, when unbiased by her passions, her talents threw her faults into the shade. Her long letters display an intimate knowledge of affairs and characters, considerable ability, and patient industry. In her political conduct she was not free from the levity ascribed to the sex, and was apt to pass from one extreme to another; and, when in power, alternately to display too much pride or too much humility, a severity too stern, or a gentleness too relaxed. Yet the times were difficult; and that wisdom could not be mean which attracted the praise of the able Dacre, of the prudent and magnanimous Surrey, and of the cautious cardinal; a praise not to be suspected of flattery, because neither pronounced nor known to the object.

6) THE REGENT, DUKE OF ALBANY.

John, Duke of Albany, son of that Alexander who has been seen attempting to wrest the Scottish sceptre from his brother James III., whom he termed a bastard, cannot be supposed to have been warmly attached to the royal race; and there were not wanting some whose malice already saw the crown of Scotland on his head, tinged with infant blood. But such a prospect probably never existed, save in the jealous eye, or wanton calumny, of faction. His character is so mixed, that it is very difficult to delineate it with precision. To Surrey and to Wolsey he appeared a coward and a fool, as they bluntly express their sensations; and his government in Scotland so inconsistent, so constantly foiled in every scheme, rather seems to warrant the harshness of the appellations. Yet Francis I., a good judge of merit, was afterwards to employ him in important affairs: when that king was before Pavia, in 1525, Albany was to be detached with a part of the army to conquer the kingdom of Naples, an enterprise demanding a general of supreme talents, but the defeat and capture of Francis rendered the plan abortive: in 1533, when that monarch was to meet the pontiff Clement VII. at Marseilles, Albany was to be distinguished by the appointment of conducting by sea Catherine de' Medici, the destined wife of Henry, second son of the king, afterwards Henry II.; an office at least implying confidence and favour, and a brother of Albany was, according to Guicciardini, created a Cardinal upon occasion of that service. The friendship of Francis I. is itself a recommendation: yet an intimate acquaintance with the actions and papers of Albany may authorize the following character of his government. It was artful, yet weak; profuse, yet unfriended; tyrannic, yet inefficient: while love and attachment were estranged by caprice, fear and awe were not supported by uniform rigour: opinionative obstinacy disconcerted the prudence of friends, and prevented the conciliation of enemies. A stran-

ger to the arts of empire, Albany, whom just policy ought to have transformed into a complete Scottishman, never forgot his French birth; and the haughty vanity of the nation, which he displayed without a veil, yet further disgusted the Scots, a people then, from remote situation, and want of intercourse, inimical to foreigners, when they beheld their regent surrounded with French officers and confidents, and heard him submit to term the king of France his master, an epithet he frequently used even in his dispatches; nor was the very signature of his name in French regarded as a trifle. Even his private faults contributed to disgrace him. Surrey, in a letter to Wolsey, mentions upon the authority of Dacre, that the regent was so opinionative that no counsel but his own was followed even when among his familiar friends; and his wilfulness was such that, upon the slightest contradiction, he would throw his bonnet into the fire, in which mode of argument he had consumed near a dozen of those missive syllogisms. Surrey adds, with the prophetic eye of skill, 'if he be such a man, with God's grace, we shall speed the better;' a prediction soon fulfilled. Of Albany's person little is remarked: even his age is unknown; though he appears to have exceeded his thirtieth year. His mother was the daughter of the Earl of Boulogne, his father's second wife; but by the first, a daughter of the Earl of Orkney, a son was alive, Alexander Stuart, educated to the church, commendater of Inchaffray, afterwards abbot of Scone, and bishop of Moray. The regent had himself been married, in 1505, to Anne de la Tour, sole heiress of the countess d'Auvergne, the maternal aunt of the future Catherine de' Medici; his wife's estate in France was great, and secured his allegiance to that country, while his connexion with the house of Medici gave him great influence with the Popes Leo X. and Clement VII. sprung of that illustrious family.

7) JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND.

Of this monarch all our early historians present one uniform character; and their general voice proclaims his excellence. His education, as usual with princes who ascend the throne in infancy, had been neglected or erroneous; corrupted by flattery; rendered deficient in its tasks from the preceptor's fear of displeasing. Yet his mind was great, his affections warm, his discernment acute. His vices were few, and never interrupted the happiness of his people. His propensity to vague amour was palliated by his general affability: his sternness to the nobles, by his favour to the common people, which was so eminent that he received from his affectionate subjects the glorious appellation of King of the Poor. To the voice of poverty, to the prayer of distress, the gates of his palace stood ever open: with one hand he raised the indigent, while with the other he crushed the proud oppressor. In the knowledge of the laws and customs of his kingdom he was so completely versed that his decisions were as exact as they were expeditious; and from horseback he often pronounced decrees worthy of the sagest seat of justice. Of indubitable valour, of remarkable strength of constitution, he exposed his life and health, without hesitation, at any season when it became necessary to curb the marauding borderers, or highlanders, rendered lawless during the disorders of a long minority. The dangers of the wilderness, the gloom of night, the tempests of winter, could not prevent his patient exertions to protect the helpless, to punish the guilty, to enforce the observance of the laws. A stranger to pride, he despised it in others; and his speech was ever sprinkled with humanity.

The faults of his government, though not minute, are more to be ascribed to the times than to the character of the monarch. His avarice naturally arose from the penury of his education, the dissipation of his finances, and even of the furniture of his palaces, by the un-

principled duke of Albany. But his amassed treasure was employed in the construction of magnificent works of architecture, and of a navy; and in other plans of general utility and glory. His political designs were long studied; yet as he died in his thirtieth year, he could not have acquired the experience of age; and the period of his reign presented combinations too intricate for the most skilful prudence to foresee or define. The progress of the protestant religion was dubious: and dangerous it is for a prince to embrace a new system before it be approved by a great majority of his subjects. Untaught by the glorious concord between his father and the nobles, James entertained a fixed enmity against the aristocracy, which had effected great usurpations during his minority; and his attachment to the eminent clergy, who alone could balance their power, was unavoidable.

Of the person, and domestic life, of James V. the features are well known. His frame was of the middle size, and robust, capable of every exertion of agility or fatigue. In elegance of form and countenance he equalled any prince of his time. His oval face, blue eyes of piercing splendour, aquiline nose, yellow hair, and small beard forked in the fashion of that period, impressed the beholders with ideas of sweetness joined with majesty. In dress he was rather elegant than magnificent: yet his palaces were replete with decoration. The repast of a peasant he would share; and, even from a sumptuous board, the royal meal was plain and frugal; nor did he entrust his dignity to the intemperance of wine. Eminently patient he was of labour, of hunger and thirst, of heat and cold. His attachment to the arts was decided: he reared palaces of good architecture; and composed some fugitive pieces of poetry, though it be doubtful if any have reached our times. He replenished his country with artillery and military weapons; and the beauty of his gold coins bespeaks his attention even to the minutest improvements, to be gained by the employment of foreign artists. The Scottish navy, ruined by Albany, began to resume some importance: and the subsequent voyage of James to the Orkneys and Hebrides, accompanied by men of skill, in order to examine the dangers and advantages of the circumjacent seas, will ever deserve the applause of the philosopher, as an enterprise equally rare and meritorious.

IX. WILLIAM PITT,

geb. 1759, zu Hayes in Kent, gest. 1806, war der zweite Sohn des *William Earl of Chatham*. Als Knabe war er sehr schwächlich, bezog aber doch schon im 14. Jahre die Universität zu Cambridge, wo er sich durch Fleiss und Kenntnisse auszeichnete. Erst 21 Jahr alt, wurde er Sachwalter in London und im folgenden Jahre Mitglied des Unterhauses. Er erklärte sich gegen das Ministerium *North* und den amerikanischen Krieg und schlug wiederholt Maassregeln zu einer gleichmässigern Volksvertretung vor. Als bei dem Tode *Lord Rockingham's* das alte Whigministerium aufgelöst wurde, trat *Pitt*, erst 23 Jahr alt, in das neugebildete als Schatzkanzler ein und wurde zum Vertreter der Universität Cambridge gewählt. Die berühmte India Bill versetzte das Land in die heftigste Bewegung; sie wurde von den Lords verworfen und *Pitt* trat an die Spitze des Ministeriums. Als aber seine politischen Maassregeln im Unterhause in der Minorität blieben, hatte der junge Staatsmann den Muth, das Parlament (1784) aufzulösen. Unter seiner Leitung wurden nun die zerrütteten Finanzen geordnet, und See- und Colonialwesen, Handel und Industrie nahmen bald einen ungewöhnlichen Aufschwung. Mit der ganzen Festigkeit seines Charakters trat er den Ge-

fahren der franz. Revolution entgegen, welche auch England auf das Tiefste erschütterte. Er brachte die Union zwischen Grossbrittanien und Irland zu Stande, doch ereilte ihn der Tod, bevor er Zeuge sein konnte von dem Triumphe seiner Politik in der Bewaffnung des Kontinents gegen den Ehrgeiz *Napoleon's*. Freilich waren unter seiner 17jährigen Verwaltung die Staatsschulden, so wie die jährlichen Abgaben um das Doppelte gestiegen, dafür herrschten aber die englischen Flotten auf allen Meeren. Ein Gichtanfall warf seinen ohnehin schwächlichen, von Arbeiten aufgeriebenen Körper nieder und setzte der unermüdlichen Thätigkeit dieses berühmten Staatsmannes ein Ziel. Unter *Pitt* stieg der Handel Englands zu einer ungemeinen Höhe; seine Finanzpläne waren von wunderbarer Grösse und Wirkung, seine Resourcen als Politiker unerschöpflich. Er besass eine wunderbare Beredtsamkeit, die sich sowohl in einer glänzenden Sprache, als in einer ungemeinen Klarheit und unübertrefflichen Dialektik zeigte: *Pitt* war nicht verheirathet; die Sorge um das Wohl des Landes liess ihn die Sorge für das eigne Wohl vergessen; er besass grossen Ehrgeiz, aber seine Rechtschaffenheit, die ihm selbst seine erbittertsten Gegner nicht bestreiten, verdient kaum grössere Bewunderung, als sein musterhafter Charakter in den geselligen Beziehungen des Lebens — als Sohn, Bruder und Freund. Das dankbare Vaterland nannte ihn: 'The Aristides of his Age!'

ON THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

I will not much longer fatigue the attention of the house; but this point has impressed itself so deeply on my mind, that I must trouble the committee with a few additional observations. Are we justified, I ask, on any one ground of theory, or by any one instance to be found in the history of the world, from its very beginning to this day, in forming the supposition which I am now combating? Are we justified in supposing that the particular practice which we encourage in Africa, of men's selling each other for slaves, is any symptom of a barbarism that is incurable? Are we justified in supposing that even the practice of offering up human sacrifices proves a total incapacity for civilization? I believe it will be found, and perhaps much more generally than is supposed, that both the trade in slaves, and the still more savage custom of offering human sacrifices, obtained in former periods throughout many of those nations which now, by the blessings of Providence, and by a long progression of improvements, are advanced the farthest in civilization. I believe, sir, that, if we will reflect an instant, we shall find that this observation comes directly home to our own selves; and that, on the same ground on which we are now disposed to proscribe Africa for ever from all possibility of improvement, we ourselves might, in like manner, have been proscribed and for ever shut out from all the blessings which we now enjoy.

There was a time, sir, which it may be fit sometimes to revive in the remembrance of our countrymen, when even human sacrifices are said to have been offered in this island. But I would peculiarly observe on this day, for it is a case precisely in point, that the very practice of the slave-trade once prevailed among us. Slaves, as we may read in Henry's History of Great Britain, were formerly an established article of our exports. 'Great numbers,' he says, 'were exported like cattle, from the British coast, and were to be seen exposed for sale in the Roman market.' It does not distinctly appear by what means they were procured; but there was unquestionably no small resemblance, in this particular point, between the case of our ancestors and that of the present wretched natives of Africa — for the historians tells you that 'adultery witchcraft, and debt were probably some of the chief sources

of supplying the Roman market with British slaves—that prisoners taken in war were added to the number—and that there might be among them some unfortunate gamesters, who, after having lost all their goods, at length staked themselves, their wives, and their children.' Every one of these sources of slavery has been stated, and almost precisely in the same terms, to be at this hour a source of slavery in Africa. And these circumstances, sir, with a solitary instance or two of human sacrifices, furnish the alleged proofs, that Africa labours under a natural incapacity for civilization; that it is enthusiasm and fanaticism to think that she can ever enjoy the knowledge and the morals of Europe; that Providence never intended her to rise above a state of barbarism; that Providence has irrevocably doomed her to be only a nursery for slaves for us free and civilized Europeans. Allow of this principle, as applied to Africa, and I should be glad to know why it might not also have been applied to ancient and uncivilized Britain. Why might not some Roman senator, reasoning on the principles of some honourable gentlemen, and pointing to *British barbarians*, have predicted with equal boldness, '*There* is a people that will never rise to civilization—*there* is a people destined never to be free — a people without the understanding necessary for the attainment of useful arts; depressed by the hand of nature below the level of the human species; and created to form a supply of slaves for the rest of the world.' Might not this have been said, according to the principles which we now hear stated, in all respects as fairly and as truly of Britain herself, at that period of her history, as it can now be said by us of the inhabitants of Africa?

We, sir, have long since emerged from barbarism—we have almost forgotten that we were once barbarians—we are now raised to a situation which exhibits a striking contrast to every circumstance by which a Roman might have characterized us, and by which we now characterize Africa. There is, indeed, one thing wanting to complete the contrast, and to clear us altogether from the imputation of acting even to this hour as barbarians; for we continue it even yet in spite of all our great and undeniable pretensions to civilization. We were once as obscure among the nations of the earth, as savage in our manners, as debased in our morals, as degraded in our understandings, as these unhappy Africans are at present. But in the lapse of a long series of years, by a progression slow, and for a time almost imperceptible, we have become rich in a variety of acquirements, favoured above measure in the gifts of Providence, unrivalled in commerce, preeminent in arts, foremost in the pursuits of philosophy and science, and established in all the blessings of civil society. We are in the possession of peace, of happiness, and of liberty; we are under the guidance of a mild and beneficent religion; and we are protected by impartial laws, and the purest administration of justice: we are living under a system of government, which our own happy experience leads us to pronounce the best and wisest which has ever yet been framed; a system which has become the admiration of the world. From all these blessings we must for ever have been shut out, had there been any truth in those principles which some gentlemen have not hesitated to lay down as applicable to the case of Africa. Had those principles been true, we ourselves had languished to this hour in that miserable state of ignorance, brutality, and degradation, in which history proves our ancestors to have been immersed. Had other nations adopted these principles in their conduct towards us; had other nations applied to Great Britain the reasoning which some of the senators of this very island now apply to Africa; ages might have passed without our emerging from barbarism; and we, who are enjoying the blessings of British civilization, of British laws, and British liberty, might at this hour have been little superior, either in morals, in knowledge, or refinement, to the rude inhabitants of the coast of Guinea.

If then we feel that this perpetual confinement in the fetters of brutal ignorance would have been the greatest calamity which could have befallen us; if we view with gratitude and exultation the contrast between the peculiar blessings we enjoy, and the wretchedness of the ancient inhabitants of Britain; if we shudder to think of the misery which would still have overwhelmed us, had Great Britain continued to the present times to be the mart for slaves to the more civilized nations of the world, through some cruel policy of theirs, God forbid that we should any longer subject Africa to the same dreadful scourge, and preclude the light of knowledge, which has reached every other quarter of the globe, from having access to her coasts!

I trust we shall no longer continue this commerce, to the destruction of every improvement on that wide continent; and shall not consider ourselves as conferring too great a boon, in restoring its inhabitants to the rank of human beings. I trust we shall not think ourselves too liberal, if, by abolishing the slave-trade, we give them the same common chance of civilization with other parts of the world, and that we shall now allow to Africa the opportunity—the hope—the prospect of attaining to the same blessings which we ourselves, through the favourable dispensations of Divine Providence, have been permitted, at a much more early period, to enjoy. If we listen to the voice of reason and duty, and pursue this night the line of conduct which they prescribe, some of us may live to see a reverse of that picture, from which we now turn our eyes with shame and regret. We may live to behold the natives of Africa engaged in the calm occupations of industry, in the pursuits of a just and legitimate commerce. We may behold the beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon their land, which, at some happy period in still later times, may blaze with full lustre; and joining their influence to that of pure religion, may illuminate and invigorate the most distant extremities of that immense continent. Then may we hope that even Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length, in the evening of her days, those blessings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world. Then also will Europe, participating in her improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the tardy kindness, (if kindness it can be called) of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness which, in other more fortunate regions, has been so much more speedily dispelled.

—Nos primus equis oriens afflavit anhelis;
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.

Then, sir, may be applied to Africa those words, originally used, indeed, with a different view:

His demum exactis — — — — — —
Devenere locos lætos, et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas:
Largior hic campos Æther, et lumine vestit
Purpureo.

It is in this view, sir, — it is in atonement for our long and cruel injustice towards Africa, that the measure proposed by my honourable friend most forcibly recommends itself to my mind. The great and happy change to be expected in the state of her inhabitants, is, of all the various and important benefits of the abolition, in my estimation, incomparably the most extensive and important.

I shall vote, sir, against the adjournment; and I shall also oppose to the utmost every proposition, which in any way may tend either to prevent, or even to postpone for an hour the total abolition of the slave-trade: a measure which, on all the various grounds which I have stated, we are bound by the most pressing and indispensable duty to adopt.

X. WILLIAM WILBERFORCE,

geb. 1759 zu Hull, gest. 1833 zu London, war der Sohn eines reichen Kaufmanns, studirte zu Cambridge und trat mit seinem 21. Lebensjahre ins Parlament, wo er 20 Jahre lang auf die Abschaffung des Sklavenhandels hinarbeitete, bis ihm endlich im Jahre 1807 das grosse Werk seines Lebens gelang, das seinen Namen an die Spitze der grössten Menschen gestellt hat, die jemals gelebt haben. Gegen die in Folge der franz. Revolution auch in England eingerissene Sittenverderbniss und Irreligiosät strebte *W.*, der ein entschiedener Anhänger der Hochkirche war, in dem Werke: 'A Practical View of the Prevailing Religious System of Professed Christians in the Higher and Middle Classes of this Country, Contrasted with Christianity,' 1797, das binnen 6 Monaten 5 Auflagen erlebte u. noch jetzt in Ansehen steht. Nachst. Bruchst. ist demselben entlehnt.

ON THE EFFECTS OF RELIGION.

When the pulse beats high, and we are flushed with youth, and health, and vigour; when all goes on prosperously, and success seems almost to anticipate our wishes, then we feel not the want of the consolations of religion: but when fortune frowns, or friends forsake us; when sorrow, or sickness, or old age comes upon us, then it is that the superiority of the pleasures of religion is established over those of dissipation and vanity, which are ever apt to fly from us when we are most in want of their aid. There is scarcely a more melancholy sight to a considerate mind, than that of an old man who is a stranger to those only true sources of satisfaction. How affecting, and at the same time how disgusting, is it to see such a one awkwardly catching at the pleasures of his younger years, which are now beyond his reach; or feebly attempting to retain them, while they mock his endeavours and elude his grasp! To such a one gloomily, indeed, does the evening of life set in! All is sour and cheerless. He can neither look backward with complacency, nor forward with hope; while the aged Christian, relying on the assured mercy of his Redeemer, can calmly reflect that his dismission is at hand; that his redemption draweth nigh. While his strength declines, and his faculties decay, he can quietly repose himself on the fidelity of God; and at the very entrance of the valley of the shadow of death, he can lift up an eye dim perhaps and feeble, yet occasionally sparkling with hope, and confidently looking forward to the near possession of his heavenly inheritance, 'to those joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.' What striking lessons have we had of the precarious tenure of all sublunary possessions! Wealth, und power, and prosperity, how peculiarly transitory and uncertain! But religion dispenses her choicest cordials in the seasons of exigence, in poverty, in exile, in sickness, and in death. The essential superiority of that support which is derived from religion is less felt, at least it is less apparent, when the Christian is in full possession of riches and splendour, and rank, and all the gifts of nature and fortune. But when all these are swept away by the rude hand of time or the rough blasts of adversity, the true Christian stands, like the glory of the forest, erect and vigorous; stripped, indeed, of his summer foliage, but more than ever discovering to the observing eye the solid strength of his substantial texture.

XI. WILLIAM COBBETT

geb. 1766 in Farnham (Surrey), gest. daselbst 1835, war der Sohn eines kleinen Grundeigenthümers und hielt sich, nachdem er als Tambour mit nach Neuschottland gegangen war, abwechselnd in Amerika und England auf, in welchen beiden Ländern er nie recht zu einer festen Stellung gelangen konnte, da er die Wuth hatte alles Grosse anzugreifen, zu verhöhnen, 'herunter zu reissen.' — Seine Zeit- und Flugschriften, die er unter dem Namen 'Peter Porcupine' (Stachelschwein) veröffentlichte (London, 1801. 12 Bde.), so wie das 'Weekly Political Register' liefern den besten Beweis davon. Nichts destoweniger war er ein grosser Redner, der mit scharfer Beobachtungsgabe das Talent verband seine Hörer und Leser Das empfinden zu lassen, was er selbst fühlte. Sein Stil ist frisch, klar und kräftig; seine Schilderungen gehören zu den besten des Genre. Von seinen Briefen über den Vertrag von Amiens sagte *Joh. von Müller*, dass sie beredter seien als irgend etwas seit Demosthenes.

EARLY SCENES AND RECOLLECTIONS.

After living a few hundreds of yards off Westminster-Hall, and the Abbey Church, and looking from my own windows into St. James's Park, all other buildings and spots appear mean and insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small! It is always thus: the words large and small are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object. When I returned to England in 1800, after an absence from the country parts of it of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over, called rivers! The Thames was but a 'creek!' But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise. Everything was become so pitifully small! I had to cross, in my postchaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot. Then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learned before the death of my father and mother. There is a hill, not far from the town called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. 'Ah high as Crooksbury Hill,' meant, with us, the utmost degree of hight. Therefore the first object that me eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New-Brunswick a single rock, or hills of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The post-boy, going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush-Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a secretary of

state's in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth, all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment (less than a month after my arrival in England) I resolved never to bend before them.

XII. JOSEPH FORSYTH,

geb. 1763 zu Elgin (Moray) gest. 1815. Bekannt durch sein Meisterwerk: 'Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters, during an Excursion in Italy in the Years 1802 and 1803.' (London, 1812), das unter diesem bescheidenen Titel die vortrefflichsten Beschreibungen der Ruinen und Antiquitäten Italiens enthält und als eine 'Standard Authority' betrachtet wird.

THE COLISEUM.

A colossal taste gave rise to the Coliseum. Here, indeed, gigantic dimensions were necessary: for though hundreds could enter at once, and fifty thousand find seats, the space was still insufficient for Rome, and the crowd for the morning games began at midnight. Vespasian and Titus, as if presaging their own deaths, hurried the building, and left several marks of their precipitancy behind. In the upper walls they have inserted stones which had evidently been dressed for a different purpose. Some of the arcades are grossly unequal; no moulding preserves the same level and form round the whole ellipse, and every order is full of license. The Doric has no *triglyphs* nor *metopes*, and its arch is too low for its columns; the Ionic repeats the entablature of the Doric; the third order is but a rough cast of the Corinthian, and its foliage the thickest water-plants; the fourth seems a mere repetition of the third in pilasters; and the whole is crowned by a heavy Attic. Happily for the Coliseum, the shape necessary to an amphitheatre has given it a stability of construction sufficient to resist fires, and earthquakes, and lightnings, and sieges. Its elliptical form was the hoop which bound and held it entire till barbarians rent that consolidating ring; popes widened the breach; and time, not unassisted, continues the work of dilapidation. At this moment the hermitage is threatened with a dreadful crash, and a generation not very remote must be content, I apprehend, with the picture of this stupendous monument. Of the interior elevation, two slopes, by some called *meniana*, are already demolished; the *arena*, the *podium*, are interred. No member runs entire round the whole ellipse; but every member made such a circuit, and reappears so often, that plans, sections, and elevations of the original work are drawn with the precision of a modern fabric. When the whole amphitheatre was entire, a child might comprehend its design in a moment, and go direct to his place without straying in the porticos, for each arcade bears its number engraved, and opposite to every fourth arcade was a staircase. This multiplicity of wide, straight, and separate passages, proves the attention which the ancients paid to the safe discharge of a crowd; it finely illustrates the precept of Vitruvius, and exposes the perplexity of some modern theatres. Every nation has undergone its revolution of vices; and as cruelty is not the present vice of ours, we can all humanely execrate the purpose of amphitheatres, now that they lie in ruins. Moralists may tell us that the truly brave are never cruel; but this

monument says 'No.' Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human blood which a few hours' sport shed in these imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery; a virgin always gave the signal for slaughter; and when glutted with bloodshed, those ladies sat down in the wet and streaming *arena* to a luxurious supper. Such reflections check our regret for its ruin. As it now stands, the Coliseum is a striking image of Rome itself — decayed, vacant, serious, yet grand—half-gray and half-green—erect on one side and fallen on the other, with consecrated ground in its bosom — inhabited by a beadsman; visited by every caste; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray. 'In contemplating antiquities,' says Livy, 'the mind itself becomes antique.' It contracts from such objects a venerable rust, which I prefer to the polish and the point of those wits who have lately profaned this august ruin with ridicule.

XIII. MRS. ANN RADCLIFFE,

geb. zu London, 1764, gest. 1823, Gattin des Rechtsgelehrten *William R.*, Herausgebers der Zeitung: 'The English Chronicle,' veröffentlichte schon in ihrem 25 Jahre: 'The Castles of Athlyn and Dunbayne,' ein Werk, welches nicht eben grosse Erwartungen erregte. In rascher Folge erschienen jedoch bald darauf: 'The Sicilian Romance;' 'The Romance of the Forest;' 'The Mysteries of Udolpho' und 'The Italian' (1797), welche sämmtlich mit Beifall aufgenommen wurden. Eine Reise auf dem Kontinente beschrieb sie in den 'Travels through Holland and along the Rhine,' Lond., 1794. Ihr literarischer Nachlass erschien nach ihrem Tode unter dem Titel: 'Gaston de Blondeville, or the Court of Henry III.;' 'St. Alban's Abbey, a metrical tale, with some poetical pieces,' Lond., 1826, 4 Bde. *Mrs. R.*, an der Spitze einer Schule, gefällt sich im Ausmalen schrecklicher Scenen, bald in einem dichten Walde Frankreichs, bald in dem Gefängnisse eines sicilianischen Schlosses, oder den dunkeln Bogengängen eines italienischen Klosters; ein tyrannischer schuldbeladener Graf, eine sentimentale Jungfrau, eine schnippische abergläubische Kammerzofe, ein gemeiner Schurke aus dem Kloster oder der Wachtstube sind ihre Helden und Heldinnen. Doch fehlt es ihr keineswegs an Schwung der Phantasie, und Leser, welche das Abenteuerliche lieben, werden ihre Schriften nicht unbefriedigt aus der Hand legen.

1) ENGLISH TRAVELLERS VISIT A NEAPOLITAN CHURCH.

Within the shade of the portico, a person with folded arms, and eyes directed towards the ground, was pacing behind the pillars the whole extent of the pavement, and was apparently so engaged by his own thoughts as not to observe that strangers were approaching. He turned, however, suddenly, as if startled by the sound of steps, and then, without farther pausing, glided to a door that opened into the church, and disappeared.

There was something too extraordinary in the figure of this man, and too singular in his conduct, to pass unnoticed by the visitors. He was of a tall thin figure, bending forward from the shoulders; of a sallow complexion and

harsh features, and had an eye which, as it looked up from the cloak that muffled the lower part of his countenance, was expressive of uncommon ferocity.

The travellers, on entering the church, looked round for the stranger who had passed thither before them, but he was nowhere to be seen; and through all the shade of the long aisles only one other person appeared. This was a friar of the adjoining convent, who sometimes pointed out to strangers the objects in the church which were most worthy of attention, and who now, with this design, approached the party that had just entered.

When the party had viewed the different shrines, and whatever had been judged worthy of observation, and were returning through an obscure aisle towards the portico, they perceived the person who had appeared upon the steps passing towards a confessional on the left, and as he entered it, one of the party pointed him out to the friar, and inquired who he was. The friar, turning to look after him, did not immediately reply; but on the question being repeated, he inclined his head as in a kind of obeisance, and calmly replied, 'He is an assassin.'

'An assassin!' exclaimed one of the Englishmen; 'an assassin, and at liberty?'

An Italian gentleman who was of the party smiled at the astonishment of his friend.

'He has sought sanctuary here,' replied the friar; 'within these walls he may not be hurt.'

'Do your altars, then, protect a murderer?' said the Englishman.

'He could find shelter nowhere else,' answered the friar meekly. * * *

'But observe yonder confessional,' added the Italian, 'that beyond the pillars on the left of the aisle, below a painted window. Have you discovered it? The colours of the glass throw, instead of a light, a shade over that part of the church, which perhaps prevents your distinguishing what I mean.'

The Englishman looked whither his friend pointed, and observed a confessional of oak, or some very dark wood, adjoining the wall, and remarked also that it was the same which the assassin had just entered. It consisted of three compartments, covered with a black canopy. In the central division was the chair of the confessor, elevated by several steps above the pavement of the church; and on either hand was a small closet or box, with steps leading up to a grated partition, at which the penitent might kneel, and, concealed from observation, pour into the ear of the confessor the consciousness of crimes that lay heavy at his heart.

'You observe it?' said the Italian.

'I do,' replied the Englishman; 'it is the same which the assassin has passed into, and I think it one of the most gloomy spots I ever beheld; the view of it is enough to strike a criminal with despair.'

'We in Italy are not so apt to despair,' replied the Italian smilingly.

'Well, but what of this confessional?' inquired the Englishman. 'The assassin entered it.'

'He has no relation with what I am about to mention,' said the Italian; 'but I wish you to mark the place, because some very extraordinary circumstances belong to it.'

'What are they?' said the Englishman.

'It is now several years since the confession which is connected with them was made at that very confessional,' added the Italian; 'the view of it, and the sight of the assassin, with your surprise at the liberty which is allowed him, led me to a recollection of the story. When you return to the hotel I will communicate it to you, if you have no pleasanter mode of engaging your time.'

'After I have taken another view of this solemn edifice,' replied the Englishman, 'and particularly of the confessional you have pointed to my notice.'

While the Englishman glanced his eye over the high roofs and along the solemn perspectives of the Santa del Pianto, he perceived the figure of the assassin stealing from the con-

fessional across the choir, and, shocked on again beholding him, he turned his eyes and hastily quitted the church.

The friends then separated, and the Englishman soon after returning to his hotel, received the volume. He read as follows.

2) AN ITALIAN LANDSCAPE.

These excursions sometimes led to Puzzuoli, Baia, or the woody cliffs of Pausilippo; and as, on their return, they glided along the moonlight bay, the melodies of Italian strains seemed to give enchantment to the scenery of its shore. At this cool hour the voices of the vine-dressers were frequently heard in trio, as they reposed after the labour of the day on some pleasant promontory under the shade of poplars; or the brisk music of the dance from fishermen on the margin of the waves below. The boatmen rested on their oars, while their company listened to voices modulated by sensibility to finer eloquence than it is in the power of art alone to display; and at others, while they observed the airy natural grace which distinguishes the dance of the fishermen and peasant girls of Naples. Frequently, as they glided round a promontory, whose shaggy masses impended far over the sea, magic scenes of beauty unfolded, adorned by these dancing groups on the bay beyond, as no pencil could do justice to. The deep clear waters reflected every image of the landscape; the cliffs, branching into wild forms, crowned with groves whose rough foliage often spread down their steeps in picturesque luxuriance; the ruined villa on some bold point peeping through the trees; peasants' cabins hanging on the precipices, and the dancing figures on the strand; all touched with the silvery tint and soft shadows of moonlight. On the other hand, the sea, trembling with a long line of radiance and showing in the clear distance the sails of vessels stealing in every direction along its surface presented a prospect as grand as the landscape was beautiful.

XIV. REV. ROBERT HALL,

geb. 1764 zu Arnsby bei Leicester, gest. 1831 zu Bristol. Einer der ausgezeichnetsten Kanzelredner der Dissidenten. Studirte am King's College, Aberdeen, woselbst er mit *James Mackintosh* innig befreundet wurde. Von 1790—1804 lebte er in Cambridge und veröffentlichte daselbst seine berühmten Predigten und theologischen Abhandlungen: 'Christianity Consistent with a Love of Freedom' (1791); 'An Apology for the Freedom of the Press' (1793); 'Modern Infidelity considered with respect to its Influence on Society' (1799); 'Reflections on War' (1802); 'The Sentiments proper to the Present Crisis' (1803); die sämmtlich für 'elegance of style and splendour of imagery' gerühmt werden. Nach wiederholten Anfällen von Irrsinn lebte er gegen 20 Jahre in Leicester, zog im J. 1826 nach Bristol und starb daselbst i. J. 1831. 'His published writings give but a brief and inadequate picture of his varied talents; yet they are so highly finished, and display such a combination of different powers — of logical precision, metaphysical acuteness, practical sense and sagacity, with a rich and luxuriant imagination — that they must be considered among the most valuable contributions made to modern literature' *(Chambers)*. Eine vollständige Ausgabe seiner Werke mit Biographie besorgte *Dr. Olinthus Gregory* (London, 1835, 6 Bde).

1) ON WISDOM.

Every other quality besides is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a building is inferior to the architect who drew the plan and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs. Now, it is the prerogative of wisdom to preside over every inferior principle, to regulate the exercise of every power, and limit the indulgence of every appetite, as shall best conduce to one great end. It being the province of wisdom to preside, it sits as umpire on every difficulty, and so gives the final direction and control to all the powers of our nature. Hence it is entitled to be considered as the top and summit of perfection. It belongs to wisdom to determine when to act, and when to cease — when to reveal, and when to conceal a matter — when to speak, and when to keep silence — when to give and when to receive; in short, to regulate the measure of all things, as well as to determine the end, and provide the means of obtaining the end pursued in every deliberate course of action. Every particular faculty or skill, besides, needs to derive direction from this; they are all quite incapable of directing themselves. The art of navigation, for instance, will teach us to steer a ship across the ocean, but it will never teach us on what occasions it is proper to take a voyage. The art of war will instruct us how to marshall an army, or to fight a battle to the greatest advantage, but you must learn from a higher school when it is fitting, just, and proper to wage war or to make peace. The art of the husbandman is to sow and bring to maturity the precious fruits of the earth; it belongs to another skill to regulate their consumption by a regard to our health, fortune, and other circumstances. In short, there is no faculty we can exert, no species of skill we can apply, but requires a superintending hand — but looks up, as it were, to some higher principle, as a maid to her mistress for direction, and this universal superintendent is wisdom.

FROM THE FUNERAL SERMON FOR THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

Born to inherit the most illustrious monarchy in the world, and united at an early period to the object of her choice, whose virtues amply justified her preference, she enjoyed (which is not always the privilege of the rank) the highest connubial felicity, and had the prospect of combining all the tranquil enjoyments of private life with the splendour of a royal station. Placed on the summit of society, to her every eye was turned, in her every hope was centred, and nothing was wanting to complete her felicity except perpetuity. To a grandeur of mind suited to her royal birth and lofty destination, she joined an exquisite taste for the beauties of nature and the charms of retirement, where, far from the gaze of the multitude, and the frivolous agitations of fashionable life, she employed her hours in visiting, with her distinguished consort, the cottages of the poor, in improving her virtues, in perfecting her reason, and acquiring the knowledge best adapted to qualify her for the possession of power and the cares of empire. One thing only was wanting to render our satisfaction complete in the prospect of the accession of such a princess; it was, that she might become the living mother of children.

The long-wished-for moment at length arrived; but, alas! the event anticipated with such eagerness will form the most melancholy part of our history.

It is no reflection on this amiable princess, to suppose that in her early dawn, with the dew of her youth so fresh upon her, she anticipated a long series of years, and expected to be led through successive scenes of enchantment, rising above each other in fascination and beauty. It is natural to suppose she identified herself with this great nation which she was born to govern; and that, while she con-

templated its pre-eminent lustre in arts and in arms, its commerce encircling the globe, its colonies diffused through both hemispheres, and the beneficial effects of its institutions extending in the whole earth, she considered them as so many component parts of her grandeur. Her heart, we may well conceive, would often be ruffled with emotions of trembling ecstacy when she reflected that it was her province to live entirely for others, to compass the felicity of a great people, to move in a sphere which would afford scope for the exercise of philanthropy the most enlarged, of wisdom the most enlightened; and that, while others are doomed to pass through the world in obscurity, she was to supply the materials of history, and to impart that impulse to society which was to decide the destiny of future generations. Fired with the ambition of equalling or surpassing the most distinguished of her predecessors, she probably did not despair of reviving the remembrance of the brightest parts of their story, and of once more attaching the epoch of British glory to the annals of a female reign. It is needless to add that the nation went with her, and probably outstripped her in these delightful anticipations. We fondly hoped that a life so inestimable would be protracted to a distant period, and that after diffusing the blessings of a just and enlightened administration, and being surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would gradually, in a good old age, sink under the horizon amidst the embraces of her family and the benedictions of her country. But, alas! these delightful visions are fled; and what do we behold in their room but the funeral-pall and shroud, a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both like a cloud! Oh the unspeakable vanity of human hopes! — the incurable blindness of man to futurity! — ever doomed to grasp at shadows; 'to seize' with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hands; to sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind.

XV. SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH,

geb. 24. Oktb. 1765, zu Alldowrie in der Grafschaft Inverness, gest. 30. Mai 1832. Im King's College zu Aberdeen wissenschaftlich vorbereitet, ging er nach Edinburg, um Medizin zu studiren, erhielt 1787 die Doktorwürde und begab sich dann nach Leyden und Lüttich, um seine medizin. Studien fortzusetzen. Nach seiner Rückkehr veröffentlichte er (1791) sein berühmtes Werk: 'Vindiciae Gallicae,' welches ihn mit *Fox, Grey* und *Sheridan* in Verbindung brachte. Im J. 1792 gab er die Medizin gänzlich auf, trat in Lincoln's-Inn ein, und wurde 1795 als Barrister aufgenommen; vor einer glänzenden Versammlung hielt er hier eine Reihe von Vorlesungen über Natur- und Völkerrecht, erlangte aber bald (1803) eine noch grössere Berühmtheit durch seine erfolgreiche Vertheidigung *Peltier's*, des Herausgebers der Zeitschrift: 'The Ambigue,' der wegen einer Schmähschrift auf den Consul *Bonaparte* angeklagt war. *M.* wurde bald darauf zum Professor der Staats- und Gesetzkunde am East-India College zu Hertford und 1803 zum Recorder, (Vorsitzenden des Criminalgerichts) zu Bombay ernannt, nachdem er kurz vorher die Ritterwürde erhalten hatte. Mit dem Rufe eines gerechten, menschenfreundlichen Richters kehrte er 1811 nach England zurück, trat 1813 in's Parlament, wo er jede liberale Maassregel auf das Kräftigste vertheidigte, namentlich 1831 die Reformbill. Zweimal, 1822 und 1823, bekleidete er das Amt eines Rektor's der Universität Glasgow und wurde 1830 zum Commissioner for the Affairs of India ernannt. — Seine 'Vindiciae Gallicae, or A Defence of the French Revolution and its English Admirers, against the Accusations of the R^t Hon^ble Ed. Burke,' erschienen

zu London 1791, und erlebten in wenigen Monaten drei Auflagen. Die Einleitung zu seinen Vorträgen in Lincoln's-Inn veröffentlichte er unter dem Titel: 'A Discourse on the Law and Nature of the Nations,' London, 1799. Während seines Aufenthaltes in Bombay lieferte er mehre wichtige historische Abhandlungen in das 'Asiatic Register'. Seine 'History of England' findet sich in 'Lardner's Cabinet Encyclopaedia', Band 8. 18. 37. — Die 'History of the Revolution of 1688', nach seinem Tode von fremder Hand vollendet, erschien mit einer Biogr. des Verf., zu London, 1834. Der 7. Ausgabe der 'Encyclop. Britannica' geht sein 'Discourse on the Progress of Ethical and Political Science' voran, besonders abgedr. London, 1830. Als Parlamentsredner wird *M.* von *Bulwer* im 'New Monthly Magazine' zu den vorzüglichsten seiner Zeit gerechnet. Sein Stil, wenn er auch zuweilen der Eleganz entbehrt, erhebt sich doch nicht selten zu hoher, kräftiger Lebendigkeit, wenn er von Freiheit und von dem wohlthätigen Einflusse freisinniger Institutionen spricht.

1) CHIVALRY AND MODERN MANNERS.

(From the Vindiciæ Gallicæ.)

(Bezieht sich auf das S. 211 mitgetheilte Stück 'Marie Antoinette, Queen of France' von Edmund Burke.)

The collision of armed multitudes (in Paris) terminated in unforeseen excesses and execrable crimes. In the eye of Mr. Burke, however, these crimes and excesses assume an aspect far more important than can be communicated to them by their own insulated guilt. They form, in his opinion, the crisis of a revolution far more important than any change of government — a revolution in which the sentiments and opinions that have formed the manners of the European nations are to perish. 'The age of chivalry is gone, and the glory of Europe extinguished for ever.' He follows this exclamation by an eloquent eulogium on chivalry, and by gloomy predictions of the future state of Europe, when the nation that has been so long accustomed to give her the tone in arts and manners is thus debased and corrupted. A caviler might remark, that ages much more near the meridian fervour of chivalry than ours have witnessed a treatment of queens as little gallant and generous as that of the Parisian mob. He might remind Mr. Burke that, in the age and country of Sir Philip Sidney, a queen of France, whom no blindness to accomplishment, no malignity of detraction, could reduce to the level of Maria Antoinetta, was, by 'a nation of men of honour and cavaliers,' permitted to languish in captivity, and expire on a scaffold; and he might add, that the manners of a country are more surely indicated by the systematic cruelty of a sovereign, than by the licentious frenzy of a mob. He might remark, that the mild system of modern manners which survived the massacres with which fanaticism had for a century desolated and almost barbarised Europe, might perhaps resist the shock of one day's excesses committed by a delirious populace.

But the subject itself is, to an enlarged thinker, fertile in reflections of a different nature. That system of manners which arose among the Gothic nations of Europe, of which chivalry was more properly the effusion than the source, is, without doubt, one of the most peculiar and interesting appearances in human affairs. The moral causes which formed its character have not perhaps been hitherto investigated with the happiest success. But to confine ourselves to the subject before us, chivalry was certainly one of the most prominent features and remarkable effects of this system of manners. Candour must confess that this singular institution is not *alone* admirable as a corrector of the ferocious ages in which it flourished. It contributed to polish and soften

Europe. It paved the way for that diffusion of knowledge and extension of commerce which afterwards in some measure supplanted it, and gave a new character to manners. Society is inevitably progressive. In government, commerce has overthrown that 'feudal and chivalrous' system under whose shade it first grew. In religion, learning has subverted that superstition whose opulent endowments had first fostered it. Peculiar circumstances softened the barbarism of the middle ages to a degree which favoured the admission of commerce and the growth of knowledge. These circumstances were connected with the manners of chivalry; but the sentiments peculiar to that institution could only be preserved by the situation which gave them birth. They were themselves enfeebled in the progress from ferocity and turbulence, and almost obliterated by tranquillity and refinement. But the auxiliaries which the manners of chivalry had in rude ages reared, gathered strength from its weakness, and flourished in its decay. Commerce and diffused knowledge have, in fact, so completely assumed the ascendant in polished nations, that it will be difficult to discover any relics of Gothic manners but in a fantastic exterior, which has survived the generous illusions that made these manners splendid and seductive. Their direct influence has long ceased in Europe; but their indirect influence, through the medium of those causes, which would not perhaps have existed but for the mildness which chivalry created in the midst of a barbarous age, still operates with increasing vigour. The manners of the middle age were, in the most singular sense, compulsory. Enterprising benevolence was produced by general fierceness, gallant courtesy by ferocious rudeness, and artificial gentleness resisted the torrent of natural barbarism. But a less incongruous system has succeeded, in which commerce, which unites men's interests, and knowledge, which excludes those prejudices that tend to embroil them, present a broader basis for the stability of civilised and beneficient manners.

Mr. Burke, indeed, forebodes the most fatal consequences to literature, from events which he supposes to have given a mortal blow to the spirit of chivalry. I have ever been protected from such apprehensions by my belief in a very simple truth — *that diffused knowledge immortalises itself.* A literature which is confined to a few, may be destroyed by the massacre of scholars and the conflagration of libraries, but the diffused knowledge of the present day could only be annihilated by the extirpation of the civilised part of mankind.

2) CANNING.

(Vergl. No. 17 *dieser Periode, pag.* 304.*)*

The family of Mr. Canning, which for more than a century had filled honourable stations in Ireland, was a younger branch of an ancient family among the English gentry. His father, a man of letters, was disinherited for an imprudent marriage, and the inheritance went to a younger brother, whose son was afterwards created Lord Garvagh. Mr. Canning was educated at Eton and Oxford, according to that exclusively classical system, which, whatever may have been its defects, must be owned, when taken with his constant appendages, to be eminently favourable to the cultivation of sense and taste, as well as to the development of wit and spirit. From his boyhood he was the foremost among very distinguished contemporaries, and continued to be regarded as the best specimen, and the most brilliant representative, of that eminently national education. His youthful eye sparkled with quickness and arch pleasantry, and his countenance early betrayed that jealousy of his own dignity, and sensibility to suspected disregard, which were afterwards softened, but never quite subdued. Neither the habits of a great school, nor those of a popular assembly, were calculated to weaken his love of praise and passion for distinction. But, as he advanced in years, his fine countenance was ennobled by the expression of thought and feeling: he more pursued

that lasting praise, which is not to be earned without praiseworthiness; and, if he continued to be a lover of fame, he also passionately loved the glory of his country. Even he who almost alone was entitled to look down on fame as 'that last infirmity of noble mind,' had not forgotten that it was —

> 'The spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
> To scorn delights, and live laborious days.'

The natural bent of character is, perhaps, better ascertained from the undisturbed and unconscious play of the mind in the common intercourse of society, than from its movements under the power of strong interest or warm passions in public life. In social intercourse Mr. Canning was delightful. Happily for the true charm of his conversation he was too busy otherwise not to treat society as more fitted for relaxation than display. It is but little to say, that he was neither disputatious, declamatory, nor sententious; neither a dictator nor a jester. His manner was simple and unobtrusive; his language always quite familiar. If a higher thought stole from his mind, it came in its conversational undress. From this plain ground his pleasantry sprung with the happiest effect; and it was nearly exempt from that alloy of taunt and banter, which he sometimes mixed with more precious materials in public contest. He may be added to the list of those eminent persons who pleased most in their friendly circle. He had the agreeable quality of being more easily pleased in society than might have been expected from the keenness of his discernment, and the sensibility of its temper. He was liable to be discomposed, or even silenced, by the presence of any one whom he did not like. His manner in society betrayed the political vexations or anxieties which preyed on his mind; nor could he conceal that sensitiveness to public attacks which their frequent recurrence wears out in most English politicians. These last foibles may be thought interesting as the remains of natural character, not destroyed by refined society and political affairs. He was assailed by some adversaries so ignoble as to wound him through his filial affection, which preserved its respectful character through the whole course of his advancement. The ardent zeal for his memory, which appeared immediately after his death, attests the warmth of those domestic affections which seldom prevail where they are not mutual. To his touching epitaph on his son, parental love has given a charm which is wanting in his other verses. It was said of him, at one time, that no man had so little popularity and such affectionate friends; and the truth was certainly more sacrificed to point in the former than in the latter member of the contrast. Some of his friendships continued in spite of political differences, which, by rendering intercourse less unconstrained, often undermine friendship: and others were remarkable for a warmth, constancy and disinterestedness, which, though chiefly honourable to those who were capable of so pure a kindness, yet redound to the credit of him who was the object of it. No man is so beloved who is not himself formed for friendship.

Notwithstanding his disregard for money, he was not tempted in youth by the example or the kindness of affluent friends much to overstep his little patrimony. He never afterwards sacrificed to parade or personal indulgence; though his occupations scarcely allowed him to think enough of his private affairs. Even from his moderate fortune, his bounty was often liberal to suitors to whom official relief could not be granted. By a sort of generosity still harder for him to practise, he endeavoured, in cases where the suffering was great, though the suit could not be granted, to satisfy the feelings of the suitor by full explanation in writing of the causes which rendered compliance impraticable. Wherever he took an interest, he showed it as much by delicacy to the feelings of those whom he served or relieved, as by substantial consideration for their claims — a rare and most praiseworthy merit among men in power.

In proportion as the opinion of a people acquires influence over public affairs, the faculty of persuading men to support opposed political measures acquires importance. The peculiar nature of parliamentary debate contributes to render eminence in that province not so imperfect a test of political ability as it might appear to be. Recited speeches can seldom show more than powers of reasoning and imagination, which have little connection with a capacity for affairs. But the unforeseen events of debate, and the necessity of immediate answer in unpremeditated language, afford scope for quickness, firmness, boldness, wariness, presence of mind, and address in the management of men, which are among the qualities most essential to a statesman. The most flourishing period of our parliamentary eloquence extends for about half a century — from the maturity of Lord Chatham's genius to the death of Mr. Fox. During the twenty years which succeeded, Mr. Canning was sometimes the leader, and always the greatest orator, of the party who supported the administration: among whom he was supported, but not rivalled, by able men, against opponents who were not thought by him inconsiderable, of whom one at least, was felt by every hearer and acknowledged in private by himself, to have always forced his faculties into their very uttermost stretch.

Had he been a dry and meager speaker, he would have been one of the universally allowed to be greatest masters of argument; but his hearers were so dazzled by the splendour of his diction, that they did not perceive the acuteness and the sometimes excessive refinement of his reasoning; a consequence which, as it shows the injurious influence of a seductive fault, can with the less justice be overlooked in the estimate of his understanding. Ornament, it must be owned, when it only pleases or amuses, without disposing the audience to adopt the sentiments of the speaker, is an offence against the first law of public speaking, of which it obstructs instead of promoting the only reasonable purpose. But eloquence is a widely extended art, comprehending many sorts of excellence; in some of which ornamented diction is more liberally employed than in others; and in none of which the highest rank can be attained, without an extraordinary combination of mental powers. Among our own orators, Mr. Canning seems to be the best model of the adorned style. The splendid and sublime descriptions of Mr. Burke, his comprehensive and profound views of general principle, though they must ever delight and instruct the readers, must be owned to have been digressions which diverted the minds of the hearers from the object on which the speaker ought to have kept them steadily fixed. Sheridan, a man of admirable sense, and matchless wit, laboured to follow Burke into the foreign regions of feeling and grandeur, where the specimens preserved of his most celebrated speeches show too much of the exaggeration and excess to which those are peculiarly liable who seek by art and effort what nature has denied. By the constant part which Mr. Canning took in debate, he was called upon to show a knowledge which Sheridan did not possess, and a readiness which that accomplished man had no such means of strengthening and displaying. In some qualities of style, Mr. Canning surpassed Mr. Pitt. His diction was more various, sometimes more simple, more idiomatical, even in its more elevated parts. It sparkled with imagery, and was brightened by illustration; in both of which Mr. Pitt, for so great an orator, was defective.

Mr. Canning possessed, in a high degree, the advantages of an orator. His expressive countenance varied with the changes of his eloquence; his voice, flexible and articulate, had as much compass as his mode of speaking requires. In the calm part of his speeches, his attitude and gesture might have been selected by a painter to represent grace rising towards dignity.

No English speaker used the keen and brilliant weapon of wit so long, so often, or

so effectively, as Mr. Canning. He gained more triumphs, and incurred more enmity by it, than any other. Those whose importance depends much on birth and fortune are impatient of seeing their own artificial dignity, or that of their order, broken down by derision; and perhaps few men heartily forgive a successful jest againt themselves, but those who are conscious of being unhurt by it. Mr. Canning often used this talent imprudently. In sudden flashes of wit, and in the playful description of men or things, he was often distinguished by that natural felicity which is the charm of pleasantry; to which the air of art and labour is more fatal than to any other talent. Sheridan was sometimes betrayed by an imitation of the dialogue of his master, Congreve, into a sort of laboured and finished jesting, so balanced and expanded, as sometimes to vie in tautology and monotony with the once applauded triads of Johnson; and which, even in its most happy passages, is more sure of commanding serious admiration than hearty laughter. It cannot be denied that Mr. Canning's taste was, in this respect, somewhat influenced by the example of his early friend.

Nothing could better prove the imperfect education of English statesmen at that time, and the capacity of Mr. Canning to master subjects the least agreeable to his pursuits and inclinations.

The exuberance of fancy and wit lessened the gravity of his general manner, and perhaps also indisposed the audience to feel his earnestness where it clearly showed itself. In that important quality he was inferior to Mr. Pitt, —

> 'Deep on whose front engraven,
> Deliberation sat, and public care;'

and not less inferior to Mr. Fox, whose fervid eloquence flowed from the love of his country, the scorn of baseness, and the hatred of cruelty, which were the passions of his nature. On the whole, it may be observed, that the range of Mr. Canning's powers as an orator was wider than that in which he usually exerted them. When mere statement only was allowable, no man of his age was more simple. When infirm health compelled him to be brief, no speaker could compress his matter with so little sacrifice of clearness, ease and elegance. In his speech on colonial reformation, in 1823, he seemed to have brought down the philosophical principles and the moral sentiments of Mr. Burke to that precise level where they could be happily blended with a grave and dignified speech, intended as an introduction to a new system of legislation. As his oratorical faults were those of youthful genius, the progress of age seemed to purify his eloquence, and every year appeared to remove some speck which hid, or, at least, dimmed, a beauty. He daily rose to larger views, and made, perhaps, as near approaches to the philosophical principles as the great difference between the objects of the philosopher and those of the orator will commonly allow.

When the memorials of his own time, the composition of which he is said never to have interrupted in his busiest moments, are made known to the public, his abilities as a writer may be better estimated. His only known writings in prose are State Papers, which, when considered as the composition of a minister for foreign affairs, in one of the most extraordinary periods of European history, are undoubtedly of no small importance. Such of these papers as were intended to be a direct appeal to the judgment of mankind combine so much precision, with such uniform circumspection and dignity, that they must ever be studied as models of that very difficult species of composition. His Instructions to Ministers Abroad, on occasions both perplexing and momentous, will be found to exhibit a rare union of comprehensive and elevated views, with singular ingenuity in devising means of execution; on which last faculty he sometimes relied perhaps more confidently than the short and dim foresight of man will warrant. 'Great affairs,' says Lord Bacon, 'are commonly too coarse and stubborn to be worked upon by the fine

edges and points of wit.' His papers in negotiation were occasionally somewhat too controversial in their tone. They are not near enough to the manner of an amicable conversation about a disputed point of business, in which a negotiator does not so much draw out his argument, as hint his own object, and sound the intention of his opponent. He sometimes seems to pursue triumph more than advantage, and not enough to remember that to leave the opposite party satisfied with what he has got, and in good humour with himself, is not one of the least proofs of a negotiator's skill. Where the papers were intended ultimately to reach the public through Parliament, it might be prudent to regard chiefly the final object; and when this excuse was wanting, much must be pardoned to the controversial habits of a parliamentary life. It is hard for a debater to be a negotiator. The faculty of guiding public assemblies is very remote from the art of dealing with individuals.

Mr. Canning's power of writing verse may rather be classed with his accomplishments, than numbered among his high and noble faculties. It would have been a distinction for an inferior man. His verses were far above those of Cicero, of Burke, and of Bacon. The taste prevalent in his youth led him to more relish for sententious declaimers in verse than is shared by lovers of the more true poetry of imagination and sensibility. In some respects his poetical compositions were also influenced by his early intercourse with Mr. Sheridan, though he was restrained by his more familiar contemplation of classical models from the glittering conceits of that extraordinary man. Something of an artificial and composite diction is discernible in the English poems of those who have acquired reputation by Latin verse, more especially since the pursuit of rigid purity has required so timid an imitation as not only to confine itself to the words, but to adopt none but the phrases of ancient poets; an effect of which Gray must be allowed to furnish an example.

Absolute silence about Mr. Canning's writings as a political satirist, which were for their hour so popular, might be imputed to undue timidity. In that character he yielded to General Fitzpatrick in arch stateliness and poignant raillery; to Mr. Moore in the gay prodigality with which he squanders his countless stores of wit; and to his own friend Mr. Frere in the richness of a native vein of original and fantastic drollery. In that ungenial province, where the brightest of the hasty laurels are apt very soon to fade, and where Dryden only boasts immortal lays, it is perhaps his best praise, that there is no writing of his, which a man of honour might not avow as soon as the first heat of contest was past.

In some of the amusements on tasks of his boyhood there are passages which, without much help from fancy, might appear to contain allusions to his greatest measures of policy, as well as to the tenor of his life, and to the melancholy splendour which surrounded his death. In the concluding line of the first English verses written by him at Eton, he expressed a wish, which has been singularly realised that he might —

> Live in a blaze, and in a blaze expire.

It is at least a striking coincidence, that the statesman, whose dying measure was to mature an alliance for the deliverance of Greece, should, when a boy, have written English verses on the slavery of that country; and that in his prize-poem at Oxford, on the Pilgrimage to Mecca, a composition as much applauded as a modern Latin poem can aspire to be, he should have as bitterly deplored the lot of other removed countries now groaning under the same barbarous yoke.

> Nunc Satrapae imperio et saevo subdita Turcae.

To conclude: — he was a man of fine and brilliant genius, of high and generous spirit; a statesman, who, at home converted most of his opponents into warm supporters; who,

abroad, was the sole hope and trust of all who sought an orderly and legal liberty; and who was cut off in the midst of vigorous and splendid measures, which, if executed by himself, or with his own spirit, promised to place his name in the first class of rulers, among the founders of lasting peace, and the guardians of human improvement.

XVI. Dr. EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE,

geb. zu Willington (Essex) am 5. Juni 1759, gest. am 5. März 1822, war einer der originellsten, geistreichsten und gelehrtesten Reisenden neuerer Zeit Nach Beendigung seiner Studien in Cambridge bereiste er 1790 Wales, Irland und das westliche England; 1792 Frankreich, Deutschland, die Schweiz, Italien und Holland; 1797 Schottland, die Hochlande, und die Hebriden bis St. Kilda; 1799 mit *Malthus* und einigen anderen Universitätsfreunden Dänemark, Norwegen, Schweden, Lappland, Finnland, Russland, das Land der donischen Kosaken und das am Kuban, die Tartarei, die Krim, die Türkei, einen Theil Kleinasiens, Syrien, Aegypten und Griechenland und veröffentlichte die Resultate dieser sowie einer andern Reise durch Thrazien, Macedonien, die Bulgarei, die Walachei und Ungarn in 6 Bänden 'Travels', die bis 1819 erschienen und wofür er die Summe von *l.* 7000 erhielt. Sein Hauptstudium war Mineralogie, die er auch an der Universität zu Cambridge vortrug. — Nach seinem Tode kaufte die Universität Oxford seine griechischen und orient. Manuscripte, unter denen mehre sehr seltene und wichtige waren. Der Bibliothek in Cambridge hatte er schon bei Lebzeiten mehre werthvolle Antiquitäten geschenkt. — Die vollständigste Ausgabe seiner 'Travels in Various Countries of Europe, Asia and Africa' erschien in 11 Bänden (London, 1819—1824).

DESCRIPTION OF THE PYRAMIDS.

We were roused as soon as the sun dawned by Antony, our faithful Greek servant and interpreter, with the intelligence that the pyramids were in view. We hastened from the cabin; and never will the impression made by their appearance be obliterated. By reflecting the sun's rays, they appear as white as snow, and of such surprising magnitude, that nothing we had previously conceived in our imagination had prepared us for the spectacle we beheld. The sight instantly convinced us that no power of description, no delineation, can convey ideas adequate to the effect produced in viewing these stupendous monuments. The formality of their construction is lost in their prodigious magnitude; the mind, elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of an axiom, which, however disputed, experience confirms — that in vastness, whatsoever be its nature, there dwells sublimity. Another proof of their indescribable power is, that no one ever approached them under other emotions than those of terror, which is another principal source of the sublime. In certain instances of irritable feeling, this impression of awe and fear has been so great as to cause pain rather than pleasure; hence, perhaps, have originated descriptions of the pyramids which represent them as deformed and gloomy masses, without taste or beauty. Persons who have derived no satisfaction from the contemplation of them, may not have been conscious that the uneasiness they experienced was a result of their own sensibility. Others have acknowledged ideas wide-

ly different, excited by every wonderful circumstance of character and of situation — ideas of duration, almost endless; of power, inconceivable; of majesty, supreme; of solitude, most awful; of grandeur, of desolation, and of repose.

Upon the 23d of August 1802 we set out for the pyramids, the inundation enabling us to approach within less than a mile of the larger pyramid in our djerm (Boat of the Nile). Messrs Hammer and Hamilton accompanied us. We arrived at Djiza at daybreak, and called upon some English officers, who wished to join our party upon this occasion. From Djiza our approach to the pyramids was through a swampy country, by means of a narrow canal, which, however, was deep enough; and we arrived without any obstacle at nine o'clock at the bottom of a sandy slope leading up to the principal pyramid. Some Bedouin Arabs, who had assembled to receive us upon our landing, were much amused by the eagerness excited in our whole party to prove who should first set his foot upon the summit of this artificial mountain. With what amazement did we survey the vast surface that was presented to us when we arrived at this stupendous monument, which seemed to reach the clouds. Here and there appeared some Arab guides upon the immense masses above us, like so many pigmies, waiting to show the way to the summit. Now and then we thought we heard voices, and listened; but it was the wind in powerful gusts sweeping the immense ranges of stone. Already some of our party had begun the ascent, and were pausing at the tremendous depth which they saw below. One of our military companions, after having surmounted the most difficult part of the undertaking, became giddy in consequence of looking down from the elevation he had attained; and being compelled to abandon the project, he hired an Arab to assist him in effecting his descent. The rest of us, more accustomed to the business of climbing heights, with many a halt for respiration, and many an exclamation of wonder, pursued our way towards the summit. The mode of ascent has been frequently described; and yet, from the questions which are often proposed to travellers it does not appear to be generally understood. The reader may imagine himself to be upon a staircase, every step of which, to a man of middle stature, is nearly breast high, and the breadth of each step is equal to its height, consequently the footing is secure; and although a retrospect in going up be sometimes fearful to persons unaccustomed to look down from any considerable elevation, yet there is little danger of falling. In some places, indeed, where the stones are decayed, caution may be required, and an Arab guide is always necessary to avoid a total interruption; but, upon the whole, the means of ascent are such that almost every one may accomplish it. Our progress was impeded by other causes. We carried with us a few instruments, such as our boat-compass, a thermometer, a telescope &c.; these could not be trusted in the hands of the Arabs, and they were liable to be broken every instant. At length we reached the topmost tier, to the great delight and satisfaction of all the party. Here we found a platform thirty-two feet square, consisting of nine large stones, each of which might weigh about a ton, although they are much inferior in size to some of the stones used in the construction of this pyramid. Travellers of all ages, and of various nations, have here inscribed their names. Some are written in Greek, many in French, a few in Arabic, one or two in English, and others in Latin. We were as desirous as our predecessors to leave a memorial of our arrival; it seemed to be a tribute of thankfulness due for the success of our undertaking; and presently every one of our party was seen busied in adding the inscription of his name.

Upon this area, which looks like a point when seen from Cairo or from the Nile, it is extraordinary that none of those numerous hermits fixed their abode who retired to the tops of columns and to almost inaccessible solitudes upon the pinnacles of the highest rocks. It offers a much more convenient and secure retreat

than was selected by an ascetic, who pitched his residence upon the architrave of a temple in the vicinity of Athens. The heat, according to Fahrenheit's thermometer at the time of our coming, did not exceed 84 degrees; and the same temperature continued during the time we remained, a strong wind blowing from the north-west. The view from this eminence amply fulfilled our expectations; nor do the accounts which have been given of it, as it appears at this season of the year, exaggerate the novelty and grandeur of the sight. All the region towards Cairo and the Delta resembled a sea covered with innumerable islands. Forests of palm-trees were seen standing in the water, the inundation spreading over the land where they stood, so as to give them an appearance of growing in the flood. To the north, as far as the eye could reach, nothing could be discerned but a watery surface thus diversified by plantations and by villages. To the south we saw the pyramids of Saccara; and upon the east of these, smaller monuments of the same kind nearer to the Nile. An appearance of ruins might indeed be traced the whole way from the pyramids of Djiza to those of Saccara, as if they had been once connected, so as to constitute one vast cementery. Beyond the pyramids of Saccara we could perceive the distant mountains of the Said; and upon an eminence near the Libyan side of the Nile, appeared a monastery of considerable size. Towards the west and southwest, the eye ranged over the great Libyan Desert, extending to the utmost verge of the horizon, without a single object to interrupt the dreary horror of the landscape, except dark floating spots caused by the shadows of passing clouds upon the sand.

Upon the south-east side is the gigantic statue of the Sphinx, the most colossal piece of sculpture which remains of all the works executed by the ancients. The French have uncovered all the pedestal of this statue, and all the cumbent or leonine parts of the figure; these were before entirely concealed by sand. Instead, however, of answering the expectations raised concerning the work upon which it was supposed to rest, the pedestal proves to be a wretched substructure of brickwork and small pieces of stone put together, like the most insignificant piece of modern masonry, and wholly out of character both with respect to the prodigious labour bestowed upon the statue itself, and the gigantic appearance of the surrounding objects. Beyond the Sphinx we distinctly discerned amidst the sandy waste the remains and vestiges of a magnificent building, perhaps the Serapeum.

Immediately beneath our view, upon the eastern and western side, we saw so many tombs that we were unable to count them, some being half buried in the sand, others rising considerably above it. All these are of an oblong form, with sides sloping like the roofs of European houses. A plan of their situation and appearance is given in Pocock's Travels. The second pyramid, standing to the south-west, has the remains of a covering near its vertex, as of a plating of stone which had once invested all its four sides. Some persons, deceived by the external hue of this covering, have believed it to be of marble; but its white appearance is owing to a partial decomposition affecting the surface only. Not a single fragment of marble can be found anywhere near this pyramid. It is surrounded by a paved court, having walls on the outside, and places as for doors or portals in the walls; also an advanced work or portico. A third pyramid, of much smaller dimensions than the second, appears beyond the Sphinx to the south-west; and there are three others, one of which is nearly buried in the sand, between the large pyramid and this statue to the south-east.

XVII. GEORGE CANNING,

(*Vergl. No.* 15 *dieser Periode, pag.* 296.)

geb. 11. April 1770 in London. Sein Vater, der sich durch seine Verheirathung mit einer armen Verwandten *Sheridan's* den Unwillen seiner Familie zugezogen hatte, war Advokat im Middle Temple, konnte sich aber, trotz aller Anstrengung, nicht aus seiner drückenden Lage herausreissen, starb am 11. Apr. 1771, und hinterliess eine Wittwe mit zwei Töchtern und einem Sohne, in der grössten Noth und Armuth. Ein Onkel (*Paul C.*) nahm sich des Knaben an, dessen Mutter sich genöthigt sah auf die Bühne zu gehen. Sie heirathete später den bekannten Schauspieler *Reddish* und in einer dritten Ehe den Schauspieler *Hunn*. Die Liebe und Dankbarkeit des Sohnes bereitete ihr ein sorgenfreies Alter. *C.* wurde nach Eton geschickt, wo er, kaum 17 Jahr alt, mit einigen Freunden die Zeitschrift: 'The Microcosm' herausgab und sich durch einige Gedichte, namentlich 'The Slavery of Greece' vortheilhaft auszeichnete. Im 18. Jahre bezog er die Universität Oxford, und trat 1742 in Lincoln's-Inn zu London ein, um die Rechte zu studiren. Er wurde eine bedeutende Stütze des Ministeriums, als er, auf *Pitt's* Empfehlung, im folgenden J. zum Parlamentsmitgliede für Newport gewählt ward. 1796 wurde er Unterstaatssekretair, und hielt als solcher seine berühmte Rede über Abschaffung des Sklavenhandels. 1797 gab er mit einigen Freunden den 'Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner' heraus, worin er mit bitterm Witze und beissender Satire gegen die Zeitschriften zu Felde zog, welche die Sache des Republikanismus vertheidigten. 1801 trat er mit *Pitt* zugleich von der Regierung zurück, wurde jedoch, als dieser das Ruder übernahm, 1804, zum Treasurer of the Navy ernannt. Bei *Pitt's* Tode, 1806, schloss er sich der Opposition an, wurde aber 1807 Minister der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten. In Folge eines Streites über die von ihm vorgeschlagene Expedition nach Walcheren, 1809, mit seinem Collegen *Lord Castlereagh*, schlug er sich mit diesem auf Pistolen und trat aus dem Ministerium. Von Liverpool zum Vertreter gewählt, bei welcher Gelegenheit er vielleicht seine glänzendste Rede hielt, brachte er die Emancipation der Katholiken vor das Haus (1812), für welche er mit der grössten Wärme und Begeisterung sprach. 1814 ging er nach Lissabon, als ausserordentl. Gesandter, eine Stellung, welche der Gesundheitszustand seines älteren Sohnes ihm wünschenswerth machte, blieb jedoch nur wenige Monate auf diesem Posten, und kehrte, nach einem längern Aufenthalte im südl. Frankreich, 1816, nach England zurück. 1817 trat er wieder in das Ministerium als President of the Board of Control, gab aber auch diesen Posten bald wieder auf, da er über die gegen die Königin genommenen Maassregeln anderer Ansicht war und wurde dann eine Zeit lang ausserordentl. Gesandter in der Schweiz. Im J. 1822 zum Generalgouverneur von Indien ernannt, war er eben in Begriff dahin abzureisen, als er, nach der Selbstentleibung des *Marquis von Londonderry* wieder zum Staatssekretair der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten erhoben wurde, und als *Lord Liverpool* vom Schlage getroffen worden war, trat er als erster Minister an die Spitze der Verwaltung. — Seine Politik in den schwierigen Verhältnissen zwischen Frankreich und Spanien, seine Anerkennung der Süd-Amerik. Staaten, seine Vermittlung bei Ausgleichung der Westindischen Angelegenheiten, seine Bemühungen um die Befreiung Griechenlands und später seine entscheidende Expedition nach Portugal, so wie seine würdige Stellung bei den russisch-türkischen Verwicklungen, geben ein glänzendes Zeugniss von seinem grossen, umfassenden Geiste. Der fortwährende Kampf, den er seit seiner Erhebung zum ersten Minister gegen die Aristokratie zu bestehen hatte, war zu viel für seine geschwächte Gesundheit; er erlag ihm am 8. Aug., 1827, zu Chiswick, dem Landsitze des *Herzogs von*

Devonshire, wo auch *Charles Fox* gestorben war. Er ruht in der Westminster-Abtei neben *Pitt.* — Im J. 1828 wurde seine Gemahlin, eine Tochter des Generals *Scott,* mit welcher er sich 1800 vermählt hatte, zur Viscountess Canning of Kilbraham erhoben; sein älterer Sohn *George Charles,* starb im 19. Jahre; der jüngere *William Pitt,* Seekapitain, ertrank 1828 beim Baden auf der Insel Madeira. *C's.* 'Speeches, with a Memoir of his Life,' 6 Bde., erschienen Lond., 1828. — Vergl. 'Memoirs of the Life of George C.', Lond., 2 Bde. und *Stapleton'*: 'The Political Life of C.', 2 Bde., Lond., 1832. — 'England', sagt einer seiner Biographen 'in all her proud and magnificent career, never before stood so pre-eminent in the scale of nations; and for this glorious attitude she was deeply indebted to the masterly genius, the wisdom, the integrity, the patriotism, and the devotedness of George Canning.'

CONCLUSION OF HIS SPEECH ON SENDING BRITISH TROOPS TO PORTUGAL.

Sir, I set out with saying that there were reasons which entirely satisfied my judgment that nothing short of a point of national faith, or national honour, would justify, at the present moment, any voluntary approximation to the possibility of war. Let me be understood, however, distinctly, as not meaning to say that I dread war in a good cause, (and in no other may it be the lot of this country ever to engage!) from a distrust of the strength of the country to commence it, or of her resources to maintain it. I dread it, indeed — but upon far other grounds: I dread it from an apprehension of the tremendous consequences which might arise from any hostilities in which we might now be engaged. Some years ago, in the discussion of the negociation respecting the French war against Spain, I took the liberty of adverting to this topic. I then stated that the position of this country, in the present state of the world, was one of neutrality, not only between contending nations, but between conflicting principles; and that it was by neutrality alone that we could maintain that balance, the preservation of which I believe to be essential to the welfare of mankind. I then said, that I feared the next war which should be kindled in Europe, would be a war, not so much of armies, as of opinions. Not four years have elapsed, and behold my apprehensions realised! It is, to be sure, within narrow limits that this war of opinion is at present confined: but it *is* a war of opinion that Spain (whether as government or as nation) is now waging against Portugal; it is a war which has commenced in hatred of the new institutions of Portugal. How long is it reasonable to expect that Portugal will abstain from retaliation? If into that war this country shall be compelled to enter, we shall enter into it with a sincere and anxious desire to mitigate, rather than exasperate — and to mingle only in the conflict of arms, not in the more fatal conflict of opinions. But I much fear that this country, (however earnestly she might wish to avoid it), could not, in such a case, avoid seeing ranked under her banners, all the restless and dissatisfied of any nation with which she might come in conflict. It is the contemplation of this new *power* in any future war, which excites my most anxious apprehension. It is one thing to have a giant's strength, but it would be another to use it like a giant. The consciousness of such strength is, undoubtedly, a source of confidence and security: but in the situation in which this country stands, our business is not to seek opportunities of displaying it, but to content ourselves with letting the professors of violent and exaggerated doctrines on both sides feel, that it is not their interest to convert an umpire into an adversary. The situation of England, amidst the struggle of political opinions, which agitates, more or less sensibly, different countries of the world, may be compared to that of the Ruler of the Winds, as described by the poet: —

—'Celsâ sedet Aeolus arce,
Sceptra tenens, mollitque animos et temperat iras:
Ni faciat, maria ac terras coelumque profundum
Quippe ferant rapidi secum, verrantque per auras.'

The consequence of letting loose the passions, at present chained and confined, would be to produce a scene of desolation which no man can contemplate without horror; and I should not sleep easy on my couch, if I were conscious that I had contributed to precipitate it by a single moment. This, then, is the reason — a very different one from fear — the reverse of consciousness of disability — why I dread the recurrence of hostilities in any part of Europe; why I would bear much, and would forbear long; why I would, as I have said, put up with almost any thing that did not touch national faith and national honour; rather than let slip the furies of war, the leash of which we hold in our hands, not knowing whom they may reach, or how far their ravages may be carried. Such is the love of peace which the British government acknowledges; and such the necessity for peace which the circumstances of the world inculcate. I will push these topics no farther. I return, in conclusion, to the object of the address. Let us fly to the aid of Portugal, by whomsoever attacked; because it is our duty to do so: and let us cease our interference where that duty ends. We go to Portugal, not to rule, not to dictate, not to prescribe constitutions — but to defend and to preserve the independence of an ally. We go to plant the standard of England on the well-known heights of Lisbon. Where that standard is planted, foreign dominion shall not come.

XVIII. MUNGO PARK.

Gegen das Ende des 18. Jahrhunderts sprach sich in England, namentlich in der Handelswelt, vielfach der Wunsch nach einer Erforschung des Innern von Afrika aus. *M. P.*, ein schottischer Arzt, unterzog sich der Aufgabe und reiste im J. 1795 vom Senegal nach dem Niger, welchen Fluss er eine bedeutende Strecke durch wohlbevölkerte Gegenden verfolgte. Eine Geschichte dieser Expedition, ein Werk von bedeutendem Interesse, erschien im J. 1799. Eine zweite Reise, die er im J. 1806 dahin unternahm, endete mit dem Verlust seines Lebens und dem Tode der Meisten seiner Begleiter. Ein ausführlicher Bericht darüber wurde im Jahre 1815 veröffentlicht.

AFRICAN HOSPITALITY.

'I waited more than two hours without having an opportunity of crossing the river, during which time the people who had crossed carried information to Mansong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me until he knew what had brought me into his country; and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge at a distant village, to which he pointed, for the night, and said that in the morning he would give me further instructions how to conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village, where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without victuals in the shade of a tree; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable — for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain — and the wild beasts

are so very numerous in the neighbourhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree and resting amongst the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension) called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these: — 'The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk — no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus.* — Let us pity the white man — no mother has he,' &c. &c. Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat — the only recompense I could make her.'

Sein Muth im Leiden und das unerschütterlichste Vertrauen auf den Beistand des Höchsten verliessen ihn auch in den schwierigsten Lagen seines Lebens nicht. So war er u. A. unweit eines Dorfes, in der Nähe von Kooma von Räubern angefallen, seiner Kleider beraubt, und in der hülflosesten Lage zurückgelassen worden; allein er verzagte nicht:

'After the robbers were gone, I sat for some time looking around me with amazement and terror. Whichever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once on my recollection, and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I reflected that no human prudence or foresight could possibly have averted my present sufferings. I was indeed a stranger in a strange land, yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsula, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely

not. Reflections like these would not allow me to despair. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed. In a short time I came to a small village, at the entrance of which I overtook the two shepherds who had come with me from Kooma. They were much surprised to see me; for they said they never doubted that the Foulahs, when they had robbed, had murdered me. Departing from this village, we travelled over several rocky ridges, and at sunset arrived at Sibidooloo, the frontier town of the kingdom of Manding.

XIX. SIR WALTER SCOTT,

geb. zu Edinburg 15. Aug. 1771, war der Sohn eines angesehenen Rechtsgelehrten. Erst spät kam der, durch eine langwierige Krankheit geschwächte Knabe auf die High School seiner Vaterstadt; dennoch begann er schon im 16. Jahre das Studium der Rechte und setzte es so eifrig fort, dass er im 21. Jahre Anwalt bei dem Court of Sessions in Edinb. wurde; die dortige Advokaten-Bibliothek lieferte ihm in einer Menge handschriftlicher Notizen über merkwürdige Männer seines Vaterlandes den reichsten Stoff zu seinen spätern historischen Arbeiten. Als im J. 1797 eine Landung der Franzosen an den Küsten Schottlands befürchtet wurde, nahm er thätigen Antheil an der Bildung eines Reiterregimentes, (vergl. 'The Antiquary'). 1799 wurde er Sheriff Deputy of the County of Selkirk und 1806 Principal Clerk of the Sessions of Scotland und lebte nun zum Theil in Edinburg, zum Theil auf seinem, vier Meilen davon entlegenen, reizenden Landsitze Abbotsford. 1820 wurde er Präsident der Königl. Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften und von *Georg IV.* zum Baronet erhoben. In Folge von Erbschaften sowohl, als von einträglichen Aemtern lebte er in vollster Unabhängigkeit, bis er sich durch den grossen Bankerott des Buchhändlers *Constable* und des Buchdruckers *Ballantyne* in eine Schuldenlast von *l.* 120,000 gestürzt sah. Mit unermüdlicher Thätigkeit begann er jetzt seine literarischen Arbeiten, um seinen Kindern ein schuldenfreies Eigenthum hinterlassen zu können. Er ging 1826 nach Paris, um Materialien zu seinem bereits begonnenen 'Life of Napoleon' zu sammeln und liess diesem eine lange Reihe einzelner Werke des verschiedensten Inhalts folgen, bis durch die unerhörte Anstrengung seine geistigen Kräfte geschwächt, seine physischen gänzlich erschöpft waren. Im Herbste 1831 entschloss er sich zu einer Reise nach Italien; er erreichte im April 1832 Rom, wurde aber durch seine zunehmende Schwäche genöthigt nach seinem Vaterlande zurückzukehren, wo er am 21. Septbr. 1832 zu Abbotsford starb. Jenen Wunsch, den zu erreichen ihm selbst nicht vergönnt war, erfüllte sein dankbares Vaterland. — Ueber seine Dichtungen werden wir im II. Theile zu berichten haben. Seine prosaischen Werke, welche allein fast eine Bibliothek ausmachen, sind in fast alle lebende Sprachen übersetzt worden und *Mrs. Gore* erzählt in ihren 'Hungarian Tales,' dass sie über einer Gasthofsthür in Ungarn als Schild ein Portrait fand, mit der Unterschrift "*Valter Skote*". — 'Waverley,' bereits 1805 geschrieben, aber auf Anrathen eines Freundes zurückgelegt, erschien anonym erst 1814 und erregte das allgemeinste Aufsehen. Ihm folgte 1815: 'Guy Mannering'; bald darauf 'The Antiquary', 1816; 'Rob Roy', 1818; 'Tales of My Landlord', (four Series, 1817, 18, 19, 31); 'The Monastery' und 'The Abbot', 1820, 'Tales of a Grandfather', 1828—30, welche sämmtlich der Geschichte Schottlands entnommen sind. Mit 'Ivanhoe', 1820, begann er eine Reihe der englischen Geschichte entlehnter Romane, welche mit demselben Beifalle

aufgenommen wurden. Dahin gehören: 'Kenilworth', 1821; 'The Fortunes of Nigel', 1822; 'Peveril of the Peak', 1823; 'Woodstock', 1826. — 'The Pirate', 1822, 'St. Ronan's Well' und 'Redgauntlet', 1824. — 'The Chronicles of the Canongate', 1827 — 28 und 'Castle Dangerous', 1831, sind Erzählungen aus dem schottischen Leben, während 'Quentin Durward', 1823, 'Tales of the Crusaders', 1825, 'Anne of Geierstein', 1828 und 'Count Robert of Paris', 1831, der Geschichte fremder Länder entnommen sind. Erst im Jahre 1827 bekannte sich *W. S.* öffentlich zum Verfasser der genannten Werke, obschon es eigentlich lange kein Geheimniss mehr gewesen war. — Vergl. 'Quarterly Review', Decbr. 1821. — 'Edinburg Review', 1822, LXXIII. — *James Hogg:* 'The Private Life and Manners of Walter Scott', Glasgow, 1835. — '*Lockhardt,* Memoirs of the Life of W. S. 1837.' — Wir schliessen mit Dem, was *Chambers* über ihn sagt: 'When we consider *W. S.* as a delineator of human character, we are struck by the fertility of his invention, and by the force, novelty and fidelity of his pictures. Like Shakspeare, he brings to our minds not abstract beings, or impersonations of certain passions and affections, but breathing, acting, speaking individuals. Dress, manners, features and bearing, are set so vividly before us, that the mental illusion is rendered as complete as words can make it. In the description of external objects, and particularly of natural scenery, *Sir W. S.* is successful beyond all writers subsequent to Milton. Avoiding cumbersome and confusing detail, he touches rapidly those points which would first strike the eye of a beholder, and thus invariably conveys a vivid and intelligible picture. But excellent as are his descriptions of quiescent objects, it is in his treatment of events — of the visible operation of men and of the elements — that he displays most power. He knows the effect producible by leaving circumstances in the incompleteness and obscurity in which they often present themselves to the senses of a single person: he tells just what that person could have perceived, and leaves the sketch to be finished by his reader. His plots want the completeness and perfect development, for which those of Fielding are remarkable. He generally gives too much detail at the commencement and winds up the conclusion too abruptly; yet the story is always such as to excite and maintain attention. Though he has not, like Miss Edgeworth, aimed at inculcating particular lessons for the conduct of life, his writings are all favourable to morality. They inspire generous emotions and warm-hearted benevolent feelings towards our fellow creatures, and never tend to diminish our confidence in virtue or our abhorrence of vice. He has been observed to resemble Homer and Shakspeare in the dismissal of all considerations of himself from his writings. Of his own opinions, habits and personal peculiarities we discover scarcely any trace, except when he occasionally gives a glimpse of that kindness with which he regarded all mankind, and that rectitude of moral principle, which rendered him as virtuous as he was great.'

MARGARET RAMSAY AND THE LADY HERMIONE.

(From 'The Fortunes of Nigel.')

By this good light, a wench of matchless mettle!
This were a leaguer-lass to love a soldier,
To bind his wounds, and kiss his bloody brow,
And sing a roundel as she help'd to arm him,
Though the rough foeman's drums were beat so nigh,
They seem'd to bear the burden. *Old Play.*

When Mistress Margaret entered the Foljambe apartment, she found the inmates employed in their usual manner; the lady in reading, and her attendant in embroidering a large piece of tapestry, which had occupied her ever since Margaret had been first admitted within these secluded chambers.

Hermione nodded kindly to her visitor, but did not speak; and Margaret, accustomed to this reception, and in the present case not sorry for it, as it gave her an interval to collect her thoughts, stooped over Monna Paula's frame,

and observed, in a half whisper, 'You were just so far as that rose, Monna, when I first saw you — see, there is the mark where I had the bad luck to spoil the flower in trying to catch the stitch — I was little above fifteen then. These flowers make me an old woman, Monna Paula.'

'I wish they could make you a wise one, my child,' answered Monna Paula, in whose esteem pretty Mistress Margaret did not stand quite so high as in that of her patroness; partly owing to her natural austerity, which was something intolerant of youth and gaiety, and partly to the jealousy with which a favourite domestic regards any one whom she considers as a sort of rival in the affections of her mistress.

'What is it you say to Monna, little one?' asked the lady.

'Nothing, madam,' replied Mistress Margaret, 'but that I have seen the real flowers blossom three times over since I first saw Monna Paula working in her canvas garden, and her violets have not budded yet.'

'True, lady-bird,' replied Hermione; 'but the buds that are longest in blossoming will last the longest in flower. You have seen them in the garden bloom thrice, but you have seen them fade thrice also; now, Monna Paula's will remain in blow for ever—they will fear neither frost nor tempest.'

'True, madam,' answered Mistress Margaret; 'but neither have they life or odour.'

'That, little one,' replied the recluse, 'is to compare a life agitated by hope and fear, and chequered with success and disappointment, and fevered by the effects of love and hatred, a life of passion and of feeling, saddened and shortened by its exhausting alternations, to a calm and tranquil existence, animated but by a sense of duties, and only employed, during its smooth and quiet course, in the unwearied discharge of them. Is that the moral of your answer?'

'I do not know, madam,' answered Mistress Margaret; 'but of all birds in the air, I would rather be the lark, that sings while he is drifting down the summer breeze, than the weathercock that sticks fast yonder upon his iron perch, and just moves so much as to discharge his duty, and tell us which way the wind blows.'

'Metaphors are no arguments, my pretty maiden,' said the Lady Hermione, smiling.

'I am sorry for that, madam,' answered Margaret; 'for they are such a pretty indirect way of telling one's mind when it differs from one's betters — besides, on this subject there is no end of them, and they are so civil and becoming withal.'

'Indeed?' replied the lady; 'let me hear some of them, I pray you.'

'It would be, for example, very bold in me,' said Margaret, 'to say to your ladyship, that, rather than live a quiet life I would like a little variety of hope and fear, and liking and disliking — and — and — and the other sort of feelings which your ladyship is pleased to speak of; but I may say freely, and without blame, that I like a butterfly better than a beetle, or a trembling aspen better than a grim Scotch fir, that never wags a leaf — or that of all the wood, brass, and wire that ever my father's fingers put together, I do hate and detest a certain huge old clock of the German fashion, that rings hours and half hours, and quarters and half quarters, as if it was of such consequence that the world should know it was wound up and going. Now, dearest lady, I wish you would only compare that clumsy, clanging, Dutch-looking piece of lumber, with the beautiful time-piece that Master Heriot caused my father to make for your ladyship, which uses to play a hundred merry tunes, and turns out, when it strikes the hour, a whole band of morrice-dancers, to trip the hays to the measure.'

'And which of these time-pieces goes the truest, Margaret?' said the lady.

'I must confess, the old Dutchman has the advantage in that —' said Margaret. 'I fancy you are right, madam, and that comparisons are no arguments; at least mine has not brought me through.'

'Upon my word, maiden Margaret,' said the lady, smiling, 'you have been of late thinking very much of these matters.'

'Perhaps too much, madam,' said Margaret, so low as only to be heard by the lady, behind the back of whose chair she had now placed herself. These words were spoken very gravely, and accompanied by a half sigh, which did not escape the attention of her to whom they were addressed. The Lady Hermione turned immediately round, and looked earnestly at Margaret, then paused for a moment, and finally commanded Monna Paula to carry her frame and embroidery into the anti-chamber. When they were left alone, she desired her young friend to come from behind the chair, on the back of which she still rested, and sit down beside her upon a stool.

'I will remain thus, madam, under your favour,' answered the girl, without changing her posture; 'I would rather you heard me without seeing me.'

'In God's name, maiden,' returned her patroness, 'what is it you can have to say that may not be uttered face to face, to so true a friend as I am?'

Without making any direct answer, Margaret only replied, 'You were right, dearest lady, when you said I had suffered my feelings too much to engross me of late. I have done very wrong, and you will be angry with me — so will my godfather, but I cannot help it — he must be rescued.'

'*He?*' repeated the lady, with emphasis; 'that brief little word does indeed so far explain your mystery; but come from behind the chair, you silly popinjay. I will wager you have suffered yonder gay young apprentice to sit too near your heart. I have not heard you mention young Vincent for many a day—perhaps he has not been out of mouth and out of mind both. Have you been so foolish as to let him speak to you seriously? I am told he is a bold youth.'

'Not bold enough to say any thing that could displease me, madam,' said Margaret.

'Perhaps, then, you were *not* displeased,'— said the lady; 'or perhaps he has not *spoken*, which would be wiser and better. Be open-hearted, my love — your godfather will soon return, and we will take him into our consultations. If the young man is industrious, and come of honest parentage, his poverty may be no such insurmountable obstacle. But you are both of you very young, Margaret — I know your godfather will expect that the youth shall first serve out his apprenticeship.'

Margaret had hitherto suffered the lady to proceed, under the mistaken impression which she had adopted, simply because she could not tell how to interrupt her; but pure despite at hearing her last words gave her boldness at length to say, 'I crave your pardon, madam; but neither the youth you mention, nor any apprentice or master within the city of London—'

'Margaret,' said the lady, in reply, 'the contemptuous tone with which you mention those of your own class — many hundreds, if not thousands, of whom, are in all respects better than yourself, and would greatly honour you by thinking of you—is, methinks, no warrant for the wisdom of your choice — for a choice it seems there is. Who is it, maiden, to whom you have thus rashly attached yourself — rashly I fear it must be!'

'It is the young Scottish Lord Glenvarloch, madam,' answered Margaret, in a low and modest tone, but sufficiently firm, considering the subject.

'The young Lord of Glenvarloch!' repeated the lady, in great surprise,—'Maiden, you are distracted in your wits.'

'I knew you would say so, madam,' answered Margaret; 'it is what another person has already told me — it is perhaps what all the world would tell me — it is what I am sometimes disposed to tell myself. But look at me, madam, for I will now come before you, and tell me if there is madness or distraction in my look and word, when I repeat to you again, that I have fixed my affections on this young nobleman.'

'If there is not madness in your look or word, maiden, there is infinite folly in what you say,' answered the Lady Hermione, sharply. 'When did you ever hear that misplaced love brought any thing but misery?—Seek a match among your equals, Margaret, and escape the countless kinds of risk and misery that must attend an affection beyond your degree.—Why do you smile, maiden? Is there aught to cause scorn in what I say?'

'Surely no, madam, answered Margaret—' I only smiled to think how it should happen, that, while rank made such a wide difference between creatures formed from the same clay, the wit of the vulgar should, nevertheless, jump so exactly the same length with that of the accomplished and the exalted. It is but the variation of the phrase which divides them. Dame Ursley told me the very same thing which your ladyship has but now uttered; only you, madam, talk of countless misery, and Dame Ursley spoke of the gallows, and Mistress Turner who was hanged upon it.'

'Indeed?' answered the Lady Hermione; 'and who may Dame Ursley be, that your wise choice has associated with me in the difficult task of advising a fool?'

'The barber's wife at next door, madam,' answered Margaret, with feigned simplicity, but far from being sorry at heart that she had found an indirect mode of mortifying her monitress. 'She is the wisest woman that I know, next to your ladyship.'

'A proper confidante,' said the lady, 'and chosen with the same delicate sense of what is due to yourself and others. But what ails you, maiden—where are you going?'

'Only to ask Dame Ursley's advice,' said Margaret, as if about to depart; for I see your ladyship is too angry to give me any, and the emergency is pressing.'

'What emergency, thou simple one?' said the lady, in a kinder tone. 'Sit down, maiden, and tell me your tale.—It is true you are a fool, and a petted fool to boot; but then you are a child—an amiable child, with all your self-willed folly, and we must help you, if we can. Sit down, I say, as you are desired, and you will find me a safer and wiser counsellor than the barber-woman. And tell me how you come to suppose that you have fixed your heart unalterably upon a man whom you have seen, as I think, but once.'

'I have seen him oftener,' said the damsel, looking down; 'but I have only spoken with him once. I should have been able to get that *once* out of my head, though the impression was so deep that I could even now repeat every trifling word he said; but other things have since rivetted it in my bosom for ever.'

'Maiden,' replied the lady, '*for ever*, is the word which comes most lightly on the lips in such circumstances, but which, not the less, is almost the last that we should use. The fashion of this world, its passions, its joys, and its sorrows, pass away like the winged breeze—there is nought for ever but that which belongs to the world beyond the grave.'

'You have corrected me justly, madam,' said Margaret, calmly; 'I ought only to have spoken of my present state of mind, as what will last me for my life time, which unquestionably may be but short.'

'And what is there in this Scottish lord that can rivet what concerns him so closely in your fancy?' said the lady. 'I admit him a personable man, for I have seen him, and I will suppose him courteous and agreeable. But what are his accomplishments besides, for these surely are not uncommon attributes?'

'He is unfortunate, madam.'

XX. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,

geb. 20. Oktbr. 1772 zu Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire, wo sein Vater Prediger war, den er indessen schon in seinem 9. Jahre verlor, worauf er im Christ's Hospital zu London aufgenommen wurde. Von da ging er 1791 nach Cambridge und Ende 1793 nach London, wo seine Umstände jedoch so kläglich wurden, dass er sich als gemeiner Dragoner anwerben liess. Den Bemühungen seiner Freunde gelang es, ihm den Abschied auszuwirken, worauf er, bei einem Besuche in Oxford, die Bekanntschaft *Southey's* und *Locke's* machte. Von den Freiheitsideen der damaligen Zeit ergriffen, wendeten sich die drei Freunde nach Bristol, wo *C.* durch seine 'Conciones ad populum' das Publikum für seine Ideen zu begeistern suchte. In dieselbe Zeit fällt auch seine Zeitschrift: 'The Watchman', die aber bald wieder einging. Da die Bemühungen der drei jungen Freiheitshelden nicht den gewünschten Erfolg hatten, so fassten sie den abenteuerlichen Entschluss, eine pantisokratische Niederlassung am Susquehannah zu gründen, ein Plan, der durch ihre Bekanntschaft mit drei Schwestern und ihre Verheirathung mit denselben vereitelt wurde. *C.* wendete sich nun nach dem Dorfe Nether Stowey in Somersetshire, wo er sich seinen Unterhalt durch literarische Arbeiten erwarb. Von Gönnern unterstützt, machte er 1798 eine Reise durch Deutschland und kehrte nach längerem Aufenthalte in Göttingen, wo er hauptsächlich deutsche Sprache und Literatur studirte, 1800 nach England zurück, und zwar zunächst nach Keswick zu *Southey*, bei welchem seine Frau bis dahin gelebt hatte. Später ging er nach London und übernahm die Redaktion der 'Morning Post', 1804 nach Malta, wo er das Amt eines Regierungssekretairs versah, kehrte aber schon 1805 in sein Vaterland zurück, von welcher Zeit an er sich ausschliesslich mit liter. Arbeiten beschäftigte. Seine letzten 19 Jahre verlebte er, fast ohne Unterbrechung, zu Highgate, wo er am 25. Juli 1834 starb. — Ueber seine poet. Werke s. Th. II. des Handb. Unter seinen prosaischen Schriften sind die unter dem Titel: 'The Friend', 3. Bde. erschienenen, vermischten Inhalts, die beliebtesten. In seiner 'Biographia literaria', (Biographical Sketches of his Literary Life and Opinions), London, 1817, 2 Bde., giebt er interessante Nachrichten über seinen Aufenthalt in Deutschland. Im Jahre 1830 erschien sein Werk: 'On the Constitution of Church and State'.

HISTORY OF THE WATCHMAN.

Towards the close of the first year from the time that, in an inauspicious hour, I left the friendly cloisters, and the happy grove of quiet, ever-honoured, Jesus-College, Cambridge, I was persuaded by sundry philantropists and antipolemists, to set on foot a periodical work entitled 'The Watchman,' that (according to the general motto of the work) *all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free!* In order to exempt it from the stamp-tax, and likewise to contribute as little as possible to the supposed guilt of a war against freedom, it was to be published on every eighth day, thirty-two pages, large octavo, closely printed, and price only four-pence. Accordingly, with a flaming prospectus, 'knowledge is power,' &c., to try the state of the political atmosphere, and so forth, I set off on a tour to the north, from Bristol to Sheffield, for the purpose of procuring customers, preaching by the way in most of the great towns, as a hireless volunteer, in a blue coat and white waistcoat, that not a ray of the woman of Babylon might be seen on me; for I was at the time, and long afterwards, a Trinitarian (i. e. *ad normam Platonis*) in philosophy, yet a zealous Unitarian in religion; more accurately, I was a *philanthropist*, one of those who believe our Lord to have been the

real son of Joseph, and who lay the main stress on the resurrection rather than on the crucifixion. Oh, never can I remember those days with either shame or regret; for I was most sincere, most disinterested! My opinions were, indeed, in many and most important points, erroneous, but my heart was simple! Wealth, rank, life itself, then seemed cheap to me, compared with the interests of (what I believed to be) the truth and the will of my Maker. I cannot even accuse myself of having been actuated by vanity; for in the expansion of my enthusiasm I did not think of myself at all.

My campaign commenced at Birmingham, and my first attack was on a rigid Calvinist—a tallow-chandler by trade. He was a tall, dingy man, in whom length was so predominant over breadth, that he might almost have been borrowed for a foundery poker. Oh that face! a face κατ' ἔμφασιν! I have it before me at this moment. The lank, black, twine-like hair, pingui-nitescent, cut in a straight line along the black stubble of his thin gunpowder eyebrows, that looked like a scorched aftermath from a last week's shaving. His coat-collar behind in perfect unison, both a colour and lustre, with the coarse yet glib cordage that I suppose he called his hair and which, with a bend inward at the nape of the neck (the only approach to flexure in his whole figure), slunk in behind his waistcoat, while the countenance, lank, hard, very hard, and with strong perpendicular furrows, gave me a dim notion of some one looking at me through a used grid-iron, all soot, grease, and iron! But he was one of the thorough-bred, a true lover of liberty, and (I was informed) had proved to the satisfaction of many that Mr. Pitt was one of the horns of the second beast in the Revelations, *that spoke like a dragon.* A person to whom one of my letters of recommendation had been addressed was my introducer. It was a new event in my life, my first stroke in the new business I had undertaken of an author, yea, and of an author trading on his own account. My companion, after some imperfect sentences, and a multitude of hums and has, abandoned the cause to his client; and I commenced an harangue of half an hour to Philoleutheros the tallow-chandler, varying my notes through the whole gamut of eloquence from the ratiocinative to the declamatory, and, in the latter, from the pathetic to the indignant. I argued, I described, I promised, I prophesied, and, beginning with the captivity of nations, I ended with the near approach of the millennium, finishing the whole with some of my own verses, describing that glorious state, out of the 'Religious Musings:'—

— — — — — — Such delights
As float to earth, permitted visitants!
When in some hour of solemn jubilee
The massive gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open, and forth come, in fragments wild,
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
And odours snatch'd from beds of amaranth,
And they that, from the crystal river of life,
Spring up on freshen'd wings, ambrosial gales!

My taper man of lights listened with perseverant and praiseworthy patience, though (as I was afterwards told on complaining of certain gales that were not altogether ambrosial) it was a *melting day* with him. 'And what, sir,' he said, after a short pause, 'might the cost be?'—'Only four-pence,' (oh! how I felt the anticlimax, the abysmal pathos of that four-pence!)—'only four-pence, sir, each number, to be published on every eighth day.'— That comes to a deal of money at the end of the year. And how much did you say there was to be for the money?—'Thirty-two pages, sir, large octavo, closely printed.'—Thirty and two pages! Bless me! why, except what I does in a family way on the Sabbath, that's more than ever I reads, sir, all the year round. I am as great a one as any man in Brummagem, sir, for liberty and truth, and all them sort of things; but as to this, (no offense, I hope, sir,) I must beg to be excused.'

So ended my first canvass. From causes that I shall presently mention I made but one other application in person. This took place

at Manchester, to a stately and opulent wholesale dealer in cottons. He took my letter of introduction, and having perused it, measured me from head to foot, and again from foot to head and then asked if I had any bill or invoice of the thing. I presented my prospectus to him: he rapidly skimmed and hummed over the first side, and still more rapidly the second and concluding page; crushed it within the fingers and the palm of his hand; then most deliberately and significantly rubbed and smoothed one part against the other; and, lastly, putting it into his pocket, turned his back on me with an 'over-run with these articles!' and so, without another syllable, retired into his counting-house, and, I can truly say, to my unspeakable amusement.

This, I have said, was my second and last attempt. On returning baffled from the first, in which I had vainly essayed to respect the miracle of Orpheus with the Brummagem patriot, I dined with the tradesman who had introduced me to him. After dinner he importuned me to smoke a pipe with him and two or three other *illuminati* of the same rank. I objected, both because I was engaged to spend the evening with a minister and his friends, and because I had never smoked except once or twice in my lifetime, and then it was herb tobacco mixed with Oroonooko. On the assurance, however, that the tabacco was equally mild, and seeing, too, that it was of a yellow colour, (not forgetting the lamentable difficulty I have always experienced in saying *no,* and in abstaining from what the people about me were doing), I took half a pipe, filling the lower half of the bowle with salt. I was soon, however, compelled to resign it in consequence of a giddiness and distressful feeling in my eyes, which, as I had drunk but a single glass of ale, must, I knew, have been the effect of the tobacco. Soon after, deeming myself recovered, I sallied forth to my engagement; but the walk and the fresh air brought on all the symptoms again, and I had scarcely entered the minister's drawing-room, and opened a small packet of letters which he had received from Bristol for me, ere I sunk back on the sofa in a sort of swoon rather than sleep. Fortunately I had found just time enough to inform him of the confused state of my feelings and of the occasion; for here and thus I lay, my face like a wall that is whitewashing, deathly pale, and with the cold drops of perspiration running down it from my forehead, while one after another there dropped in the different gentlemen who had been invited to meet and spend the evening with me, to the number of from fifteen to twenty. As the poison of tobacco acts but for a short time, I at length awoke from insensibility, and looked round on the party, my eyes dazzled by the candles, which had been lighted in the interim. By way of relieving my embarrassment, one of the gentlemen began the conversation with 'Have you seen a paper to-day, Mr. Coleridge?'—'Sir,' I replied, rubbing my eyes, 'I am far from convinced that a Christian is permitted to read either newspapers or any other works of merely political and temporal interest.' This remark, so ludicrously inopposite to, or rather incongruous with, the purpose for which I was known to have visited Birmingham, and to assist me in which they were all then met, produced an involuntary and general burst of laughter: and seldom, indeed, have I passed so many delightful hours as I enjoyed in that room from the moment of that laugh to an early hour the next morning. Never, perhaps, in so mixed and numerous a party have I since heard conversation sustained with such animation, enriched with such variety of information, and enlivened with such a flow of anecdote. Both then and afterwards they all joined in dissuading me from proceeding with my scheme, assuring me, in the most friendly and yet most flattering expressions, that the employment was neither fit for me, nor I fit for the employment. Yet, if I had determined on persevering in it, they promised to exert themselves to the utmost to procure subscribers; and insisted that I should make no

more applications in person, but carry on the canvass by proxy. The same hospitable reception, the same dissuasion, and (that failing) the same kind exertions in my behalf, I met with at Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, Sheffield, indeed at every place in which I took up my sojourn. I often recall with affectionate pleasure the many respectable men who interested themselves for me, a perfect stranger to them, not a few of whom I can still name among my friends. They will bear witness for me, how opposite, even then, my principles were to those of jacobinism, or even of democracy, and can attest the strict accuracy of the statement which I have left on record in the 10th and 11th numbers of 'The Friend.'

From this remarkable tour I returned with nearly a thousand names on the subscription-list of 'The Watchman,' yet more than half convinced that prudence dictated the abandonment of the scheme. But for this very reason I persevered in it; for I was at that period of my life so completely head-ridden by the fear of being influenced by selfish motives, that to know a mode of conduct to be the dictate of *prudence* was a sort of presumptive proof to my feelings that the contrary was the dictate of *duty*. Accordingly I commenced the work, which was announced in London by long bills in letters larger than had ever been seen before, and which (I have been informed, for I did not see them myself,) eclipsed the glories even of the lottery puffs. But, alas! the publication of the very first number was delayed beyond the day announced for its appearance. In the second number an essay against fast-days, with a most censurable application of a text from Isaiah for its motto, lost me near five hundred of my subscribers at one blow. In the two following numbers I made enemies of all my jacobin and democratic patrons; for, disgusted by their infidelity, and their adoption of French morals with French *philosophy*, and, perhaps, thinking that charity ought to begin nearest home, instead of abusing the government and the aristocrats chiefly or entirely, as had been expected of me, I levelled my attacks at 'modern patriotism,' and even ventured to declare my belief that whatever the motives of ministers might have been for the sedition (or, as it was then the fashion to call them, the *gagging*) bills, yet the bills themselves would produce an effect to be desired by all the true friends of freedom, as far as they should contribute to deter man from openly declaiming on subjects, the principles of which they had never bottomed, and from 'pleading *to* the poor and ignorant, instead of pleading *for* them.' At the same time I avowed my conviction that national education, and a concurring spread of the Gospel, were the indispensable conditions of any true political amelioration. Thus by the time the 7th number was published, I had the mortification (but why should I say this, when, in truth, I cared too little for any thing that concerned my worldly interests to be at all mortified about it?) of seeing the preceding numbers exposed in sundry old iron shops for a penny a piece. At the 9th number I dropped the work. But from the London publisher I could not obtain a shilling: he was a —, and set me at defiance. From other places I procured but little, and after such delays as rendered that little worth nothing; and I should have been inevitably thrown into goal by my Bristol printer, who refused to wait even for a month for a sum between 80 *l.* and 90 *l.*, if the money had not been paid for me by a man by no means affluent, a dear friend who attached himself to me from my first arrival at Bristol, who has continued my friend with a fidelity unconquered by time, or even by my own apparent neglect, — a friend from whom I never received an advice that was not wise, or a remonstrance that was not gentle and affectionate.

Conscientiously an opponent of the first revolutionary war, yet with my eyes thoroughly opened to the true character and impotence of the favourers of revolutionary principles in England, principles which I held in abhorrence, (for it was a part of my political creed that

whoever ceased to act as an *individual*, by making himself a member of any *society* not sanctioned by his government, forfeited the rights of a citizen,) a vehement anti-ministerialist, but after the invasion of Switzerland a more vehement anti-gallican, and still more intensily an anti-jacobin, I retired to a cottage at Stowey, and provided for my scanty maintenance by writing verses for a London morning paper. I saw plainly that literature was not a profession by which I could expect to live: for I could not disguise from myself that whatever my talents might or might not be in other respects, yet they were not of a sort that could enable me to become a popular writer; and that whatever my opinions might be in themselves, they were almost equidistant from all the three popular parties, — the Pittites, the Foxites, and the democrats. Of the unsaleable nature of my writings I had an amusing memento one morning from our own servant girl; for, happening to rise at an earlier hour than usual, I observed her putting an extravagant quantity of paper into the grate, in order to light the fire, and mildly checked her for her wastefulness. 'La, sir, (replied poor Nanny), why, it is only *Watchmen*!'

XXI. FRANCIS JEFFREY.

Die kritischen Zeitschriften waren zu Anfange des jetzigen Jahrhunderts bedeutend gesunken, als im Oktober 1802 einige junge Männer, frisch von der Universität kommend, die 'Edinburgh Review' begannen, in welcher nur die wichtigeren Erscheinungen der Literatur besprochen werden sollten. Durch die Originalität und meisterhafte Behandlung ihrer Artikel, so wie durch die unerbittliche Strenge gegen Schriftsteller von zweifelhaftem Talente, erregte diese Vierteljahresschrift bald allgemeines Aufsehen und stellte alle anderen Werke der Art gänzlich in den Schatten. *Francis Jeffrey*, später unter dem Namen *Lord Jeffrey* schottischer Advokat, stand an der Spitze des Unternehmens und es waren hauptsächlich seine Kritiken, welche durch ihre Schärfe und ihren glänzenden, epigrammatischen Stil den Ruf der 'E. R.' begründeten.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF THE GENIUS OF SHAKSPEARE.

Many persons are very sensible of the effect of fine poetry upon their feelings, who do not well know how to refer these feelings to their causes; and it is always a delightful thing to be made to see clearly the sources from which our delight has proceeded, and to trace the mingled stream that has flowed upon our hearts to the remoter fountains from which it has been gathered; and when this is done with warmth as well as precision, and embodied in an eloquent description of the beauty which is explained, it forms one of the most attractive, and not the least instructive, of literary exercises. In all works of merit, however, and especially in all works of original genius, there are a thousand retiring and less obtrusive graces, which escape hasty and superficial observers, and only give out their beauties to fond and patient contemplation; a thousand slight and harmonising touches, the merit and the effect of which are equally imperceptible to vulgar eyes; and a thousand indications of the continual presence of that poetical spirit which can only be recognised by those who are in some measure under its influence, and have prepared themselves to receive it, by worshipping meekly at the shrines which it inhabits.

In the exposition of these there is room

enough for originality, and more room than Mr. Hazlitt has yet filled. In many points, however, he has acquitted himself excellently; particularly in the development of the principal characters with which Shakspeare has peopled the fancies of all English readers — but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out, that familiarity with beautiful forms and images — that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic in the simple aspect of nature — that indestructible love of flowers and odours, and dews and clear waters — and soft air and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry — and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul — and which, in the midst of Shakspeare's most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins — contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements —which *he alone* has poured out from the richness of his own mind without effort or restraint, and contrived to intermingle with the play of all the passions, and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting for an instant the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress from love of ornament or need of repose; he alone, who, when the subject requires it, is always keen, and worldly, and practical, and who yet, without changing his hand, or stopping his course scatters around him as he goes all sounds and shapes of sweetness, and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace, and is a thousand times more full of imagery and splendour than those who, for the sake of such qualities, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares. More full of wisdom, and ridicule, and sagacity, than all the moralists and satirists in existence, he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world; and has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason, nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Everything in him is in unmeasured abundance and unequalled perfection; but everything so balanced and kept in subordination as not to disturb or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions, are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn without loading the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple, and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and directly, than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets, but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present, along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their Creator.

XXII. Dr JOHN LINGARD,

über dessen Lebensverhältnisse wir nur so viel angeben können, dass er im J. 1805, wo er seine erste Schrift: 'Catholic Loyalty Vindicated' herausgab, als katholischer Priester zu

Newcastle upon Tyne lebte, und in vielfache Streitigkeiten mit den Geistlichen der bischöflichen Hochkirche, (namentlich wegen der von ihnen um jene Zeit veröffentlichten Hirtenbriefe) verwickelt war. Allein eben dadurch wurde er zu dem Studium der Geschichte England's geführt, dessen erste Frucht seine 'Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church' (London, 1809, 2 Bde.) waren. Weitere geschichtliche Forschungen brachten ihn auf den Gedanken, eine vollständige Geschichte von England zu schreiben, deren Veröffentlichung 1819 begann, unter dem Titel: 'A History of England from the first Invasion by the Romans till the Revolution in 1688'; sie schliesst mit dem 14ten, 1831 erschienenen Bande. Dieses Werk wurde in mehre Sprachen übersetzt und auf Befehl *Karl's X.* in den Seminarien Frankreich's eingeführt. Wenn auch die Rechtfertigung der Röm. Kathol. Kirche und Geistlichkeit gegen die angeblich unrichtigen Darstellungen der protest. Schriftsteller ein Hauptzweck *Lingard's* ist, so wird doch sein ruhiger, leidenschaftsloser Ton allgemein anerkannt. Es standen ihm bedeutende Quellen zu Gebote, die er mit Fleiss und Vorsicht studirt zu haben scheint, da er nicht selten neue Ansichten über Sitten, Charaktere und Begebenheiten giebt.

1) AN ACCOUNT OF CROMWELL'S EXPULSION OF THE PARLIAMENT IN 1635.

At length Cromwell fixed on his plan to procure the dissolution of the parliament, and to vest for a time the sovereign authority in a council of forty persons, with himself at their head. It was his wish to effect this quietly by the votes of the parliament — his resolution to effect it by open force, if such votes were refused. Several meetings were held by the officers and members at the lodgings of the lord-general in Whitehall. St. John and a few others gave their assent; the rest, under the guidance of Whitelock and Widrington, declared that the dissolution would be dangerous, and the establishment of the proposed council unwarrantable. In the meantime the house resumed the consideration of the new representative body; and several qualifications were voted, to all of which the officers raised objections, but chiefly to the 'admission of members,' a project to strengthen the government by the introduction of the presbyterian interest. 'Never,' said Cromwell, 'shall any of that judgment who have deserted the good cause be admitted to power.' On the last meeting, held on the 19th of April, all these points were long and warmly debated. Some of the officers declared that the parliament must be dissolved 'one way or other;' but the general checked their indiscretion and precipitancy, and the assembly broke up at midnight, with an understanding that the leading men on each side should resume the subject in the morning.

At an early hour the conference was recommenced, and, after a short time, interrupted in consequence of the receipt of a notice by the general, that it was the intention of the house to comply with the desires of the army. This was a mistake; the opposite party had indeed resolved to pass a bill of dissolution; not, however, the bill proposed by the officers, but their own bill, containing all the obnoxious provisions, and to pass it that very morning, that it might obtain the force of law before their adversaries could have time to appeal to the power of the sword. While Harrison 'most strictly and humbly' conjured them to pause before they took so important a step, Ingoldsby hastened to inform the lord-general at Whitehall. His resolution was immediately formed, and a company of musketeers received orders to accompany him to the house. At this eventful moment, big with the most important consequences both to himself and his country, whatever were the workings of Cromwell's mind, he had the art to conceal them from the eyes of the beholders. Leaving the military in the lobby, he entered the house and composedly

seated himself on one of the outer benches. His dress was a plain suit of black cloth, with gray worsted stockings. For a while he seemed to listen with interest to the debate; but when the speaker was going to put the question, he whispered to Harrison, 'This is the time; I must do it;' and rising, put off his hat to address the house. At first his language was decorous, and even laudatory. Gradually he became more warm and animated; at last he assumed all the vehemence of passion, and indulged in personal vituperation. He charged the members with self-seeking and profaneness, with the frequent denial of justice, and numerous acts of oppression; with idolising the lawyers, the constant advocates of tyranny; with neglecting the men who had bled for them in the field, that they might gain the Presbyterians who had apostatised from the cause; and with doing all this in order to perpetuate their own power and to replenish their own purses. But their time was come; the Lord had disowned them; he had chosen more worthy instruments to perform his work. Here the orator was interrupted by Sir Peter Wentworth, who declared that he had never heard language so unparliamentary—language, too, the more offensive, because it was addressed to them by their own servant, whom they had too fondly cherished, and whom, by their unprecedented bounty, they had made what he was. At these words Cromwell put on his hat, and, springing from his place, exclaimed, 'Come, come, sir, I will put an end to your prating.' For a few seconds, apparently in the most violent agitation, he paced forward and backward, and then, stamping on the floor, added, 'You are no parliament; I say you are no parliament; bring them in, bring them in.' Instantly the door opened, and Colonel Worsley entered, followed by more than twenty musketeers. 'This,' cried Sir Henry Vane, 'is not honest: it is against morality and common honesty.' 'Sir Henry Vane,' replied Cromwell; 'O, Sir Henry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane! He might have prevented this. But he is a juggler, and has not common honesty himself!' From Vane he directed his discourse to Whitelock, on whom he poured a torrent of abuse; then pointing to Chaloner, 'There,' he cried, 'sits a drunkard;' and afterwards selecting different members in succession, described them as dishonest and corrupt livers, a shame and scandal to the profession of the gospel. Suddenly, however, checking himself, he turned to the guard and ordered them to clear the house. At these words Colonel Harrison took the speaker by the hand and led him from the chair; Algernon Sidney was next compelled to quit his seat; and the other members, eighty in number, on the approach of the military, rose and moved towards the door. Cromwell now resumed his discourse. 'It is you,' he exclaimed, 'that have forced me to do this. I have sought the Lord both day and night that he would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work.' Alderman Allan took advantage of these words to observe, that it was not yet too late to undo what had been done; but Cromwell instantly charged him with peculation, and gave him into custody. When all were gone, fixing his eye on the mace, 'What,' said he, 'shall we do with this fool's bauble? Here, carry it away.' Then, taking the act of dissolution from the clerk, he ordered the doors to be locked, and, accompanied by the military, returned to Whitehall.

That afternoon the members of the council assembled in their usual place of meeting. Bradshaw had just taken the chair, when the lord-general entered, and told them that if they were there as private individuals, they were welcome; but if as the Council of State, they must know that the parliament was dissolved, and with it also the council. 'Sir,' replied Bradshaw, with the spirit of an ancient Roman, 'we have heard what you did at the house this morning, and before many hours all England will know it. But, sir, you are mistaken to think that the parliament is dissolved. No power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves; therefore, take you notice of

that.' After this protest they withdrew. Thus, by the parricidal hands of its own children, perished the Long parliament, which, under a variety of forms, had, for more than twelve years, defended and invaded the liberties of the nation. It fell without a struggle or a groan, unpitied and unregretted. The members slunk away to their homes, where they sought by submission to purchase the forbearance of their new master; and their partisans, if partisans they had, reserved themselves in silence for a day of retribution, which came not before Cromwell slept in his grave. The royalists congratulated each other on an event which they deemed a preparatory step to the restoration of the king; the army and navy, in numerous addresses, declared that they would live and die, stand and fall, with the lord-general; and in every part of the country the congregations of the saints magnified the arm of the Lord, which had broken the mighty, that in lieu of the sway of mortal men, the fifth monarchy, the reign of Christ might be established on earth.

It would, however, be injust to the memory of those who exercised the supreme power after the death of the king, not to acknowledge that there existed among them men capable of wielding with energy the destinies of a great empire. They governed only four years; yet, under their auspices, the conquests of Ireland and Scotland were achieved, and a navy was created, the rival of that of Holland and the terror of the rest of Europe. But there existed an essential error in their form of government. Deliberative assemblies are always slow in their proceedings; yet the pleasure of parliament, as the supreme power, was to be taken on every subject connected with the foreign relations or the internal administration of the country; and hence it happened, that among the immense variety of questions which came before it, those commanded immediate attention which were deemed of immediate necessity; while the others, though often of the highest importance to the national welfare, were first postponed, then neglected, and ultimately forgotten. To this habit of procrastination was perhaps owing the extinction of its authority. It disappointed the hopes of the country, and supplied Cromwell with the most plausible arguments in defence of his conduct.

2) EXECUTION OF ESSEX, HIS CHARACTER.

The eyes of the public were now fixed on Elizabeth. Some persons maintained that she had not the heart to put her favourite to death — her affection would infallibly master her resentment; others, that she dared not — revenge might urge him on the scaffold to reveal secrets disreputable to a maiden queen. But his enemies were industrious: and while they affected to remain neutral, clandestinely employed the services of certain females, whose credulity had been formerly deceived by the earl, and whose revenge was gratified by keeping alive the irritation of their mistress. From them she heard tales of his profligacy, his arrogance, and his ingratitude to his benefactress, whom he had pronounced 'an old woman, as crooked in mind as she was in body.' This insult to her 'divine beauty' sunk deeply into her breast, and jointly with his obstinacy in refusing to sue for mercy, steeled her against the apologies, the solicitations, and the tears of his friends. She signed the fatal warrant; but, with her usual indecision, first sent her kinsman, Edward Carey, to forbid, and then the Lord Darcy to hasten, its execution.

About eight in the morning (Febr. 25, 1601) Essex was led to the scaffold, which had been erected within the court of the Tower. He was attended by three divines, whose words, to use his own expression, had ploughed up his heart. Never did a prisoner behave with greater humility, or manifest a deeper sorrow. He acknowledged his numerous transgressions of the divine law: but when he came to his offence against the queen, he sought in vain for words

to express his feelings. He called it 'great sin, a bloody sin, a crying and infectious sin, for which he begged pardon of God and his sovereign.' Whether he still indulged a hope of pardon, is uncertain: but it was remarked that he never mentioned his wife, or children, or friends; that he took leave of no one, not even of his acquaintances then present, and that, when he knelt down to pray, he betrayed considerable agitation of mind. The first stroke took from him all sense of pain; the third severed his head from the body.

Thus, at the premature age of thirty-three, perished the gallant and aspiring Essex. At his first introduction to Elizabeth he had to contend against the dislike with which she viewed the son of a woman, who had been her rival, and a successful rival, in the affections of Leicester. If he overcame this prejudice, it was not owing to personal beauty or exterior accomplishments. In these respects, if we except the exquisite symmetry of his hands, he was inferior to many gentlemen at court. But there was in him a frankness of disposition, a contempt of all disguise, an impetuosity of feeling, which prompted him to pour out his whole soul in conversation; qualities which captived the old queen, accustomed as she now was to the cautious and measured language of the politicians around her. She insisted on his constant presence at court, and undertook to form the young mind of her favourite: but the scholar presumed to dispute the lessons of his teacher: and the spirit with which he opposed her chidings, extorted her applause. In every quarrel his perseverance was victorious: and his vanquished mistress, in atonement for the pain which she had given, loaded him with caresses and favours. Hence he deduced a maxim, which, however it might succeed for a few years, finally brought him to the scaffold; that the queen might be driven, but could not be led; that her obstinacy might be subdued by resistance, though it could not be softened by submission.

Contrary to the lot of most favourites, he had enjoyed at the same time the affection of the sovereign and of the people. To the latter he was known only by the more dazzling traits in his character, his affability and profusion, his spirit of adventure and thirst of glory, and his constant opposition to the dark and insidious policy of the Cecils. His last offence could not, indeed, be disguised; but it was attributed not so much to his own passions, as to the secret agents of his enemies, working upon his open and unsuspecting disposition. To silence these rumours, an account of his treason was published by authority, charging him, on his own confession, and the confessions of his associates, with a design to place himself on the throne. But the charge obtained no credit, and the popularity of the queen, which had long been on the wane, seemed to be buried in the same grave with her favourite. On her appearance in public, she was no longer greeted with the wonted acclamations: her counsellors were received with loud expressions of insult and abhorrence.

XXIII. CHARLES LAMB,

geb. zu London, 10. Febr. 1775, gest. ebendaselbst, 27. Decbr. 1834; erhielt seine Bildung im Christ Hospital seiner Vaterstadt und war Sekretair bei der Ost-Indischen Kompagnie, von 1792 — 1825, in welchem Jahre er pensionirt wurde. Er trat zuerst unter dem Namen *Elia* mit einer Reihe von 'Essays' in London Magazine auf, in denen er ein wunderbares Talent für Charakterzeichnung bekundet und selbst den uninteressantesten Gegenständen durch seinen Humor und durch rührende Einfachheit einen eigenthümlichen Reiz zu geben versteht. Sie wurden besonders gedruckt, London, 1823 und 1831. Seine 'Tale of Rosamund Grey

and Old Blind Marguerite' erschien London, 1798, und seine vielfach nachgedruckten 'Tales from Shakspeare', Lond., 1807. Seine 'Prose Works' wurden herausgegeben in 3 Bänden, Lond., 1835, seine 'Poetical Works', Lond., 1836. Unter den letztern befindet sich das von *Freiligrath* vortrefflich übersetzte, ungemein rührende Gedicht: 'The Old Familiar Faces.' — Vergl. *Talfourd*: 'Letters of Charles Lamb, with a Sketch of his Life', 2 Bde., Lond., 1837.

SWEEPS.

I have a kindly yearning towards these dim specks — poor blots — innocent blacknesses — I reverence these young Africans of our own growth — these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the top of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's self enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces Averni* — to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark, stifling caverns, horrid shades! — to shudder with the idea that 'now, surely, he must be lost for ever' — to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered day-light — and then (O, fulness of delight) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told, that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle certainly: not much unlike the old stage direction in Macbeth, where the 'Apparition of a child crowned with a tree in his hand rises.'

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him twopence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kibed heels, no unusual accompaniment, be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking of a gentleman. Yet can I endure the jocularity of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness. — In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough — yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened—when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and sootinflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth — but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the March to Finchely, grinning at the pie-man — there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever — with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirth — for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it —that I could have been content, if the honour of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket, presumably holding such jewels; but, methinks, they should take leave to 'air' them as frugally as possible. The fine lady, or

fine gentleman, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is as when

'A sable cloud
Turns forth her silver lining on the night.'

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility: — and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguisement, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree. The premature apprenticements of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to clandestine, and almost infantile abductions; the seeds of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible in these young grafts, not otherwise to be accounted for, plainly hint at some forced adoptions; many noble Rachels mourning for their children, even in our days, countenance the fact; the tales of fairy-spiriting may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montague be but a solitary instance of good fortune, out of many irreparable and hopeless *defiliations*.

In one of the state-beds at Arundel Castle, a few years since — under a ducal canopy — (that seat of the Howards is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late duke was especially a connoisseur) — encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson; with starry coronets inwoven — folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius — was discovered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noonday, fast asleep, a lost chimney-sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber; and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitement to repose, which he there saw exhibited; so, creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle. But I cannot help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I have just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a duke's bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug or the carpet presented an obvious couch, still far above his pretensions — is this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapt by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was now but creeping back as into his proper *incunabula* and resting-place. By no other theory, than by this sentiment of a pre-existent state, as I may call it, can I explain a deed so venturous, and, indeed, upon any other system so indecorous, in this tender, but unseasonable, sleeper.

My pleasant friend Jem White was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney-sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of St. Bartholomew. Cards were issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then

an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney-sweeper (all is not soot which looks so), was quoited out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity; but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlours three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savour. James White, as head waiter, had charge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty companion Bigod, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table —for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the humours of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honour the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of the old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing, half-cursing, 'the gentleman,' and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O, it was a pleasure to see the sable younkers lick in the unctuous meat, with *his* more unctuous sayings — how he would fit the tit-bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors — how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it 'must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman's eating'— how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust, to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony, — how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to wipe the lip before drinking. Then we had our toasts — 'The King,' — the 'Cloth,' — which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering; — and for a crowning sentiment, which never failed, 'May the Brush supersede the Laurel.' All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a 'Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so,' which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth, for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions, indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savouriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment: —

> 'Golden lads and lasses must
> As chimney-sweepers, come to dust—'

James White is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died — of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever.

XXIV. WILLIAM HAZLITT,

geb. 10. April 1778 zu Maidstone, Kent, gest. zu London 18. Sptbr. 1830, war ursprünglich Maler, wendete sich aber später der schriftstellerischen Laufbahn zu und erlangte durch seine Kritiken über Malerei, Theater und Poesie einen nicht unbedeutenden Ruf. Ausser zahlreichen Beiträgen für Zeitschriften schrieb er: 'The Characters of Shakspeare's Plays', 1817; 'The Round Table', 1817; 'A View of the (Modern) English Stage', 1818; 'Lectures on English Poetry,' 1818 und 2 Bände 'Lectures' über die dramatische Literatur unter Elisabeth. Ferner 'The Spirit of the Age,' 1825; 'The Plain Speaker,' 1826; 'The Life of Napoleon,' 4 Bde., 1828; 'Conversations of James Northcote,' 1830; und 'Men and Manners: Sketches and Essays,' 1852. Trotz mancher Sonderbarkeiten zeichnet er sich doch durch eine glänzende Diktion aus und hat ohne Zweifel Viel zur Wiederbelebung des Geschmacks für die ältere Literatur beigetragen.

1) THE COUNTESS OF EXETER.

I am no teller of stories; but there is one belonging to Burleigh House, of which I happen to know some of the particulars. The late Earl of Exeter had been divorced from his first wife, a woman of fashion, and of somewhat more gaiety of manners than 'lords who love their ladies' like. He determined to seek out a second wife in a humbler sphere of life, and that it should be one who, having no knowledge of his rank, should love him for himself alone. For this purpose, he went and settled incognito (under the name of Mr. Jones) at Hodnet, an obscure village in Shropshire. He made overtures to one or two damsels in the neighbourhood, but they were too knowing to be taken in by him. His manners were not boorish, — his mode of life was retired, — it was odd how he got his livelihood, — and at last he began to be taken for a highwayman. In this dilemma, he turned to Miss Hoggins, the eldest daughter of a small farmer at whose house he lodged. Miss Hoggins, it wold seem, had not been used to romp with the clowns: there was something in the manners of their quiet but eccentric guest which she liked. As he found that he had inspired her with that kind of regard which he wished for, he made honourable proposals to her, and at the end of some months they were married, without his letting her know who he was. They set off in a post-chaise from her father's house, and travelled across the country. In this manner they arrived at Stamford, and passed through the town without stopping till they came to the entrance of Burleigh Park, which is on the outside of it. The gates flew open, the chaise entered, and drove down the long avenue of trees that leads up to the front of this fine old mansion. As they drew nearer to it, and she seemed a little surprised where they were going, he said, 'Well, my dear, this is Burleigh House: it is the house I have promised to bring you to, and you are the countess of Exeter!' — It is said the shock of this discovery was too much for the young creature, and that she never recovered it. — It was a sensation worth dying for. The world we live in was worth making, had it been only for this. I never wish to have been a lord, but when I think of this story.

2) THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

It is the one of Shakspeare's plays that we think of the oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections on human life, and because the distresses of Hamlet are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity. Whatever happens to him, we apply to ourselves, because he applies it to himself as a means of general reasoning. He is a great moraliser; and what makes him worth attending to is, that he moralises on his own feelings and experience. He is not a common-

place pedant. If Lear is distinguished by the greatest depth of passion, Hamlet is the more remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, unstudied development of character. Shakspeare had more magnanimity than any other poet, and he has shown more of it in this play than in any other. There is no attempt to force an interest: everything is left for time and circumstances to unfold. The attention is excited without effort; the incidents succeed each other as matters of course; the characters think, and speak, and act just as they might do if left entirely to themselves. There is no set purpose straining at a point. The observations are suggested by the passing scene — the gusts of passions come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind. The whole play is an exact transcript of what might be supposed to have taken place at the court of Denmark at the remote period of time fixed upon, before the modern refinements in morals and manners were heard of. It would have been interesting enough to have been admitted as a bystander in such a scene, at such a time, to have heard, witnessed something of what was going on. But here we are more than spectators. We have not only 'the outward pageants and the signs of grief,' but, 'we have that within which passes show.' We read the thoughts of the heart, we catch the passions living as they rise. Other dramatic writers give us very fine versions and paraphrases of nature; but Shakspeare, together with his own comments, gives us the original text, that we may judge for ourselves. This is a very great advantage. * *

The character of Hamlet stands quite by itself. It is not a character marked by strength of will or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be; but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility — the sport of circumstances, questioning with fortune and refining on his own feelings, and forced from the natural bias of this disposition by the strangeness of his situation. He seems incapable of deliberate action and is only hurried into extremities on the spur of the occasion, when he has no time to reflect — as in the scene where he kills Polonius; and, again, where he alters the letters which Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern are taking with them to England, purporting his death. At other times, when he is most bound to act, he remains puzzled, undecided, and sceptical; dallies with his purposes till the occasion is lost, and finds out some pretence to relapse into indolence and thoughtfulness again. For this reason he refuses to kill the king when he is at his prayers; and, by a refinement in malice, which is in truth only an excuse for his own want of resolution, defers his revenge to a more fatal opportunity. * *

The moral perfection of this character has been called in question, we think, by those who did not understand it. It is more interesting than according to rules; amiable, though not faultless. The ethical delineations of 'that noble and liberal casuist (as Shakspeare has been well called) do not exhibit the drab-coloured quakerism of morality. His plays are not copied either from The Whole Duty of Man, or from The Academy of Compliments! We confess we are a little shocked at the want of refinement in Hamlet. The neglect of punctilious exactness in his behaviour either partakes of the 'license of the time,' or else belongs to the very excess of intellectual refinement in the character, which makes the common rules of life, as well as his own purposes, sit loose upon him. He may be said to be amenable only to the tribunal of his own thoughts, and is too much taken up with the airy world of contemplation, to lay as much stress as he ought on the practical consequences of things. His habitual principles of action are unhinged and out of joint with the item. His conduct to Ophelia is quite natural in his circumstances. It is that of assumed severity only. It is the effect of disappointed hope, of bitter regrets, of affection suspended, not obliterated by the distraction of the scene around

him! Amidst the natural and preternatural horrors of his situation, he might be excused in delicacy from carrying on a regular courtship. When 'his father's spirit was in arms,' it was not a time for the son to make love in. He could neither marry Ophelia, nor wound her mind by explaining the cause of his alienation, which he durst hardly trust himself to think of. It would have taken him years to have come to a direct explanation on the point. In the harassed state of his mind, he could not have done much otherwise than he did. His conduct does not contradict what he says when he sees her funeral:

> 'I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
> could not, with all their quantity of love,
> Make up my sum.'

XXV. GIOVANNI BATTISTA BELZONI,

geb. 1778 zu Padua, gest. zu Benin in Africa 1823; berühmt durch seine Entdeckungsreisen und seine seltene Körperkraft. Im J. 1803 war er nach England gekommen um sich daselbst den mechanischen Künsten, besonders der Hydraulik, zu widmen. Da es ihm aber sehr bald an Geldmitteln fehlte, so liess er sich als Athlet sehen und machte als solcher eine Reise durch Spanien, Portugal nach Malta. Vom Pascha von Aegypten aufgefordert eine hydraulische Presse für ihn zu bauen, widmete er sich in Aegypten dem Studium und der Erforschung der aegyptischen Alterthümer. Seine Bemühungen wurden vom glänzendsten Erfolge gekrönt. Nicht nur entdeckte er eine grosse Anzahl höchst werthvoller aegyptischer Alterthümer, die zum Theil die berühmtesten Museen Europa's zieren, sondern auch sein Werk: 'A Narrative of the Operations and Recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, &c. in Egypt and Nubia, and of a Journey to the Coast of the Red Sea, in search of Ancient Berenice and another to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon' (London, 1821, nebst einem Bande mit 44 illum. Kupfern) wird für eins der werthvollsten über diesen Gegenstand gehalten. Der Stil ist rein, elegant und präcis.

1) THE RUINS AT THEBES.

On the 22d, we saw for the first time the ruins of great Thebes, and landed at Luxor. Here I beg the reader to observe, that but very imperfect ideas can be formed of the extensive ruins of Thebes, even from the accounts of the most skilful and accurate travellers. It is absolutely impossible to imagine the scene displayed, without seeing it. The most sublime ideas that can be formed from the most magnificent specimens of our present architecture, would give a very incorrect picture of these ruins; for such is the difference not only in magnitude, but in form, proportion, and construction, that even the pencil can convey but a faint idea of the whole. It appeared to me like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples as the only proofs of their former existence. The temple of Luxor presents to the traveller at once one of the most splendid groups of Egyptian grandeur. The extensive propylæon, with the two obelisks, and colossal statues in the front; the thick groups of enormous columns; the variety of apartments, and the sanctuary it contains; the beautiful ornaments which adorn every part of the walls and columns, described by Mr. Hamilton; cause in the astonished traveller an oblivion of all that he has seen before. If his attention be attracted to the north side of

Thebes by the towering remains that project a great height above the wood of palm-trees, he will gradually enter that forest-like assemblage of ruins of temples, columns, obelisks, colossi, spinxes, portals, and an endless number of other astonishing objects, that will convince him at once of the impossibility of a description. On the west side of the Nile, still the traveller finds himself among wonders. The temples of Gournou, Memnonium, and Medinet Aboo, attest the extent of the great city on this side. The unrivalled colossal figures in the plains of Thebes, the number of tombs excavated in the rocks, those in the great valley of the kings, with their paintings, sculptures, mummies, sarcophagi, figures, &c. are all objects worthy of the admiration of the traveller, who will not fail to wonder how a nation which was once so great as to erect these stupendous edifices, could so far fall into oblivion that even their language and writing are totally unknown to us.

2) OPENING A TOMB AT THEBES.

On the 16th of October 1817, I set a number of fellahs, or labouring Arabs, to work, and caused the earth to be opened at the foot of a steep hill, and under the bed of a torrent, which, when it rains, pours a great quantity of water over the spot in which they were digging. No one could imagine that the ancient Egyptians would make the entrance into such an immense and superb excavation just under a torrent of water; but I had strong reasons to suppose that there was a tomb in that place, from indications I had previously observed in my search of other sepulchres. The Arabs, who were accustomed to dig, were all of opinion that nothing was to be found there; but I persisted in carrying on the work; and on the evening of the following day we perceived the part of the rock that had been hewn and cut away. On the 18th, early in the morning, the task was resumed; and about noon, the workmen reached the opening, which was eighteen feet below the surface of the ground. When there was room enough for me to creep through a passage that the earth had left under the ceiling of the first corridor, I perceived immediately, by the painting on the roof, and by the hieroglyphics in basso-relievo, that I had at length reached the entrance of a large and magnificent tomb. I hastily passed along this corridor, and came to a staircase 23 feet long, at the foot of which I entered another gallery 37 feet 3 inches long, where my progress was suddenly arrested by a large pit 30 feet deep and 14 feet by 12 feet 3 inches wide. On the other side, and in front of me, I observed a small aperture 2 feet wide and 2 feet 6 inches high, and at the bottom of the pit a quantity of rubbish. A rope fastened to a piece of wood that was laid across the passage against the projections which formed a kind of doorway, appeared to have been used formerly for descending into the pit; and from the small aperture on the opposite side hung another which reached the bottom, no doubt for the purpose of ascending. The wood, and the rope fastened to it, crumbled to dust on being touched. At the bottom of the pit were several pieces of wood placed against the side of it, so as to assist the person who was to ascend by means of the rope into the aperture. It was not till the following day that we contrived to make a bridge of two beams, and crossed the pit, when we discovered the little aperture to be an opening forced through a wall, that had entirely closed what we afterwards found to be the entrance into magnificent halls and corridors beyond. The ancient Egyptians had closely shut it up, plastered the wall over, and painted it like the rest of the sides of the pit, so that, but for the aperture, it would have been impossible to suppose that there was any further proceeding. Any one would have concluded that the tomb ended with the pit. Besides, the pit served the purpose of receiving the rainwater which might occasionally fall in the mountain, and thus kept out the damp from the inner part of the tomb. We passed through

the small aperture, and then made the full discovery of the whole sepulchre.

An inspection of the model will exhibit the numerous galleries and halls through which we wandered; and the vivid colours and extraordinary figures on the walls and ceilings, which everywhere met our view, will convey an idea of the astonishment we must have felt at every step. In one apartment we found the carcass of a bull embalmed; and also scattered in various places wooden figures of mummies covered with asphaltum to preserve them. In some of the rooms were lying about statues of fine earth, baked, coloured blue, and strongly varnished; in another part were four wooden figures standing erect, four feet high, with a circular hollow inside, as if intended to contain a roll of papyrus. The sarcophagus of Oriental alabaster was found in the centre of the hall, to which I gave the name of the saloon, without a cover, which had been removed and broken; and the body that had once occupied this superb coffin had been carried away. We were not, therefore, the first who had profanely entered this mysterious mansion of the dead, though there is no doubt it had remained undisturbed since the time of the invasion of the Persians.

XXVI. D^R^ THOMAS CHALMERS,

geb. 1779, ein geachteter Geistlicher der presbyterianischen Kirche Schottlands. Er war Anfangs Prediger in Edinburg, erhielt dann eine einträglichere Stelle in Glasgow und wurde später Professor der Theologie an der Universität zu Edinburg. Bei einem Besuche in London, 1823, predigte er wiederholt mit dem ausserordentlichsten Beifall vor einer ungeheuren Menge von Zuhörern. Trotz mancherlei Mängeln des Stils zeichnen seine Predigten sich dennoch durch Tiefe der Gedanken, kräftige Beweisführung und rührende Sprache aus. Als Schriftsteller erwarb er sich hauptsächlich einen Namen durch sein 1827 zu Edinburg erschienenes Werk: 'The Evidence of the Christian Revelation.' Auch mehre seiner Predigten sind im Druck erschienen. Von seinen politischen Schriften erwähnen wir: 'An Inquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Revenue.'

INEFFICACY OF MERE MORAL PREACHING.

And here I cannot but record the effect of an actual though undesigned experiment which I prosecuted for upwards of twelve years amongst you. For the greater part of that time I could expatiate on the meanness of dishonesty, on the villany of falsehood, on the despicable arts of calumny — in a word, upon all those deformities of character which awaken the natural indignation of the human heart against the pests and the disturbers of human society. Now, could I, upon the strength of these warm expostulations, have got the thief to give up his stealing, and the evil speaker his censoriousness, and the liar his deviations from truth, I should have felt all the repose of one who had gotten his ultimate object. It never occurred to me that all this might have been done, and yet every soul of every hearer have remained in full alienation from God; and that even could I have established in the bosom of one who stole such a principle of abhorrence at the meanness of dishonesty that he was prevailed upon to steal no more, he might still have retained a heart as completely unturned to God, and as totally unpossessed by a principle of love to Him, as before. In a word, though I might have made him a more upright and honourable man, I might have left

him as destitute of the essence of religious principle as ever. But the interesting fact is, that during the whole of that period in which I made no attempt against the natural enmity of the mind to God, while I was inattentive to the way in which this enmity is dissolved, even by the free offer on the one hand, and the believing acceptance on the other, of the gospel salvation; while Christ, through whose blood the sinner, who by nature stands afar off, is brought near to the heavenly Lawgiver whom he has offended, was scarcely ever spoken of, or spoken of in such a way as stripped him of all the importance of his character and his offices, even at this time I certainly did press the reformations of honour, and truth, and integrity among my people; but I never once heard of any such reformations having been effected amongst them. If there was anything at all brought about in this way, it was more than ever I got any account of. I am not sensible that all the vehemence with which I urged the virtues and the proprieties of social life had the weight of a feather on the moral habits of my parishioners. And it was not till I got impressed by the utter alienation of the heart in all its desires and affections from God; it was not till reconciliation to him became the distinct and the prominent object of my ministerial exertions; it was not till I took the Scriptural way of laying the method of reconciliation before them; it was not till the free offer of forgiveness through the blood of Christ was urged upon their acceptance, and the Holy Spirit given through the channels of Christ's mediatorship to all who ask him, was set before them as the unceasing object of their dependence and their prayers; it was not, in one word, till the contemplations of my people were turned to these great and essential elements in the business of a soul providing for its interest with God and the concerns of its eternity, that I ever heard of any of those subordinate reformations which I aforetime made the earnest and the zealous, but, I am afraid, at the same time the ultimate object of my earlier ministrations. Ye servants, whose scrupulous fidelity has now attracted the notice and drawn forth in my hearing a delightful testimony from your masters, what mischief you would have done had your zeal for doctrines and sacraments been accompanied by the sloth and the remissness, and what, in the prevailing tone of moral relaxation, is counted the allowable purloining of your earlier days! But a sense of your heavenly Master's eye has brought another influence to bear upon you; and while you are thus striving to adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things, you may, poor as you are, reclaim the great ones of the land to the acknowledgment of the faith. You have at least taught me that to preach Christ is the only effective way of preaching morality in all its branches; and out of your humble cottages have I gathered a lesson, which I pray God I may be enabled to carry with all its simplicity into a wider theatre, and to bring with all the power of its subduing efficacy upon the vices of a more crowded population.

XXVII. MRS. AMELIA OPIE.

schrieb von 1801 an.

Mit 'The Father and Daughter,' 1831, begann die lange Reihe von Dichtungen, durch welche sie sich einen so bedeutenden Ruf erwarb. Ihre Hauptwerke sind: 'Simple Tales,' 1806, und 'Tales of Real Life,' 1813, welche bei nicht eben grosser Originalität der Charaktere, viel Wahrheit und Innigkeit des Gefühls, graziöse Einfachheit des Dialogs und die Kunst, die Theilnahme des Lesers zu wecken und zu fesseln und das Herz zu rühren bekunden, in welcher sie unübertroffen dasteht.

AN AUTHORESS AND HER AUDITORS.

A young lady, who valued herself on her benevolence and good breeding, and had as much respect for truth as those who live in the world usually have, was invited by an authoress, whose favour she coveted, and by whose attention she was flattered, to come and hear her read a manuscript tragy-comedy. The other auditor was an old lady, who, to considerable personal ugliness, united strange grimaces, and convulsive twitchings of the face, chiefly the result of physical causes.

The authoress read in so affected and dramatic a manner, that the young lady's boasted benevolence had no power to curb her propensity to laughter; which being perceived by the reader, she stopped in angry consternation, and desired to know whether she laughed at her, or her composition. At first she was too much fluttered to make any reply; but as she dared not own the truth, and had no scruple against being guilty of deception, she cleverly resolved to excuse herself by a practical lie. She therefore trod on her friend's foot, ellbowed her, and, by winks and signs, tried to make her believe that it was the grimaces of her opposite neighbour, who was quietly knitting and twitching as usual, which had had such an effect on her risible faculties; and the deceived authoress, smiling herself when her young guest directed her eye to her unconscious *vis-à-vis*, resumed her reading with a lightened brow and increased energy.

This added to the young lady's amusement; as she could now indulge her risibility occasionally at the authoress's expense, without exciting her suspicions; especially as the manuscript was sometimes intended to excite smiles, if not laughter; and the self-love of the writer led her to suppose that her hearer's mirth was the result of her comic powers. But the treacherous gratification of the auditor was soon at an end. The manuscript was meant to move tears as well as smiles; but, as the matter became more pathetic, the manner became more ludicrous; and the youthful hearer could no more force a tear than she could restrain a laugh; till the mortified authoress, irritated into forgetfulness of all feeling and propriety exclaimed, 'Indeed, Mrs. —, I must desire you to move your seat, and sit where Miss — does not see you; for you make such queer grimaces that you draw her attention, and cause her to laugh when she should be listening to me.' The erring but humane girl was overwhelmed with dismay at the unexpected exposure; and when the poor infirm old lady replied, in a faltering tone, 'Is she indeed laughing at me?' she could scarcely refrain from telling the truth, and assuring her that she was incapable of such cruelty. 'Yes,' rejoined the authoress, in a paroxism of wounded self-love, 'She owned to me, soon after she began, that you occasioned her ill-timed mirth; and when I looked at you, I could hardly help smiling myself; but I am sure you could help making such faces, if you would.' — 'Child,' cried the old lady, while tears of wounded sensibility trickled down her pale cheeks, 'and you, my unjust friend, I hope and trust that I forgive you both; but, if ever you should be paralytic yourselves, may you remember this evening, and learn to repent of having been provoked to laugh at the physical weakness of a palsied old woman!' The indignant authoress was now penitent, subdued, and ashamed, — and earnestly asked pardon for her unkindness; but the young offender, whose acted lie had exposed her to seem guilty of a fault which she had not committed, was in an agony to which expression was inadequate! But, to exculpate herself was impossible: and she could only give her wounded victim tear for tear.

To attend to a farther persual of the manuscript was impossible. The old lady desired that her carriage should come round directly; the authoress locked up the composition, that had been so ill received; and the young lady, who had been proud of the acquaintance of each, became an object of suspicion and dislike both to the one and the other; since the

former considered her to be of a cruel and unfeeling nature, and the latter could not conceal from herself the mortifying truth, that she must have felt her play to be wholly devoid of interest, as it had utterly failed either to rivet or to attract her young auditor's attention.

But, though this girl lost two valued acquaintances by acting a lie, a harmless white lie, as it is called, I fear she was not taught or amended by the circumstance; but deplored her want of luck, rather than her want of integrity; and, had her deception met with the success which she expected, she would probably have boasted of her ingenious artifice to her acquaintance; — nor can I help believing that she goes on in the same way whenever she is tempted to do so, and values herself on the lies of 'Selfish Fear,' which she dignifies by the name of 'Lies of Benevolence.'

It is curious to observe that the kindness which prompts to really erroneous conduct cannot continue to bear even a remote connexion with real benevolence. The mistaken girl, in the anecdote related above, begins with what she calls a virtuous deception. She could not wound the feelings of the authoress by owning that she laughed at her mode of reading: she therefore accused herself of a much worse fault; that of laughing at the personal infirmities of a fellow creature; and then, finding that her artifice enabled her to indulge her sense of the ridiculous with impunity, she at length laughs treacherously and systematically, because she dares do so, and not *involuntarily*, as she did at first, at her unsuspecting friend. Thus such hollow unprincipled benevolence as hers soon degenerated into absolute *malevolence*. But, had this girl been a girl of principle and of *real benevolence*, she might have healed her friend's vanity at the same time that she wounded it, by saying, after she had owned that her mode of reading made her laugh, that she was now convinced of the truth of what she had often heard; namely, that authors rarely do justice to their own works, when they read them aloud themselves, however well they may read the works of others; because they are naturally so nervous on the occasion, that they are laughably violent, because painfully agitated.

This reply could not have offended her friend greatly, if at all; and it might have led her to moderate her *outre* manner of reading. She would in consequence have appeared to more advantage; and the interests of real benevolence, namely, the doing good to a fellow-creature, would have been served, and she would not, by a vain attempt to save a friend's vanity from being hurt, have been the means of wounding the feelings of an afflicted *woman*; have incurred the charge of inhumanity, which she by no means deserved; and have vainly, as well as grossly, sacrificed the interests of truth.

XXVIII. HENRY BROUGHAM, BARON BROUGHAM AND VAUX,

geb. 1779 in London (Edinburg?), bezog bereits im 15. Jahre die Universität zu Edinburg um die Rechtswissenschaft zu studiren; dabei las er fleissig die Reden der Griechen und Römer und übte sich im mündlichen Vortrage in dem bekannten Vereine: 'The Speculative Club.' Im J. 1803 machte er eine Reise durch einen grossen Theil Europa's u. trat nach seiner Rückkehr als Sachwalter in Schottland auf, wo er sich bald als gerichtlicher Redner einen bedeutenden Ruf erwarb. Einige wichtige Processe führten ihn nach London, wo er sich niederliess u. seit 1811 an den wichtigsten Verhandlungen des Unterhauses, in welches er ein Jahr früher gewählt worden war, Theil nahm. 1816 machte er eine zweite Reise auf d. Kontinente, während welcher er in Como die *Prinzessin von Wales* besuchte, die er im J. 1820 im Oberhause glücklich vertheidigte. Besonderes Verdienst erwarb er sich durch seine rast-

losen Bemühungen um die Verbesserung der Volkserziehung in Engl., durch die Gründung von Bildungsanstalten für Handwerker u. durch Stiftung einer Gesellschaft zur Verbreitung gemeinnütziger Kenntnisse. 1825 wurde er Lord Rector der Universität zu Glasgow u. war hauptsächlich thätig bei Gründung der, 1828 eröffneten, Londoner Universität. 1830 wurde er, nach *Wellington's* Rücktritt, Lordkanzler und zum *Baron B. und V.* erhoben. 1834 wurde im Toryministerium *Lord Lyndhurst* wieder Lordkanzler u. *Br.* trat auch 1835 nicht in das Whigministerium. So wie er früher hauptsächlich für die Emancipation der Katholiken kämpfte, so sprach er sich später wiederholt und entschieden für die nach und nach auszuführende, gänzliche Abschaffung der Getreidezölle aus. — Von seinen Schriften erwähnen wir: 'Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers,' 2 Bde., Lond., 1803. — 'Practical Observations upon the Education of the People,' Lond., 1825. — 'Speeches' 4 Bde., Edinburg, 1838. — 'Sketches of Statesmen in the Time of George III.', Edinb., 1839. — Wir schliessen mit einigen interessanten, den 'Random Recollections of the House of Lords' entlehnten Bemerkungen. 'Though an extempore speaker, he never betrays the least difficulty, as to how he should proceed. His mind is so fertile, his resources in argument, illustration, sarcasm, denunciation, invective, are so ample, that the only difficulty he feels is, to select the best matter which presents itself. On some great and particular occasions, however, he carefully studies some parts of his speech: in such a case his taste is remarkably fastidious. A singular instance of this was afforded in his speech on the conclusion of Queen Caroline's trial. The peroration (-welche wir unter Nr. 2 mittheilen-) which is undoubtedly one of the most splendid specimens of eloquence which modern times can produce, was written and re-written no fewer than fourteen times.... As a writer in periodicals, he is perhaps one of the most voluminous of the present day. His contributions to the Edinburgh Review alone would, were they collected, make ten or twelve ordinary sized volumes: he is also understood to be a regular contributor to the British and Foreign Review. The subjects on which he writes, are infinitely varied from the higher branches of science down to the most humble departments of politics.'

1) CONCLUSION OF LORD BROUGHAM'S SPEECH ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM IN 1831.

But it is said, and this is a still more favourite argument, the system works well. How does is work well? Has it any pretensions to the character of working well? What say you to a town of 5 or 6000 inhabitants, not one of whom has any more to do with the choice of its representatives than any of your Lordships sitting round that table — indeed, a great deal less — for I see my Noble Friend is there? (The Duke of Devonshire.) It works well, does it? How works well? It would work well for the Noble Duke, if he chose to carry his votes to market! Higher rank, indeed, he could not purchase, than he has; but he has many connexions, and he might gain a title for every one that bears his name. But he has always acted in a manner far more worthy of his own high character, and of the illustrious race of patriots from whom he descends, the founders of our liberties, and of the throne which our Sovereign's exalted house fills; and his family have deemed that name a more precious inheritance than any title for which it could be exchanged. But let us see how the system works for the borough itself, and its thousands of honest, industrious inhabitants. My Lords, I once had the fortune to represent it for a few weeks; at the time when I received the highest honour of my life, the pride and exultation of which can never be eradicated from my mind but by death, nor in the least degree allayed by any lapse of time — the most splendid dis-

tinction which any subjects can confer upon a fellow citizen — to be freely elected for Yorkshire, upon public grounds, and being unconnected with the county. From having been at the borough the day of the election, I can give your Lordships some idea how well the system works there. You may be returned for the place, but it is at your peril that you show yourself among the inhabitants. There is a sort of polling; that is, five or six of my Noble Friend's tenants ride over from another part of the country — receive their burgage qualifications — vote, as the enemies of the Bill call it, 'in right of property,' that is of the Duke's property — render up their little deeds — dine, and return home before night. Being detained in court at York longer that I had expected on the day of this elective proceeding, I arrived too late for the chairing, and therefore did not assist at that awful solemnity. Seeing a gentleman with a black patch, somewhere about the size of a Sergeants coif, I expressed my regret at his apparent ailment; he said, 'It is for a blow I had the honour to receive in representing you at the ceremony.' Certainly no constituent ever owed more to his representative than I to mine; but the blow was severe, and might well have proved fatal. I understand this is the common lot of the Members, as my Noble Friend (*Lord Tankerville*), who once sat for the place, I believe, knows; though there is some variety, as he is aware, in the mode of proceeding, the convenient neighbourhood of a river with a rocky channel sometimes suggesting operations of another kind. I am very far, of course, from approving such marks of public indignation, but I am equally far from wondering that it should seek a vent; for I confess, that if the thousands of persons whom the well working of the present system insults with the farce of the Knaresborough election (and whom the Bill restores to their rights) were to bear so cruel a mockery with patience, I should deem them degraded indeed.

It works well, does it? For whom? For the Constitution? No such thing. For borough proprietors it works well, who can sell seats, or traffic in influence, and pocket the gains. Upon the constitution it is the foulest stain, and eats into its very core.

It works well? For the people of England? For the people, of whom the many excluded electors are parcel, and for whom alone the few actual electors ought to exercise their franchise as a trust? No such thing. As long as a Member of Parliament really represents any body of his countrymen, be they freeholders, or copyholders, or leaseholders — as long as he represents the householders in any considerable town — and is in either way deputed to watch over the interests of a portion of the community, and is always answerable to those who delegate him — so long has he a participation in the interests of the whole state, whereof his constituents form a portion; so long may he justly act as representing the whole community, having, with his particular electors, only a general coincidence of views upon national questions, and a rigorous coincidence where their special interests are concerned. But if he is delegated by a single man, and not by a county or a town, he does not represent the people of England; he is a jobber, sent to Parliament, to do own or his patron's work. But then we are told, and with singular exultation, how many great men have found their way into the House of Commons by this channel. My Lords, are we, because the only road to a place is unclean, not to travel it? If I cannot get into Parliament, where I may render the State good service, by any other means, I will go that way, defiling myself as little as I can, either by the filth of the passage, or the indifferent company I may travel with. I won't bribe; I won't job, to get in; but if it be the only path open, I will use it for the public good. But those who indulge in this argument about great men securing seats, do not, I remark, take any account of the far greater numbers of very little men who thus find their way into Parliament, to do all manner of public mischief. A few are, no doubt, independent: but many are as docile,

as disciplined in the evolutions of debate, as any troops the Noble Duke had at Waterloo. One borough proprietor is well remembered, who would display his forces, command them in person, carry them over from one flank to the other, or draw them off altogether, and send them to take the field against the larks at Dunstable, that he might testify his displeasure. When conflicting bodies are pretty nearly matched, the evolutions of such a corps decide the fate of the day. The Noble Duke (*Wellington*) remembers how doubtful even the event of Waterloo might have been, had Grouchy come up in time. Accordingly, the fortunate leader of that parliamentary force raised himself to an Earldom and two Lord Lieutenancies, and obtained titles and blue ribands for others of his family, who now fill most respectable stations in this House.

The system, we are told, works well — because, notwithstanding the manner of its election, the House of Commons sometimes concurs immediately in opinion with the people; and, in the long run, is seldom found to counteract it. Yet sometimes, and on several of the most momentous questions, the run has, indeed, been a very long one. The Slave Trade continued to be the signal disgrace of the country, the unutterable opprobrium of the English name, for many years after it had been denounced in Parliament, and condemned by the people all in one voice. Think you this foul stain could have so long survived, in a Reformed Parliament, the prodigious eloquence of my venerable friend, Mr. Wilberforce, and the unanimous reprobation of the country? The American war might have been commenced, and even for a year or two preserved in, for though most unnatural, it was, at first, not unpopular. But could it have lasted beyond 1778, had the voice of the people been heard in their own House? The French war, which in those days I used to think a far more natural contest, having, in my youth, leant to the alarmist party, might possibly have continued some years. But if the representation of the country had been reformed, there can be no reason to doubt that the sound views of the Noble Earl (*Lord Grey*), and the immortal eloquence of my Right Hon. Friend (*Mr. Fox*), whose great spirit, now freed from the coil of this world, may be permitted to look down complacent upon the near accomplishment of his patriotic desires, would have been very differently listened to in a Parliament unbiassed by selfish interests; and of one thing I am as certain as that I stand here — that ruinous warfare never could have lasted a day beyond the arrival of Buonaparte's letter in 1800.

But still it is said public opinion finds its way more speedily into Parliament upon great and interesting emergencies. How does it so? By a mode contrary to the whole principles of representative Government,—by sudden, direct, and dangerous impulses. The fundamental principle of our constitution, the great political discovery of modern times— that, indeed which enables a state to combine extent with liberty — the system of representation, consists altogether in the perfect delegation by the people, of their rights and the care of their interests, to those who are to deliberate and to act for them. It is not a delegation which shall make the representative a mere organ of the passing will, or momentary opinion, of his constituents. — I am aware, my Lords, that in pursuing this important topic, I may lay myself open to uncandid inference, touching the present state of the country; but I feel sure no such unfair advantage will be taken, for my whole argument upon the national enthusiasm for Reform rests upon the known fact that it is the growth of half a century, and not of a few months; and, according to the soundest views of representative legislation, there ought to be a *general* coincidence between the conduct of the delegate and the sentiments of the electors. Now, when the public voice, for want of a regular and legitime organ, makes itself, from time to time, heard within the walls of Parliament, it is by a direct interposition of the people, not in the way of a delegated trust, to make the laws —

and every such occasion presents, in truth, an instance, where the defects of our elective system introduce a recurrence to the old and barbarous schemes of Government, known in the tribes and centuries of Rome, or the assemblies of Attica. It is a poor compensation for the faults of a system which suffers a cruel grievance to exist, or a ruinous war to last twenty or thirty years after the public opinion has condemned it, that some occasions arise when the excess of the abuse brings about a violent remedy, or some revolutionary shock, threatening the destruction of the whole.

2) CONCLUSION OF LORD BROUGHAM'S SPEECH ON QUEEN CAROLINE'S TRIAL.

Such, my Lords, is the case now before you, and such is the evidence by which it is attempted to be upheld. It is evidence inadequate to prove any proposition — impotent, to deprive the lowest subject of any civil right — ridiculous, to establish the least offence — scandalous, to support a charge of the highest nature — monstrous, to ruin the honour of the Queen of England. What shall I say of it then, as evidence to support a judicial act of Legislature, an *ex post facto* law? My Lords, I call upon you to pause. You stand on the brink of a precipice: if your judgment shall go out against your Queen, it will be the only act that ever went out without affecting its purpose: it will return to you — it will recoil on your own heads. Save the country — my Lords, save yourselves. Rescue the country — save the people of whom you are the ornaments; but severed from whom, you can no more live, than can the blossom that is severed from the root and tree on which it grows. Save the country, therefore, that you may continue to adorn it — save the crown, which is threatened with irreparable injury — save the aristocracy, which is surrounded with danger — save the altar, which is no longer safe when its kindred throne is shaken. You see, that when the Church and the throne would allow of no Church solemnity on behalf of the Queen, the heartfelt prayers of the people rose to Heaven for her protection. I pray Heaven for her, and I here pour forth my fervent supplications at the Throne of Mercy, that mercies may descend on the people of this country, more than their rulers have deserved, and that your hearts may be turned to justice.

XXIX. WASHINGTON IRVING,

geb. 1780 zu New York, war der Sohn eines aus Schottland stammenden Kaufmanns, und erhielt seine Bildung, zu welcher besonders seine beiden ältern Brüder beitrugen, seit 1800 in Columbia College. Aber schon im folgenden Jahre musste er, von der Schwindsucht bedroht, seine Studien aufgeben und unternahm eine Reise durch Italien, die Schweiz, Deutschland, Frankreich, Holland und England. In sein Vaterland zurückgekehrt widmete er sich anfangs dem Studium der Rechte, gab es jedoch bald wieder auf, um mit seinen Brüdern in Handelsverbindung zu treten. Nach dem englisch-amerikanischen Kriege, in welchem er als Adjutant des Generals *Tompkins* diente, führten ihn kaufmännische Geschäfte (1815) nach England. Der Verlust seines Vermögens nöthigte ihn jedoch, seine literarischen Beschäftigungen wieder aufzunehmen. Nach einer längern Reise durch Deutschland, ging er durch Südfrankreich nach Spanien (1825), wo er vier Jahre blieb und sich hauptsächlich mit den Handschriften im Escurial und mit Forschungen über die Geschichte der Entdeckung Amerika's beschäftigte. Er begab sich hierauf wieder nach London und wurde dort Gesandtschaftssekretair, später Geschäftsträger der Vereinigten Staaten; die Universität Oxford ernannte ihn

zum Doktor der Rechte. Im J. 1832 kehrte er nach Amerika zurück. — Eine Frucht seiner ersten Reise waren die im 'Morning Chronicle' von New York veröffentlichten 'Letters of Jonathan Oldcastle,' später besonders abgedruckt. Ihnen folgte eine humoristische Zeitschrift: 'Salmagundi' (1807); seine eigenen Beiträge zu derselben erschienen später unter dem Titel: 'Salmagundi, or the Whimwams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff and Others,' London, 1823, 2 Bde. 1810 erschien seine Biographie von *Thomas Campbell* und 1812 seine 'Humorous History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker,' ausgezeichnet durch trefflichen Stil und lebendige Darstellung. Das erste Zeichen seiner erneuerten schriftstellerischen Thätigkeit nach dem Verluste seines Vermögens war das 'Sketchbook by Geoffrey Crayon,' Lond., 1820, 2 Bde., das sich durch geistreiche Auffassung, die lebendigste Darstellung und einen unerschöpflichen Humor empfiehlt. Einzelne Parthien desselben führte er später weiter aus in seinem 'Bracebridge Hall, or the Humorists,' Lond., 1823, 3 Bde. Seine 'Tales of a Traveller,' unter welchen besonders die Erzählung: 'Buckthorne' hervorzuheben ist, erschienen 1823, London, 2 Bde., eine Ausgabe der Werke *Oliver Goldsmith's,* mit einer vortrefflichen Biographie, 1825. Die Frucht seiner Studien während seines Aufenthaltes in Spanien waren: 'Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus,' Lond., 1828, 4 Bde. und 'Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus,' 1831, Lond. — Ferner 'A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada,' Lond., 1829, 2 Bde. und 'The Alhambra, or the New Sketchbook,' Lond., 1832, 2 Bde. — 1835 erschienen seine 'Miscellanies,' enthaltend: 'Tour on the Prairies;' 'Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey;' 'Legends of the Conquest of Spain.' Im J. 1836: 'Astoria or the Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains,' 3 Bde. und 1837: 'Adventures of Captain Bonneville, or Scenes beyond the Rocky Mountains of the Far West,' Lond., 3 Bde. Eine vollständige Sammlung seiner Werke (bis 1832) erschien in einem Bande, zu Paris, 1834, mit einer Biographie. Durch seltene Reinheit des Stils, eine reiche Phantasie, einen unwiderstehlichen Humor und einen tief ergreifenden Pathos, zeichnen sich alle Werke *Irving's* auf das Vortheilhafteste aus.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

(Found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker.)

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flashing round a summer sky.
Castle of Indolence.

In the bosom of one of the spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappaan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market-town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about three miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the

valley. I had wandered into it at noon-time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys, throughout all the neighbouring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs, are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighbourhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country; and the night-mare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favourite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the revolutionary war; and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church that is at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that, the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known, at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative — to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great state of New York, that population, manners, and customs, remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream; where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their

mimic harbour, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane; who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, 'tarried,' in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut; a state which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock, perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window-shutters; so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out; an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a bee-hive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, that ever bore in mind the golden maxim, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' — Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burden off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied, by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called 'doing his duty by their parents;' and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that 'he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live.'

When school-hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed it behoved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an

anaconda: but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers, whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighbourhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labours of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favour in the eyes of the mothers, by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and, like the lion bold, which whilome so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighbourhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half-a-mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus by divers little makeshifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated 'by hook and by crook,' the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labour of headwork, to have a wonderful easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighbourhood; being considered a kind of idle gentleman-like personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farm-house, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that over-run the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's History of New England Witchcraft, in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spell-bound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich

bed of clover, bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farm-house where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination; the moan of the whip-poor-will from the hill-side; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl; or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fire-flies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought, or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes; — and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe, at hearing his nasal melody, 'in linked sweetness long drawn out,' floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was, to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and sputtering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them wofully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars; and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show its face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window! How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path! How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being trampling close behind him! — and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the Devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was — a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of

her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time; and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex; and it is not to be wondered at, that so tempting a morsel soon found favour in his eyes; more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those, everything was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style, in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighbouring brook, that babbled along among elders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens; from whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm-yard, and guinea-fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman; clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart — sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting pig running about with a pudding in its belly, and an apple in its mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey, but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savoury sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buck-wheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to in-

herit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a waggon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

When he entered the house, the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farm-houses, with high-ridged, but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers. The low projecting eaves formed a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighbouring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion, and the place of usual residence. Here, rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another, a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlour, where the claw-footed chairs, and dark mahogany tables, shone like mirrors; andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock oranges and conch shells decorated the mantel-piece; strings of various-coloured birds' eggs, were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such-like easily conquered adversaries to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant, to the castle keep, where the lady of his heart was confined; all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the centre of a Christmas pie, and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were for ever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart; keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rung with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff, but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of Brom Bones, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock-fights; and, with the as-

cendancy which bodily strength always acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone that admitted of no gainsy or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good-humour at bottom. He had three or four boon companions of his own stamp, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom be scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farm-houses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks; and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, 'Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!' The neighbours looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and goodwill; and when any madcap prank, or rustic brawl, occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries; and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch, that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling, on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, 'sparking,' within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend: and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack — yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away — jerk! — he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours any more than that stormy lover Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he made frequent visits at the farm-house; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage the poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinningwheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the mean time, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favourable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been

matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for a man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He that wins a thousand common hearts, is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette, is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady, according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore — by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him: he had overheard the boast of Bones, that he would 'double the schoolmaster up, and put him on a shelf;' and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones, and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing-school, by stopping up the chimney; broke into the school-house at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy: so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool from whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil-doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins; such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slily whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the school-room. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro in tow-cloth jacket and trowsers, a round crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making, or 'quilting frolic,' to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance, and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble, skipped over

half with impunity; and those who were tardy, had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves; inkstands were overturned; benches thrown down; and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time; bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only suit, of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking glass, that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman, of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and thus gallantly mounted, issued forth, like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from his name, which was Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favourite steed of his master, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more lurking devilry in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and, as the horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and na ture wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Screaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighbouring stubble field.

The small birds were taking their farewell bankets. In the fulness of their revelry, they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock-robin, the favourite gam eof stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar-bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail, and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light-blue coat and white under-clothes; screaming and chattering, nodding and hobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary

abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples; some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty-pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odour of the bee-hive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimple hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and 'sugared suppositions,' he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappaan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple-green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark grey and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was towards evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of Hynheer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk, withered little dames in close crimped caps, long-waisted short gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine riband, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovations. The sons in short square-skirted coats with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eel-skin for the purpose, it being esteemed, throughout the country, as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favourite steed Daredevil, a creature like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlour of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tender oly-koek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet-cakes and short-cakes, ginger-cakes and honey-cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple-pies and peach-pies, and pumpkin-pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and, moreover, delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches,

and pears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapour from the midst — Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful toad, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer; and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendour. Then, he thought, how soon he 'd turn his back upon the old school-house; snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade!

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good-humour, round and jolly as the harvest-moon. His hospitable attentions were brief but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to 'fall to, and help themselves.'

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old grey-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighbourhood, for more than half-a-century. His instrument was as old and as battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped away on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the body with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre, about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely-hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighbourhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window: gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? the lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiled graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

This neighbourhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly-favoured places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cow-boys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each storyteller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of Whiteplains, being an excellent master of defence, parried a musket-

ball with a small sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt: in proof of which, he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more who had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighbourhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered long-settled retreats; but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarce had time to take their first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have travelled away from the neighbourhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts, was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mournful cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighbourhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favourite Spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country, and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favourite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity, beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which, peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the death might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded of overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime; but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the favourite haunts of the headless horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge; when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed, that on returning one night from the neighbouring village of Sing-Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with

him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sunk deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native state of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their waggons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favourite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away — and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a *tète-à-tète* with the heiress; fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chopfallen. — Oh these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? — Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival? — Heaven only knows, not I! — Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a henroost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him, the Tappaan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the longdrawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farm-house away among the hills — but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog, from a neighbouring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighbourhood, and formed a kind of land-mark. Its limbs were knarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected

with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle: he thought his whistle was answered; it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white, hanging in the midst of the tree; he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan — his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape-vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half-a-score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge: but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and elderbushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge with a suddeness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, mis-shapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded, in stammering accents,—'Who are you?' He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervour into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gun-

powder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind — the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavoured to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion, that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck, on perceiving that he was headless! — but his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle! his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip — but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin; stones flying, and sparks flashing, at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up with it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskillful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half-way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavoured to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind — for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskillful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's back-bone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. 'If I can but reach that bridge,' thought Ichabod, 'I am safe.' Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprung upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavoured to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash — he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his masters gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast — dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the school-house, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy smallclothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes, full of dog's ears; and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the school-house, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanack and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honour of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school; observing, that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him: the school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighbourhood partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time; had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day, that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means: and it is a favourite story

often told about the neighbourhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe; and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The school-house being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the ploughboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalmtune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

XXX. PROFESSOR JOHN WILSON,

geb. 1788 zu Paisley — lebt noch und ist jetzt Redacteur en-Chef von Blackwood's Magazine. Von begüterten Eltern geboren zeichnete sich *John* in seinen Studienjahren durch körperliche Schönheit und Kraft sowohl, wie durch geistige Frische, Liebenswürdigkeit, Eleganz und tiefe Gemüthlichkeit aus. Meister in jeder fashionablen Kunst war er in allen geselligen Kreisen des höheren eleganten Lebens eine willkommene Erscheinung, bis der Verlust eines Theiles seines Vermögens ihn zwang sich nach einem Broderwerb umzusehen. Er erhielt alsbald die Professur der Moralphilosophie in Edinburg und wurde einer der ausgezeichnetsten akademischen Lehrer Grossbritanniens. Für Blackwood's Magazine lieferte er eine Reihe werthvoller Aufsätze ästhetischen, philosophischen, literarischen und politischen Inhalts, die zum Theil in gesammelten Ausgaben erschienen, wie 'The Recreations of Christopher North' (Edinb. 1842, 3 Bde.). Seine drei Romane; 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life; a Selection from the Papers of the late Arthur Austin' (1822); 'The Trials of Margaret Lindsay' (1823) und 'The Foresters' (1824) enthalten gelungene Schilderungen des schottischen Lebens; namentlich fand 'Lindsay' in England wie in Deutschland die günstigste Aufnahme. Von den Dichtungen *Wilson's* wird im II. Theile dieses Handbuches die Rede sein.

REMOVAL OF THE LINDSAYS.

The twenty-fourth day of November came at last—a dim, dull, dreary, and obscure day, fit for parting everlastingly from a place or person tenderly beloved. There was no sun, no wind, no sound, in the misty and unechoing air. A deadness lay over the wet earth, and there was no visible heaven. Their goods and chattels were few; but many little delays occurred, some accidental, and more in the unwillingness of their hearts to take a final farewell. A neighbour had lent his cart for the flitting, and it was now standing loaded at the door ready to move away. The fire which had been kindled in the morning with a few borrowed peats, was now out, the shutters closed, the door was locked, and the key put into the hand of the person sent to receive it. And now there was nothing more to be said or done, and the impatient horse started briskly away from Braehead. The blind girl and poor Marion were sitting in the cart — Margaret and her mother were on foot. Esther had two or three small flower-pots in her lap, for in her blindness she loved the sweet fragrance and the felt forms and imagined beauty of flowers; and the innocent carried away her tame pigeon in her bosom. Just as Margaret lingered on the threshold, the Robin Redbreast that had been their boarder for several winters hopped upon the stone seat at the side of the door, and turned up its merry eyes to her face. 'There said she,' is your last crumb from us, sweet Roby, but there is a God who takes care o' us a.' The widow had by this time shut down the lid of

her memory, and left all the hoard of her thought and feelings, joyful or despairing, buried in darkness. The assembled group of neighbours, mostly mothers with their children in their arm, had given the 'God bless you, Alice, God bless you Margaret, and the lave,' and began to disperse; each turning to her own cares and anxieties, in which, before night, the Lindsays would either be forgotten, or thought on with that unpainful sympathy which is all the poor can afford or expect, but which, as in this case, often yields the fairest fruits of charity and love.

A cold sleety rain accompanied the cart and the foot travellers all the way to the city. Short as the distance was, they met with several other flittings, some seemingly cheerful, and from good to better — others with wobegone faces, going like themselves down the path of poverty on a journey from which they were to rest at night in a bare and hungry house.

The cart stopped at the foot of a lane too narrow to admit the wheels, and also too steep for a laden horse. Two or three of their new neighbour-persons in the very humblest condition, coarsely and negligently dressed, but seemingly kind and decent people — came out from their houses at the stopping of the cart-wheels, and one of them said, 'Ay, ay, here's the flitting, I'se warrant, frae Braehead. Is that you, Mrs. Lindsay? Hech, sers, but you 've gotten a nasty cauld vet day for coming into Auld Reekie, as you kintra folks ca' Embro. Hae ye had ony tidings, say ye, o' your gudeman, since he gaed aff wi' that limmer? Dool be wi' her and a' sic like.' Alice replied kindly to such questioning, for she knew it was not meant unkindly. The cart was soon unladen, and the furniture put into the empty room. A cheerful fire was blazing, and the animated and interested faces of the honest folks who crowded into it, on a slight acquaintance, unceremoniously and curiously, but without rudeness, gave a cheerful welcome to the new dwelling. In a quarter of an hour the beds were laid down — the room decently arranged — one and all of the neighbours said, 'Gude night,' and the door was closed upon the Lindsays in their new dwelling.

They blessed and ate their bread in peace. The Bible was then opened, and Margaret read a chapter. There was frequent and loud noise in the lane of passing merriment or anger, but this little congregation worshipped God in a hymn, Esther's sweet voice leading the sacred melody, and they knelt together in prayer. It has been beautifully said by one whose works are not unknown in the dwellings of the poor —

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from wo,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

Not so did sleep this night forsake the wretched. He came like moonlight into the house of the widow and the fatherless, and, under the shadow of his wings, their souls lay in oblivion of all trouble, or perhaps solaced even with delightful dreams.

XXXI. CAPTAIN BASIL HALL,

schrieb um 1818.

H. nahm Theil an einer Expedition nach China, deren Resultate er 1818 unter dem Titel 'An Account of a Voyage of Discovery to the West Coast of Corea and the Great Loo-Choo Island' veröffentlichte. Seitdem gab er mehre andere Reisewerke heraus, die alle mit 'delightful ease, spirit and picturesqueness' geschrieben sind, und von denen die wichtigsten sind: 'Extracts from a Journal Written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico' (1822). Travels in North America (1827—28); 'Fragments of Voyages and Travels;

(3 Bde.) letzteres vorzüglich für die Jugend bestimmt und so günstig aufgenommen, dass der Autor veranlasst wurde zwei abermalige Serien zu 3 Bänden jede, nachfolgen zu lassen. Die letzte Sammlung von Reisenotizen gab *H.* 1842 heraus, unter dem Titel: Patchwork, consisting of Travels and Adventures in Switzerland, Italy, France, Sicily, Malta, India &c. (3 Bde.) und ist 'A book full of the most entertaining stories and adventures, written with all the vigour and sprightliness of this very agreeable writer' (*Athenæum*). Er starb vor einigen Jahren im Irrenhause. —

THE MOSQUITO-HUNT.

In the sleeping apartments of India great care is taken to secure coolness. The beds, which are always large and hard, are generally placed as nearly as may be in the very middle of the apartment, in the line of the freest thorough draught which open doors and open windows can command. I speak now, of course, of the beds of men who live in single blessedness. In other cases a simple contrivance has been devised, which, if it does render the sleeping-room a little less airy than that of the free and solitary bachelor, nevertheless accomplishes a good deal and secures all the proprieties. The door, which is shut, has its upper half cut away, so that the air enters freely above and the windows, also, being high, are always left open. Round each bed is suspended a gauze curtain, without which sleep would be as effectually murdered, as ever it was by a tragedy king. For if even one villanous mosquito contrives to gain admission into your fortress, you may, for that night, bid good-bye not only to sleep, but to temper and almost to health. I defy the most resolute, the most serene or the most robust person that ever lived between the tropics, to pass a whole night in bed, within the curtain of which a single invader has entered and not to be found, when the morning comes, in a high fever, with every atom of his patience exhausted. Temper, under such circumstances, is really out of the question; the most placid creature on earth, even old Uncle Toby himself, would be driven into a rage! The process of getting into bed in India is one requiring great dexterity and not a little scientific engineering. As the curtains are carefully tucked in close under the mattress all round, you must decide at what part of the bed you choose to make your entry. Having surveyed the ground and clearly made up your mind on this point, you take in your right hand a kind of brush or switch, generally made of a horse's tail, or, if you be tolerably expert, a towel may answer the purpose. With your left hand you then seize that part of the skirt of the curtain which is thrust under the bedding at the place you intend to enter and by the light of the cocoanut oil lamp which burns on the floor of every bedroom in Hindustan — you first drive away the mosquitoes from your immediate neighbourhood, by whisking round your horse-tail, and before proceeding further, you must be sure, you have effectually driven the enemy back. If you fail in this matter, your repose is effectually dashed for that night; for these confounded animals — it is really difficult to keep from swearing, even at the recollection of the villains, though at the distance of ten thousand miles from them — these well-cursed animals, then, appear to know perfectly well what is going to happen and assemble with the vigour and bravery of the flank companies appointed to head a storming-party, ready in one instant to rush into the breach, careless alike of horse-tails and towels. Let it be supposed, however, that you have successfully beaten back the enemy. You next promptly form an opening, not a hair's breadth larger than your own person, into which you leap, like harlequin through a hoop, or, to borrow Jack's phrase 'as if the devil kicked you on end.' Of course, with all the speed of intense fear you close up the gap through which you have shot yourself into your sleep-

ing quarters. If all these arrangements have been well managed, you may amuse yourself for a while by scoffing at and triumphing over the clouds of baffled mosquitoes outside, who dash themselves against the mashes of the net, in vain attempts to enter your sanctum. If, however, for your sins, any one of their number has succeeded in entering the place along with yourself, he is not such an ass as to betray his presence while you are flushed with victory, wide awake, and armed with the means of his destruction. Far from this, the scoundrel allows you to chuckle over your fancied great doings and to lie down with all the complacency and fallacious security of your conquest, and under the entire assurance of enjoying a tranquil night's rest. Alas for such presumptuous hopes! Scarcely have you dropped gradually from these visions of the day to the yet more blessed visions of the night and the last faint effort of your eyelids has been quite overcome by the gentle pressure of sleep, when, in deceitful slumber, you hear something like the sound of trumpets. Straightway your imagination is kindled and you fancy yourself in the midst of a fierce fight and struggling not against petty insects, but against armed men and thundering cannon! In the excitement of the mortal conflict of your dream you awake, not displeased, mayhap, to find that you are safe and snug in bed. But in the next instant what is your dismay, when you are again saluted by the odious notes of a mosquito close at your ear! The perilous fight of the previous dream, in which your honour had become pledged and your life at hazard, is all forgotten in the pressing reality of this waking calamity. You resolve to do or die and not to sleep, or even attempt to sleep, till you have finally overcome the enemy. Just as you have made this manly resolve, and in order to deceive the foe, have pretended to be fast asleep, the wary mosquito is again heard, circling over you at a distance, but gradually coming nearer and nearer in a spiral descent and at each turn gaining upon you one inch, till, at length, he almost touches your ear and, as you suppose, is just about to settle upon it. With a sudden yerk and full of wrath you bring up your hand and give yourself such a box on the ear as would have staggered the best friend you have in the world and might have crushed twenty thousand mosquitoes, had they been there congregated. Being convinced that you have now done for him, you mutter between your teeth one of those satisfactory little apologies for an oath which indicate gratified revenge and down you lie again.

In less than ten seconds, however, the very same felon whom you fondly hoped you had executed, is again within hail of you, and you can almost fancy there is scorn in the tone of his abominable hum. You, of course, watch his motions still more intently than before, but only by the ear, for you can never see him. We shall suppose that you fancy, he is aiming at your left hand; indeed, as you are almost sure of it, you wait till he has ceased his song, and then you give yourself another smack, which, I need not say, proves quite as fruitless as the first. About this stage of the action you discover, to your horror, that you have been suddenly bit in one ear and in both heels, but when or how you cannot tell. These wounds, of course, put you into a fine rage, partly from the pain and partly from the insidious manner in which they have been inflicted. Up you spring on your knees — not to pray, heaven knows! — but to fight. You seize your horse's tail with spiteful rage, and after whisking it round and round and cracking it in every corner of the bed, you feel pretty certain you must at last have demolished your friend.

In this unequal warfare you pass the livelong night, alternately scratching and cuffing yourself, fretting and fuming to no purpose, feverish, angry, sleepy, provoked and wounded in twenty different places. — At last, just as the long-expected day begins to dawn, you drop off, quite exhausted, into an unsatisfactory, heavy slumber, during which your triumphant enemy banquets upon your carcass

at his convenient leisure. As the sun is rising, the barber enters the room to remove your beard before you step into the bath, and you awaken only to discover the bloated and satiated monster clinging to the top of your bed an easy, but useless and inglorious prey!

XXXII. SIR ROBERT PEEL,

welcher mehr der politischen, als der Literatur-Geschichte angehört, als ausgezeichneter Redner aber nicht unerwähnt bleiben konnte, wurde geboren am 5. Februar 1788 in Tamworth, Staffordshire; er war der älteste Sohn eines reichen Manufakturisten, erhielt seine Schulbildung zu Harrow und studirte zu Oxford. 1809 trat er in das Unterhaus, wurde bereits 1810 Unterstaatssekretair für die Kolonien und 1812 erster Sekretair für Irland. 1818 legte er dies Amt nieder, übernahm aber 1822 das Ministerium des Innern. Als *Canning* 1827 Premierminister ward, trat *P.* zurück, wurde aber, nach des erstern Tode, abermals als Minister des Innern Mitglied des Kabinets. Bisher ein entschiedener Gegner der Katholiken sah er sich jetzt doch, besonders durch die drohende Aufregung in Irland, gezwungen, die Bill für die Emancipation der Katholiken in das Unterhaus zu bringen, 5. März 1829. Besonderes Verdienst erwarb er sich auch in dieser Zeit durch die völlige Reorganisation der Londoner Polizei. (Peel's force.) Der Drang nach Parlamentsreform, deren entschiedener Gegner er war, veranlasste ihn 1830 aufs Neue zum Rücktritt: als aber 1834 der König *Wilhelm IV.* das Ministerium *Melbourne* plötzlich entliess, wurde *P.* eiligst aus Italien zurückgerufen, wohin er eine Erholungsreise angetreten, und, trotz seines Widerstrebens, zum ersten Lord der Schatzkammer erhoben. Wie er vorausgesehen, konnte er sich nicht halten und nahm schon im April 1835 seine Entlassung. Als er aber am 7. Mai 1841 ein Misstrauensvotum gegen die Minister vorschlug und diese, nach vergeblicher Appellation an das Land im August ihr Amt niederlegten, trat er wieder an die Spitze eines Toryministeriums. Der gewaltige Umschwung der öffentlichen Meinung war indessen auf ihn, als einen durchaus rechtschaffenen Charakter, nicht ohne Einfluss geblieben: so brachte er 1846 drei wichtige Bills vor die Häuser, die Getreidebill, zur völligen Aufhebung des Getreidezolls nach Verlauf von 3 Jahren; die Tarifbill, betreffend eine Herabsetzung des Zolltarifs und die Irische Bill, Zwangmassregeln zum Schutze des Lebens und Eigenthumes in Irland. Die beiden erstern gingen durch, die dritte wurde jedoch im Unterhause, 25. Juni 1846, verworfen und *P.* zeigte, in Folge davon, demselben die Auflösung seiner Verwaltung an. Im July 1850 hatte er das Unglück, auf einem Spazierritte in London, dem Hause des *Herzogs von Wellington* gegenüber, von dem scheu gewordenen Pferde zu stürzen, wodurch sein Tod herbeigeführt wurde. Seit *Canning* hat kein Todesfall in England eine so allgemeine Theilnahme hervorgerufen als der seinige. In den 'Random Recollections of the House of Commons' heisst es von ihm: 'Sir R. P. is perhaps the best and most effective speaker in the House. He is always fluent, even in his most extemporaneous addresses. His language is uniformly correct, and generally eloquent. He is never at a loss for words; these he has almost invariably at his command in abundance, even when he is deficient in every thing having the semblance of argument. He is sometimes humorous; his jokes when he does indulge in them, are almost invariably good, though often too refined to tell with effect on any other than an intellectual audience. His *forte*, however, manifestly lies in the serious mode of address. He excels all men I ever knew, in deep tragedy: in that he is quite at home ... — He is a speaker whom one would

never tire of hearing, and Sir John Hobhouse was only expressing the feeling entertained by every member in the House, when he said, immediately before the resignation of Sir. R. (April, 1835), that if anything could reconcile him to the continuance in office of the Right Honourable Baronet it would be '*the pleasure of hearing him speak.*' — Eine Sammlung seiner Reden erschien, London 1835, 2te Auflage.

CONCLUSION OF HIS 'SPEECH ON REFORM.'

Having effected all this, it becomes necessary to do — what? I should have thought, to adhere to a system which had produced such immense benefits; but no — the inference is the very reverse; in these days of illumination, the just conclusion is, that you ought to upset and destroy that system altogether. The member for Calne says, that looking through the whole habitable world, contemplating society as it now exists in every quarter of the globe, nay, that ever since civil institutions have been formed by man, he cannot find any society so perfect as that of England, so far as concerns the development of intellect, the improvement of science, the cultivation of the land, the enjoyment of liberty, or the protection of property. But, adds the hon. Gentleman, although all this be true, there are certain defects, which are of such a nature and extent as completely to justify a total change in the Representative System. And what are these great defects which require the hazarding of every blessing, for the chance of correcting them? Why, first, there is the state of the penal code; next, the bottomless pit of Chancery; and thirdly, in this flourishing and happy country, a new system of Representation is necessary, because there is a cumbrous legal process of fines and recoveries. Oh, Sir, I am sick of the miserable pedantry which urges, that in consequence of such petty defects the great advantages of our state of society are to be forfeited; the more miserable, since all these defects the House is not only competent, but has repeatedly manifested its anxiety to remove. If the hon. Gentleman can show, that this is not the case — if he can show that the House of Commons, as it is now constituted, is unable to apply adequate remedies to evils of such a nature, then I will confess, that the House stands in need of Reform. But how absurd it is to say, here is a Constitution which has given the people every blessing of civil government, but yet cannot remove a few evils which may exist in subordinate institutions. But do I rest here? No. I will prove that these evils being admitted in their fullest extent, you have a better prospect of their remedy by the present House of Commons than you have by a Reformed one. What can your new constituency — the 10*l.* householders, know of Reforms in the Court of Chancery — or of your defective system of fines and recoveries? I am sure that if I were to ask a given number of them what fines and recoveries meant, the majority would answer, that a fine was a pecuniary penalty, and recovery a state of convalescence. What was the mode by which the great advocates for reforming all such abuses found their way into this House? Did not Sir Samuel Romilly sit in Parliament for a close borough? Does not the learned Gentleman himself find his way into this House by a similar avenue? And did not Lord Chancellor Brougham sit for a close borough? In fact, the close boroughs may be said to have generated the Reformers. But what pretence is there for changing the House of Commons collectively with indifference to the reform of these specific abuses? By whom was the bill of Lord Lyndhurst rejected? By the House of Commons. On what ground? Because the House was determined to have a more searching and extensive Reform of the Court of Chancery. By whom was the first blow struck against fines and recoveries? By the House of Commons — and at this moment

we have bills before us, originating in an address from this House to the Throne, for the absolute destruction of those very fines and recoveries. Then with respect to the penal code; this House has shown a disposition to mitigate its severity. With respect to forgery, I introduced a bill remitting the punishment of death in certain cases. The House was not satisfied, but remitted that punishment much more extensively; and though the bill did not ultimately pass in that shape, it was not this House, but the House of Lords, which restored the punishment. The House of Commons rejected the advice of his Majesty's Ministers. It resisted their influence, and insisted upon repealing the punishment of death for the crime of forgery. Why, then, if the arguments of the learned Gentleman have any weight, they prove that the Reform should take place in the House of Lords. It is they who have defeated the benevolent intentions of the House of Commons, and yet we are proposing to Reform not the House of Lords, but the House of Commons, which, in all the instances to which I have referred, has shown that it is neither behind the intelligence of the age, nor neglectful of the complaints of the people. I say, then, Sir, that the alleged reason for change in this House is utterly destroyed. I will now say a few words with respect to the Bill itself. It may be said to contain two great principles; the first is the principle of disfranchisement; the second is that of constituting a new Representation. Four times have there been essential alterations made in the Bill; and although we see held out the phantom of the 10*l.* right of voting, yet four times has that very matter been subjected to changes, and to changes so important, that my confidence must not be asked for those who have felt it necessary to make them. At first the right of voting was given to resident 10*l.* householders, and residence was insisted on as a necessary qualification for the franchise. Now mark the alteration which has been made. What is the effect in Manchester? It altered the constituency of that place so much, that instead of giving the right of voting to resident 10*l.* householders, by a little alteration, the great principle of residence is thrown overboard — it is owerpowered by non-resident occupiers of warehouses and counting-houses, and thus the original ground of residence is cut away, as forming the condition of qualification. And then, Sir, what is the effect of the change that has last been made? When Gentlemen are asked to support this Bill, it is in vain to attempt to conceal the fact from men equally informed and intelligent with ourselves, whose interests and feelings are so deeply affected, that these changes are making alterations by tens of thousands in the numbers of the constituency of the country. I know this may be called mere inadvertency of his Majesty's Government, these changes can be made in a Bill, affecting not less than 100,000 people, let me say, the time is not yet come when we can maturely deliberate upon so grave a matter; we are not yet in a condition to legislate at all upon it, and least of all will this House stand excused in hastily passing a law which is brought before us under such circumstances. The projectors of this Bill, after having established the 10*l.* franchise, come forward with subsequent alterations which totally alter the character of the constituency. As the Bill now stands, every 10*l.* householder is disqualified who pays his rent more frequently than half-yearly. The Bill originally gave the right to the weekly and the quarterly tenant. By confining it to the tenant paying half-yearly, you disfranchise many thousand voters in places that I could name. In Birmingham there is a very numerous class of persons who pay rents of 3*s.* 10*d.* or 4*s.* per week, which amount, of course, to 10*l.* a year. By the simple insertion of the words quarterly payments or half-yearly payments, I care not which, there is no use in concealing the fact, the number of such voters would be reduced by many thousands. Why raise expectations so inconsiderately, and defeat them with equal precipitation. What avails it to say that you have acted in-

advertently. That you have been administering prussic acid — and that you forgot to look at the prescription. You have made another, and a most important change. You have by this new Bill admitted land into the value of the 10*l.* holding. It seems a simple and easy matter to insert 'land,' but will any man deny, that this is a most important change? Without saying whether these changes are good or bad, I do say that these facts destroy my confidence in the ability of his Majesty's Government to conduct such a question to a salutary and happy conclusion. I hope, that hon. Gentleman will consider the effect of the alteration made by the insertion of the word 'land' upon our rural economy. If one thing more than another would tend to improve the condition of the peasantry, it is the attaching of small gardens to the tenements they occupy. Now, by making the possession of land with a house a qualification, we encourage landlords to take away those small gardens where they are now enjoyed, and to withhold the possession of them when otherwise the possession might be conferred. It may be said, that landlords will not be influenced by this consideration, and I know that they ought not, but I contend, that the policy and the principle of that law must be bad which tends to sacrifice the improvement of the condition of the peasantry to electioneering interests. These are the main grounds on which I oppose the second reading of this Bill. The hon. Member who spoke last, expressed his hope that I was prepared to bring forward some scheme of Reform, and has taunted me with being at length a Reformer. But what did I say in the last Session respecting Reform? I said, that having left one Government in consequence of its resistance to Reform, and another Government having been formed pledged to Reform, I would, rather than risk a change of Government — seeing the impossibility of constituting an Administration opposed to Reform — support a measure of Reform introduced by my opponents, provided that measure was perfectly consistent with the safety of the institutions of the country. I said, I might be wrong or I might be right, but that is the extent of the declaration I made, and which I am prepared to make again. I have been uniformly opposed to Reform upon principle, because I was unwilling to open a door which I saw no prospect of being able to close; it was not because I thought that the transfer of the franchise from East Retford to Manchester might be in itself injurious, but because I was of opinion that a Government which should unsettle the minds of the people upon this subject, would be responsible for the consequences that must result. I certainly was one of those who opposed the giving Representatives to Manchester, and to other large towns; because I thought the advantage of such a measure not sufficient to counterbalance the evil of altering the constitution of Parliament, and agitating the public mind on the question of Reform. And if it be truly said, that the demand for Reform has been a steadily increasing demand, if it be the fact that nothing short of this Bill will give the least satisfaction, surely I was justified in doubting whether the grant of Members to three or four large towns would stay the public appetite for Reform, and whether it would not prove the commencement, rather than the close, of the discussion. I do not admit, however, that the settled opinion of this country is fixed, and permanently decided, in favour of this Bill. I would advise those who assert it, not to rely too confidently on the duration of the present excitement; to bear in mind the causes which have combined to foment it — and to consider whether they are of lasting operation. Our sober judgment has been disturbed by the recent events in France, by sympathy in the triumph of liberal opinions, and by a natural indignation at the illegal exercise of authority. While those feelings are at their height — a Government is formed pledged to Reform, and they redeem that pledge by a more extensive measure of Reform than was expected by the most sanguine Reformer. They dissolve the Parliament in order to take

the opinion of an already excited people, on a question of all others the most requiring sober and dispassionate inquiry, and they superadd to every other cause of agitation, an appeal to the personal wishes and opinions of the King. With regard to the dissolution of the Parliament, it might be right or it might be wrong, but nothing could be more unwise than to countenance the popular belief, that the King was personally interested in the question of Reform. I do not for a moment call in question the undoubted prerogative of the Crown to dissolve the late Parliament, but I do call in question the prudence with which that prerogative was exercised, the time and mode of its exercise, and above all, the lavish use of his Majesty's name and authority, with the view of influencing election contests. I regret, most deeply, that through their organs of the Press, the Government condescended to the humiliation of propagating tales which could only be addressed and suited to the lowest and most vulgar class of minds. I regret most deeply that they should, for any purpose whatever, have resorted to the dangerous expedient of teaching the people to associate loyalty to their King with hostility to the constitution of Parliament. I do not think it a happy circumstance that the feelings of the people have been thus excited; I doubt the existence of an unanimous feeling as connected with this measure on their part; and I deeply regret that the sober and temperate judgment of the people has been disturbed by a variety of causes. But, Sir, if this feeling be such as we have heard it represented, and if it shall permanently endure, I am then ready to admit, that no Government can go on without enacting such measures as shall alleviate and remove that intense feeling. But all I ask is, time for deliberation upon a question of such vital importance; I say, do not rely upon this temporary excitement — do not allow that to be your only guide — do not force this Reform Bill upon the country, upon the assumption that the unanimous voice of the people demands it. I doubt the existence of any such ground; and if you do find hereafter that you have been mistaken — if you find that the people have only been acting under an excitement produced by temporary causes — if they are already sobering down from their enthusiasm for the days of July, let the House remember, that when the steady good sense and reason of the people of England shall return, they will be the first to reproach us with the baseness of having sacrificed the Constitution in the vain hope of conciliating the favour of a temporary burst of popular feeling; they will be the first to blame us for deferring this question to popular opinion, instead of acting upon our own judgment. For my own part, not seeing the necessity for this Reform, doubting much whether the demand for Reform is so urgent, and doubting still more whether, if carried, this measure can be a permanent one, I give my conscientious opposition to this Bill. In doing this, I feel the more confident, because the Bill does not fulfil the conditions recommended from the Throne — because it is not founded on the acknowledged principles of the Constitution — because it does not give security to the prerogatives of the Crown — because it does not guarantee the legitimate rights, influences, and privileges of both Houses of Parliament — because it is not calculated to render secure and permanent the happiness and prosperity of the people — and above all, because it subverts a system of Government which has combined security to personal liberty, and protection to property, with vigour in the executive power of the State, in a more perfect degree than ever existed in any age, or in any other country of the world.

XXXIII. JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER,

geb. 1789 zu Burlington am Delaware, erhielt seine Bildung im Yale College zu Newhaven und ging bereits im 16. Jahre zur See. Nach seiner Verheirathung verliess er den Seedienst und begann zugleich seine schriftstellerische Laufbahn. Durch Kränklichkeit veranlasst unternahm er eine Reise nach Europa, besuchte von England aus, wo er sich eine Zeit lang aufhielt, Frankreich und wurde 1826 zum Consul der Vereinigten Staaten in Lyon ernannt, welche Stelle indessen 1829 vom Präsidenten *Jackson* einem Andern, seiner Partei freundlicher Gesinnten, übertragen wurde. Nachdem er noch Deutschland, die Schweiz und Italien bereist hatte, kehrte er 1831 nach Amerika zurück. — Sein erster, in Deutschland wenig bekannt gewordener Roman, war: 'Precaution,' 1831. Ihm folgten: 'The Spy, a Tale of the neutral ground, referring to some particular occurrences during the American war;' Newyork, 1822: 'The Pioneers, or the Sources of the Susquehanna,' 1822: 'The Pilot,' 1823: 'Lionel Lincoln,' 1824: 'The Last of the Mohikans,' 1826, vielleicht sein gelungenstes Werk: 'The Prairie: The Wyst of Wish-John-Wish: The Red Rover,' 1827: 'The Water Witch, or the Skimmer of the Seas,' 1830: 'The Bravo,' 'The Heidenmauer,' 1832. Von seinen späteren Werken sind noch zu erwähnen: 'A Residence in France, with an Excursion up the Rhine and a second Visit to Switzerland: Recollections of Europe: Notices of the Americans, picked up by a travelling Bachelor: England, with Sketches of Society in the Metropolis: Jack-O'-Lantern: The Two Admirals.' *Cooper's* Vorzug besteht in Einfachheit der Darstellung, besonders amerikanischer Scenerien und Sittenschilderungen, in wahrer und lebendiger Auffassung des Stoffes und der naturgetreuen Färbung, die er demselben zu geben versteht. Mit Recht wird dagegen eine, auch in seinen besten Werken oft hervortretende Breite getadelt. Er starb zu Cooper's Town, New Jersey am 14. Sept. 1851.

THE PANTHER.

Elizabeth Temple and Louisa proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers, that rose from the valley, to mingle signs of men with the scenes of nature; when Elizabeth suddenly started and exclaimed —

'Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its parents?'

'Such things frequently happen,' returned Louisa. Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer, starving on the hill.'

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low mournful sounds that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once, the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried —

'Look at the dog!'

Brave had been their companion, from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by his cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter; for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have

terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

'Brave!' she said, 'be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?'

At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short surly barking.

'What does he see?' said Elizabeth; 'there must be some animal in sight.'

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the colour of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a short of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction.

'Let us fly!' exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

'Courage, Brave!' she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble; 'courage, courage, good Brave!'

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared dropping from the branches of a sapling, that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. — Standing on its hind-legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore-paws, and play all the antics of a cat for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

All this time brave Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as they commenced by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly, as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle of the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe, at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe, like a feather, and rearing on his

hind-legs, rush to the fray again with his jaws distended and a dauntless eye. But age and his pampered life greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In every thing but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favourable position on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment, only, could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the colour of blood, and directly that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth losened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatening blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant; when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe, next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting four inches from its broad feet.

Miss Temple did not, or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination; and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs, than to meet her ears.

'Hist! hist!' said a low voice; 'stoop lower, gall; your bonnet hides the creater's head.'

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leatherstock rushed by her, and he called aloud—

'Come in, Hector, come in, you old fool! 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in.'

Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens most fearslessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded; when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

XXXIV. SIR EDWARD PARRY

gab im J. 1822 einen Bericht über die von ihm unternommene Entdeckungsreise in die nördlichen Polargegenden heraus, welcher die interessantesten Fakten über dieses gut geleitete und erfolgreiche Unternehmen enthält. Nachstehende Beschreibung der Eskimos, die er in der Nähe von Baffins-Bay fand, und die bisher noch kein Reisender erreicht hatte, dürfte unsern Lesern nicht ohne Interesse sein.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

The Esquimaux exhibit a strange mixture of intellect and dulness, of cunning and simplicity, of ingenuity and stupidity; few of them could count beyond five, and not one of them beyond ten, nor could any of them speak a dozen words of English after a constant intercourse of seventeen or eighteen months; yet many of them could imitate the manners and actions of the strangers, and were on the whole excellent mimics. One woman in particular, of the name of Iligluik, very soon attracted the attention of our voyagers by the various traits of that superiority of understanding for which, it was found, she was remarkably distinguished, and held in esteem even by her own countrymen. She had a great fondness for singing, possessed a soft voice and an excellent ear; but, like another great singer who figured in a different society, 'there was scarcely any stopping her when she had once begun;' she would listen, however, for hours together to the tunes played on the organ. Her superior intelligence was perhaps most conspicuous in the readiness with which she was made to comprehend the manner of laying down on paper the geographical outline of that part of the coast of America she was acquainted with, and the neighbouring islands, so as to construct a chart. At first it was found difficult to make her comprehend what was meant; but when Captain Parry had discovered that the Esquimaux were already acquainted with the four cardinal points of the compass, for which they have appropriate names, he drew them on a sheet of paper, together with that portion of that coast just discovered, which was opposite to Winter Island, where then they were, and of course well known to her.

We desired her (says Captain Parry) to complete the rest, and to do it *mikkee* (small), when, with a countenance of the most grave attention and peculiar intelligence, she drew the coast of the continent beyond her own country, as lying nearly north from Winter Island. The most important part still remained, and it would have amused an unconcerned looker-on to have observed the anxiety and suspense depicted on the countenances of our part of the group till this was accomplished, for never were the tracings of a pencil watched with more eager solicitude. Our surprise and satisfaction may therefore in some degree be imagined when, without taking it from the paper, Iligluik brought the continental coast short round to the westward, and afterwards to the S. S. W., so as to come within three or four days' journey of Repulse Bay.

I am, however, compelled to acknowledge, that in proportion as the superior understanding of this extraordinary woman became more and more developed, her head (for what female head is indifferent to praise?) began to be turned by the general attention and numberless presents she received. The superior decency and even modesty of her behaviour had combined, with her intellectual qualities, to raise her in our estimation far above her companions; and I often heard others express what I could not but agree in, that for Iligluik alone, of all the Esquimaux women, that kind of respect could be entertained which modesty in a female never fails to command in our sex. Thus regarded, she had always been freely admitted into the ships, the quarter-masters at the gangway never thinking of refusing entrance to 'the wise woman,' as they called her. Whenever any explanation was necessary between the Esquimaux and us, Iligluik was sent for as an interpreter; information was chiefly obtained through her, and she thus found herself rising into a degree of consequence to which, but for us, she could never have attained. Notwithstanding a more than ordinary share of good sense on her part, it will not therefore be wondered at if she became giddy with her exaltation — considered her admission into the ships and most of the cabins no longer an indulgence, but a right — ceased to return the slightest acknowledgment for any kindness or presents — became listless and inattentive

in unravelling the meaning of our questions, and careless whether her answers conveyed the information we desired. In short, Iligluik in February and Iligluik in April were confessedly very different persons; and it was at last amusing to recollect, though not very easy to persuade one's self, that the woman who now sat demurely in a chair, so confidently expecting the notice of those around her, and she who had at first, with eager and wild delight, assisted in cutting snow for the building of a hut, and with the hope of obtaining a single needle, were actually one and the same individual.

No kind of distress can deprive the Esquimaux of their cheerful temper and good humour, which they preserve even when severely pinched with hunger and cold, and wholly deprived for days together both of food and fuel — a situation to which they are very frequently reduced. Yet no calamity of this kind can teach them to be provident, or to take the least thought for the morrow; with them, indeed, it is always either a feast or a famine. The enormous quantity of animal food (they have no other) which they devour at a time is almost incredible. The quantity of meat which they procured between the first of October and the first of April was sufficient to have furnished about double the number of working people, who were moderate eaters, and had any idea of providing for a future day; but to individuals who can demolish four or five pounds at a sitting, and at least ten in the course of a day, and who never bestow a thought on tomorrow, at least with the view to provide for it by economy, there is scarcely any supply which could secure them from occasional scarcity. It is highly probable that the alternate feasting and fasting to which the gluttony and improvidence of these people so constantly subject them, may have occasioned many of the complaints that proved fatal during the winter; and on this account we hardly knew whether to rejoice or not at the general success of their fishery.

XXXV. SIR ROBERT KER PORTER

schrieb im Jahre 1822 ein sehr geschätztes Werk 'Travels in Georgia, Persia, Babylonia &c. welchem wir nachstehendes Bruchstück entlehnen:

VIEW OF SOCIETY IN BAGDAD.

The wives of the higher classes in Bagdad are usually selected from the most beautiful girls that can be obtained from Georgia and Circassia: and, to their natural charms, in like manner with their captive sisters all over the East, they add the fancied embellishments of painted complexions, hands and feet dyed with henna, and their hair and eyebrows stained with the rang, or prepared indigo leaf. Chains of gold, and collars of pearls, with various ornaments of precious stones, decorate the upper part of their persons, while solid bracelets of gold, in shapes resembling serpents, clasp their wrists and ankles. Silver and golden tissued muslins not only form their turbans, but frequently their under garments. In summer the ample pelisse is made of the most costly shawl, and in cold weather, lined and bordered with the choicest furs. The dress is altogether very becoming; by its easy folds and glittering transparency, showing a fine shape to advantage, without the immodest exposure of the open vest of the Persian ladies. The humbler females generally move abroad with faces totally unveiled, having a handkerchief rolled round their heads, from beneath which their hair hangs down over their shoulders, while another piece of linen passes under their chin, in the fashion of the Georgians. Their garment is a gown of a shift form, reaching to their ankles, open be-

fore, and of a gray colour. Their feet are completely naked. Many of the very inferior classes stain their bosoms with the figures of circles, half-moons, stars, &c. in a bluish stamp. In this barbaric embellishment the poor damsel of Irak Arabi has one point of vanity resembling that of the ladies of Irak Ajem. The former frequently adds this frightful cadaverous hue to her lips; and, to complete her savage appearance, thrusts a ring through the right nostril, pendent with a flat button-like ornament set round with blue or red stones.

But to return to the ladies of the higher circles, whom we left in some gay saloon of Bagdad. When all are assembled, the evening meal or dinner is soon served. The party, seated in rows, then prepare themselves for the entrance of the show, which, consisting of music and dancing, continues in noisy exhibition through the whole night. At twelve o'clock supper is produced, when pilaus, kabobs, preserves, fruits, dried sweetmeats, and sherbets of every fabric and flavour, engage the fair *convives* for some time. Between this second banquet and the preceding, the perfumed narquilly is never absent from their rosy lips, excepting when they sip coffee, or indulge in a general shout of approbation, or a hearty peal of laughter at the freaks of the dancers or the subject of the singers' madrigals. But no respite is given to the entertainers; and, during so long a stretch of merriment, should any of the happy guests feel a sudden desire for temporary repose, without the least apology she lies down to sleep on the luxurious carpet that is her seat; and thus she remains, sunk in as deep an oblivion as if the nummud were spread in her own chamber. Others speedily follow her example, sleeping as sound; notwithstanding the bawling of the singers, the horrid jangling of the guitars, the thumping on the jar-like doubledrum, the ringing and loud clangour of the metal bells and castanets of the dancers, with an eternal talking in all keys, abrupt laughter, and vociferous expressions of gratification, making in all a full concert of distracting sounds, sufficient, one might suppose, to awaken the dead. But the merry tumult and joyful strains of this conviviality gradually become fainter and fainter; first one and then another of the visitors (while even the performers are not spared by the soporific god) sink down under the drowsy influence, till at length the whole carpet is covered with the sleeping beauties, mixed indiscriminately with handmaids, dancers, and musicians, as fast asleep as themselves. The business, however, is not thus quietly ended. 'As soon as the sun begins to call forth the blushes of the morn, by lifting the veil that shades her slumbering eyelids,' the faithful slaves rub their own clear of any lurking drowsiness, and then tug their respective mistress by the toe or the shoulder, to rouse them up to perform the devotional ablutions usual at the dawn of day. All start mechanically, as if touched by a spell; and then commences the splashing of water and the muttering of prayers, presenting a singular contrast to the vivacious scene of a few hours before. This duty over, the fair devotees shake their feathers like birds from a refreshing shower, and tripping lightly forward with garments, and perhaps looks, a little the worse for the wear of the preceding evening, plunge at once again into all the depths of its amusements. Coffee, sweetmeats, kaliouns, as before, accompany every obstreperous repetition of the midnight song and dance; and all being followed up by a plentiful breakfast of rice, meats, fruits, &c. towards noon the party separate, after having spent between fifteen and sixteen hours in this riotous festivity.

XXXVI. M. SIMOND,

ein französischer Schriftsteller, welcher das Englische so gut schrieb wie seine Muttersprache, veröffentlichte im J. 1822 ein Werk 'Switzerland; or a Journal of a Tour and Residence

in that Country in the Years 1817, 1818 and 1819' (2 Bde.), welches gleich einem früher von ihm verfassten Werke in englischer Sprache über Grossbitannien, den Stil der gewöhnlichen Touristen bei Weitem übertrifft; wir entlehnen ihm folgende Beschreibung:

SWISS MOUNTAIN AND AVALANCHE.

After nearly five hours' toil, we reached a chalet on the top of the mountain (the Wingernalp). This summer habitation of the shepherds was still unoccupied; for the snow having been unusually deep last winter, and the grass, till lately covered, being still very short, the cows have not ventured so high. Here we resolved upon a halt, and having implements for striking fire, a few dry sticks gave us a cheerful blaze in the open air. A pail of cream, or at least of very rich milk, was brought up by the shepherds, with a kettle to make coffee and afterwards boil the milk; very large wooden spoons or ladles answered the purpose of cups. The stock of provisions we had brought was spread upon the very low roof of the chalet, being the best station for our *repas champêtre*, as it afforded dry seats sloping conveniently towards the prospect. We had then before us the Jungfrau, the two Eigers, and some of the highest summits in the Alps, shooting up from an uninterrupted level of glaciers of more than two hundred square miles; and although placed ourselves four thousand five hundred feet above the lake of Thun, and that lake one thousand seven hundred and eighty feet above the sea, the mighty rampart rose still six thousand feet above our heads. Between us and the Jungfrau the desert valley of Trumlatenthal formed a deep trench, into which avalanches fell, with scarcely a quarter of an hour's interval between them, followed by a thundering noise continued along the whole range; not, however, a reverberation of sound, for echo is mute under the universal winding-sheet of snow, but a prolongation of sound, in consequence of the successive rents or fissures forming themselves when some large section of the glacier slides down one step.

We sometimes saw a blue line suddenly drawn across a field of pure white; then another above it, and another all parallel, and attended each time with a loud crash like cannon, producing together the effect of long-protracted peals of thunder. At other times some portion of the vast field of snow, or rather snowy ice, gliding rather away, exposed to view a new surface of purer white than the first, and the cast-off drapery gathering in long folds, either fell at once down the precipice, or disappeared behind some intervening ridge, which the sameness of colour rendered invisible, and was again seen soon after in another direction, shooting out of some narrow channel a cataract of white dust, which, observed through a telescope, was, however, found to be composed of broken fragments of ice or compact snow, many of them sufficient to overwhelm a village, if there had been any in the valley where they fell. Seated on the chalet's roof, the ladies forgot they were cold, wet, bruised, and hungry, and the cup of smoking *café au lait* stood still in their hand while waiting in breathless suspense for the next avalanche, wondering equally at the death-like silence intervening between each, and the thundering crash which followed. I must own, that while we shut our ears, the mere sight might dwindle down to the effect of a fall of snow from the roof of a house; but when the potent sound was heard along the whole range of many miles, when the time of awful suspense between the fall and the crash was measured, the imagination, taking flight, outstripped all bounds at once, and went beyond the mighty reality itself. It would be difficult to say where the creative powers of imagination stop, even the coldest; for our common feelings — our grossest sensations — are infinitely indebted to them; and man, without his fancy, would not have the energy of the dullest animal.

Yet we feel more pleasure and more pride in the consciousness of another treasure of the breast, which tames the flight of this same imagination, and brings it back to sober reality and plain truth.

When we first approach the Alps, their bulk, their stability, and duration, compared to our own inconsiderable size, fragility and shortness of days, strikes our imagination with terror; while reason, unappalled, measuring these masses, calculating their elevation, analysing their substance, finds in them only a little inert matter, scarcely forming a wrinkle on the face of our earth, that earth an inferior planet in the solar system, and that system one only among myriads, placed at distances whose very incommensurability is in a manner measured. What, again, are those giants of the Alps, and their duration — those revolving worlds — that space — the universe — compared to the intellectual faculty capable of bringing the whole fabric into the compass of a single thought, where it is all curiously and accurately delineated! How superior, again, the exercise of that faculty, when, rising from effects to causes, and judging by analogy of things as yet unknown by those we know, we are taught to look into futurity of a better state of existence, and in the hope itself find new reason to hope!

We were shown an inaccessible shelf of rock on the west side of the Jungfrau, upon which a lammergeyer (the vulture of lambs) once alighted with an infant it had carried away from the village of Murren, situated above the Staubbach: some red scarps, remnants of the child's clothes, were for years observed, says the tradition, on the fatal spot.

XXXVII. THOMAS DE QUINCEY,

der Sohn eines Kaufmannes, erhielt seine Bildung zu Eton und Oxford, und gab im Jahre 1822, zuerst in dem London Magazine, dann in einer besondern Ausgabe 'The Confessions of an Opium Eater' heraus, welche in der reinsten Sprache und dem elegantesten Stile die Leiden eines Opiumessers darstellen, den Q. persönlich kannte und der sich, nicht ohne die furchtbarsten Kämpfe, dieser Gewohnheit wieder zu entziehen suchte. Nachstehendes Bruchstück schildert die:

DREAMS OF THE OPIUM EATER.

May, 1818.

I have been every night of late transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point, but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep, and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia in general is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, &c. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, history, modes of faith, &c. is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of castes that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is,

and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life; the great *officina gentium.* Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires, also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence and want of sympathy placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyse. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are to be found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas; and was fixed for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brahma through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris; I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. * *

As a final specimen, I cite one of a different character, from 1820.

The dream commenced with a music which now I often hear in dreams — a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like that, gave the feeling of a vast march — of infinite cavalcades filing off — and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day — a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where — somehow, I knew not how — by some beings, I knew not whom — a battle, a strife, an agony was conducting — was evolving like a great drama or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantes was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded,' I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms, hurrying to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed — and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then — everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated — everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated — everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud — 'I will sleep no more!'

XXXVIII. T. CROFTON CROKER,

bekannt durch seine 'Researches in the South of Ireland' (1824), und besonders durch die höchst gelungenen 'Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland (1827) und die reizenden 'Legends of the Lakes, or Sayings and Doings at Killarney' (1828). Minder glücklich war er in den Erzählungen 'Barney Mahoney' (1832); und 'My Village' (1832). Ueberhaupt widmete er seine ganze geistige Thätigkeit seinem Vaterlande Irland, dessen Volkslieder er sammelte und 1839 unter dem Titel: 'Collection of the Popular Songs of Ireland, Ancient and Modern, with Introductions, and Historical and Explanatory Notes' herausgab. Das Gentleman's Magazine bezeichnet diese Sammlung als 'highly interesting, the songs nnd ballads being, in many instances, of an exciting character, and each of them accompanied by its history from the competent pen of Crofton, than whom no man knows more of the poetic superstitions and the manners and mythology of Ireland.'

THE LAST OF THE IRISH SERPENTS.

Sure everybody has heard tell of the blessed St. Patrick, and how he druve the sarpints and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland; how he 'bothered all the varmint' entirely. But for all that, there was one ould sarpint left, who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, and made to drown himself. St. Patrick didn't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc; till, at long last he bethought himself, and got a strong iron chest made with nine boults upon it. So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the sarpint used to keep; and the sarpint, who didn't like the saint in the least, and small blame to him for that, began to hiss and show his teeth at him like anything. 'Oh,' says St. Patrick, says he, 'where's the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you. 'Tis a nice house I have got made for you agin the winter; for I'm going to civilise the whole country, man and beast,' says he, 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.' The sarpint hearing such smooth words, thought that though St. Patrick had druve all the rest of the sarpints into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the sarpint walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the sarpint saw the nine boults upon the chest, he thought he was sould (betrayed), and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could. ''Tis a nice warm house, you see,' says St. Patrick, 'and 'tis a good friend I am to you.' 'I thank you kindly, St. Patrick, for your civility,' says the sarpint; 'but I think it's too small it is for me' — meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going. 'Too small!' says St. Patrick, 'stop, if you please,' says he, 'you're out in that, my boy, anyhow — I am sure 'twill fit you completely; and I'll tell you what,' says he, 'I'll bet you a gallon of porter,' says he, 'that if you'll only try and get in, there'll be plenty of room for you.' The sarpint was as thirsty as could be with his walk; and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing St. Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There, now,' says he, 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail.' When what does St. Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a sarpint saw the lid coming down, in went his tail like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and St. Patrick began at once to boult the nine iron boults. 'Oh, murder! wont you let me out, St. Patrick?' says the sarpint; 'I've lost the bet fairly, and I'll pay you the gallon like a man.' 'Let you out, my darling,' says St. Patrick, 'to be sure I will, by all manner of

means; but you see I haven't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow.' And so he took the iron chest, with the sarpint in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour for certain; and 'tis the sarpint struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man (continued Picket) besides myself has heard the sarpint crying out from within the chest under the water — 'Is it to-morrow yet? — is it to-morrow yet?' which, to be sure, it never can be: and that's the way St. Patrick settled the last of the sarpints, sir.

XXXIX. THOMAS CARLYLE,

geb. 1795 zu Dunfriesshire in Schottland. Seine Aeltern waren wohlhabende Landleute und bestimmten ihn für den geistlichen Stand; er bezog die Universität zu Cambridge, aber weder die Theologie, noch die Rechtswissenschaft konnten ihn fesseln: in mehrjähriger, ländlicher Zurückgezogenheit beschäftigte er sich ausschliesslich mit dem Studium der deutschen Sprache und Literatur, die er durch Uebersetzungen und kritische Arbeiten den Engländern zugänglich machte. Sein: 'Life of Schiller' erschien Lond. 1825, 3 Bde. Seine 'German Romances' enthalten eine Auswahl aus Göthe, Tieck, Jean Paul u. A., und erschienen in 4 Bdn., Edinburg, 1827. — Ferner: 'Sartor Resartus,' 1836. — 'The French Revolution, a History,' Lond. 3 Bde. — 'Chartism' — 'Essays' — 'writings, all of them presenting thoughts which could only proceed from a mind of extraordinary originality.' (Chambers.)

THE PROCESSION.

(From 'The French Revolution' Book IV. Chapt. IV.)

...... But now, if Mirabeau is the greatest, who of these Six Hundred may be the meanest? Shall we say, that anxious, slight, ineffectual-looking man, under thirty, in spectacles; his eyes (were the glasses off) troubled, careful; with upturned face, snuffing dimly the uncertain future time; complexion of a multiplex atrabiliar colour, the final shade of which may be the pale seagreen. That greenish-coloured (*verdâtre*) individual is an Advocate of Arras; his name is *Maximilien Robespierre.* The son of an Advocate; his father founded mason-lodges under Charles Edward, the English Prince or Pretender. Maximilien the first-born was thriftily educated; he had brisk Camille Desmoulins for schoolmate in the College of Louis le Grand, at Paris. But he begged our famed Necklace-Cardinal, Rohan, the patron, to let him depart thence, and resign in favour of a younger brother. The strict-minded Max departed; home to paternal Arras; and even had a Law-case there and pleaded, not unsuccessfully, 'in favour of the first Franklin thunder-rod.' With a strict painful mind, an understanding small but clear and ready, he grew in favour with official persons, who could foresee in him an excellent man of business, happily quite free from genius. The Bishop, therefore, taking counsel, appoints him Judge of his diocese; and he faithfully does justice to the people: till behold, one day, a culprit comes whose crime merits hanging; and the strict-minded Max must abdicate, for his conscience will not permit the dooming of any son of Adam to die. A strict-minded, strait-laced man! A man unfit for Revolutions? Whose small soul, transparent whole-some-looking as small-ale, could by no chance ferment into virulent *alegar*, — the mother of ever new alegar; till all France were grown acetous virulent? We shall see.

Between which two extremes of grandest and meanest, so many grand and mean roll on, towards their several destinies, in that Procession! There is *Cazalès*, the learned young soldier; who shall become the eloquent orator of Royalism, and earn the shadow of a name.

Experienced *Mounier*, experienced *Malouet*; whose Presidential Parlementary experience the stream of things shall soon leave stranded. A *Pétion* has left his gown and briefs at Chartres for a stormier sort of pleading; has not forgotten his violin, being fond of music. His hair is grizzled, though he is still young: convictions, beliefs placid-unalterable are in that man; not hindmost of them, belief in himself. A Protestant-clerical *Rabaut-St.-Étienne*, a slender young eloquent and vehement *Barnave*, will help to regenerate France. There are so many of them young. Till thirty the Spartans did not suffer a man to marry: but how many men here under thirty; coming to produce not one sufficient citizen, but a nation and a world of such! The old to heal up rents; the young to remove rubbish: — which latter, is it not, indeed, the task here?

Dim, formless from this distance, yet authentically there, thou noticest the Deputies from Nantes? To us mere clothes-screens, with slouch-hat and cloak, but bearing in their pocket a *Cahier* of *doléances*, with this singular clause, and more such, in it: 'That the master wigmakers of Nantes be not troubled with new gild-brethren, the actually existing number of ninety-two being more than sufficient!' The Rennes people have elected Farmer *Gérard*; 'a man of natural sense and rectitude, without any learning.' He walks there, with solid step; unique, 'in his rustic farmer-clothes;' which he will wear always; careless of short-cloaks and costumes. The name Gérard, or '*Père Gérard*, Father Gérard,' as they please to call him, will fly far; borne about in endless banter; in Royalist satires, in Republican didactic Almanacks. As for the man Gérard, being asked once, what he did, after trial of it, candidly think of this Parlementary work, — 'I think,' answered he, 'that there are a good many scoundrels among us.' So walks Father Gérard; solid in his thick shoes, withersoever bound.

And worthy *Doctor Guillotin*, whom we hoped to behold one other time? If not here, the Doctor should be here, and we see him with the eye of prophecy: for indeed the Parisian Deputies are all a little late. Singular Guillotin, respectable practitioner; doomed by a satiric destiny to the strangest immortal glory that ever kept obscure mortal from his resting-place, the bosom of oblivion! Guillotin can improve the ventilation of the Hall; in all cases of medical police and *hygiène* be a present aid: but, greater far, he can produce his 'Report on the Penal Code;' and reveal therein a cunningly devised Beheading Machine, which shall become famous and world-famous. This is the product of Guillotin's endeavours, gained not without meditation and reading; which product popular gratitude or levity christens by a feminine derivative name, as if it were his daughter: *La Guillotine!* 'With my machine, Messieurs, I wisk off your head (*vous fais sauter la tête*) in a twinkling, and you have no pain;' — whereat they all laugh. Unfortunate Doctor! For two-and-twenty years he, unguillotined, shall hear nothing but guillotine, see nothing but guillotine, then dying, shall through long centuries wander, as it were, a disconsolate ghost, on the wrong side of Styx and Lethe, his name like to outlive Cæsar's.

See *Bailly*, likewise of Paris, time-honoured Historian of Astronomy Ancient and Modern. Poor Bailly, how thy serenely beautiful Philosophising, with its soft moonshiny clearness and thinness, ends in foul thick confusion — of Presidency, Mayorship, diplomatic Officiality, rabid Triviality, and the throat of everlasting Darkness! Far was it to descend from the heavenly Galaxy to the *Drapeau Rouge*: beside that fatal dungheap, on that last hell-day, thou must 'tremble,' though only with cold '*de froid*.' Speculation is not practice: to be weak is not so miserable; but to be weaker than our task. Wo the day when they mounted thee, a peaceable pedestrian, on that wild Hippogryff of a Democracy; which, spurning the firm earth, nay lashing at the very *stars*, no yet known Astolpho could have ridden!

In the Commons Deputies there are Merchants, Men of Letters; three hundred and

seventy-four Lawyers; and at least one Clergyman: the *Abbé Sieyes*. Him also Paris sends, among its twenty. Behold him, the light thin man; cold, but elastic, wiry; instinct with the pride of Logic; passionless, or with but one passion, that of self-conceit. If indeed that can be called a passion, which, in its independent concentrated greatness, seems to have soared into transcendentalism; and to sit there with a kind of godlike indifference, and look down on passion! He is the man, and wisdom shall die with him. This is the Sieyes who shall be System-builder, Constitution-builder General; and build Constitutions (as many as wanted) skyhigh, — which shall all unfortunately fall before he get the scaffolding away. '*La Politique*,' said he to Dumont, 'Polity is a science I think I have completed (*achevée*).' What things, O Sieyes, with thy clear assiduous eyes, art thou to see! But were it not curious to know how Sieyes, now in these days (for he is said to be still alive) looks out on all that Constitution masonry, through the rheumy soberness of extreme age? Might we hope, still with the old irrefragable transcendentalism? The victorious cause pleased the gods, the vanquished one pleased Sieyes (*victa Catoni*).

Thus, however, amid skyrending *vivats*, and blessings from every heart, has the Procession of the Commons Deputies rolled by.

Next follow the Noblesse, and next the Clergy; concerning both of whom it might be asked, What they specially have come for? Specially, little as they dream of it, to answer this question, put in a voice of thunder: What are you doing in God's fair Earth and Task-garden; where whosoever is not working is begging or stealing? Wo, wo to themselves and to all, if they can only answer: Collecting tithes, Preserving game!—Remark, meanwhile, how *D'Orleans* affects to step before his own Order, and mingle with the Commons. For him are *vivats*: few for the rest, though all wave in plumed 'hats of a feudal cut,' and have sword on thigh; though among them is *D'Antraigues*, the young Languedocian gentleman, — and indeed many a Peer more or less noteworthy.

There are *Liancourt*, and *La Rochefoucault*; the liberal Anglomaniac Dukes. There is a filially pious *Lally*; a couple of liberal *Lameths*. Above all, there is a *Lafayette;* whose name shall be Cromwell-Grandison, and fill the world. Many a 'formula' has this Lafayette too made away with; yet not *all* formulas. He sticks by the Washington-formula; and by that he will stick; — and hang by it, as by sure bower-anchor hangs and swings the tight war-ship, which, after all changes of wildest weather and water, is found still hanging. Happy for him; be it glorious or not! Alone of all Frenchmen he has a theory of the world, and right mind to conform thereto; he can become a hero and perfect character, were it but the hero of one idea. Note further our old Parlementary friend, *Crispin-Catiline d'Espréménil*. He is returned from the Mediterranean Islands, a redhot royalist, repentant to the finger ends; — unsettled-looking; whose light, dusky-glowing at best, now flickers foul in the socket; whom the National Assembly will by and by, to save time, 'regard as in a state of distraction.' Note lastly that globular *Younger* Mirabeau; indignant that his elder Brother is among the Commons; it is *Viscomte* Mirabeau; named oftener Mirabeau *Tonneau* (Barrel Mirabeau), on account of his rotundity, and the quantities of strong liquor he contains.

There then walks our French Noblesse. All in the old pomp of chivalry: and yet, alas, how changed from the old position; drifted far down from their native latitude, like Arctic icebergs got into the Equatorial sea, and fast thawing there! Once these Chivalry *Duces* (Dukes, as they are still named) did actually *lead* the world, — were it only towards battle-spoil, where lay the world's best wages then: moreover, being the ablest Leaders going, they had their lion's share, those *Duces*; which none could grudge them. But now, when so many Looms, improved Ploughshares, Steam-Engines

and Bills of Exchange have been invented; and, for battle-brawling itself, men hire Drill-Sergeants at eighteen-pence a-day, — what mean these goldmantled Chivalry Figures, walking there 'in black velvet cloaks,' in high-plumed 'hats of a feudal cut?' Reeds shaken in the wind!

The Clergy have got up; with *Cahiers* for abolishing pluralities, enforcing residence of bishops, better payment of tithes. The Dignitaries, we can observe, walk stately, apart from the numerous Undignified, — who indeed are properly little other than Commons disguised in Curate-frocks. Here, however, though by strange ways, shall the Precept be fulfilled, and they that are greatest (much to their astonishment) become least. For one example, out of many, mark that plausible *Grégoire*: one day Curé Grégoire shall be a Bishop, *in partibus*. With other thought, mark also the *Abbé Maury*: his broad bold face; mouth accurately primmed; full eyes, that ray out intelligence, falsehood, — the sort of sophistry which is astonished you should find it sophistical. Skilfullest vamper up of old rotten leather, to make it look like new; always a rising man; he used to tell Mercier, 'You will see; I shall be in the Academy before you.' Likely indeed, thou skilfullest Maury; nay thou shalt have a Cardinal's Hat, and plush and glory; but alas, also, in the longrun — mere oblivion, like the rest of us; and six feet earth! What boots it, vamping rotten leather on these terms? Glorious in comparison is the livelihood thy good old Father earns, by making shoes, — one may hope, in a sufficient manner. Maury does not want for audacity. He shall wear pistols, by and by; and, at death-cries of '*La Lanterne*, The Lamp-iron!' — answer coolly, 'Friends, will you see better there?'

But yonder, halting lamely along, thou noticest next *Bishop Talleyrand-Perigord*, his Reverence of Autun. A sardonic grimness lies in that irreverend Reverence of Autun. He will do and suffer strange things; and will *become* surely one of the strangest things ever seen, or like to be seen. A man living in falsehood, and on falsehood; yet not what you can call a false man: there is the specialty! It will be an enigma for future ages, one may hope: hitherto such a product of Nature and Art was possible only for this age of ours, — Age of Paper, and of the Burning of Paper. Consider Bishop Talleyrand and Marquis Lafayette as the topmost of their two kinds; and say once more, looking at what they did and what they were, *O Tempus ferax rerum*!

On the whole, however, has not this unfortunate Clergy also drifted in the Time-stream, far from its native latitude? An anomalous mass of men; of whom the whole world has already a dim understanding that it can understand nothing. They were once a Priesthood, interpreters of Wisdom, revealers of the Holy that is in Man; a true *Clerus* (or Inheritance of God on Earth): but now?—They pass silently, with such *Cahiers* as they have been able to redact; and none cries, God bless them.

King Louis with his Court brings up the rear: he cheerful, in this day of hope, is saluted with plaudits; still more Necker his Minister. Not so the Queen; on whom hope shines not steadily any more. Ill-fated Queen! Her hair is already gray with many cares and crosses; her firstborn son is dying in these weeks: black falsehood has ineffaceably soiled her name; ineffaceably while this generation lasts. Instead of *Vive la Reine*, voices insult her with *Vive d'Orleans*. Of her queenly beauty little remains except its stateliness; not now gracious, but haughty, rigid, silently enduring. With a most mixed feeling, wherein joy has no part, she resigns herself to a day she hoped never to have seen. Poor Marie Antoinette; with thy quick noble instincts; vehement glancings, vision all-too fitful narrow for the work thou hast to do! O there are tears in store for thee; bitterest wailings, soft womanly meltings, though thou hast the heart of an imperial Theresa's Daughter. Thou doomed one, shut thy eyes on the future! —

And so, in stately Procession, have passed the Elected of France. Some towards honour and quick fire-consummation; most towards dishonour; not a few towards massacre, confusion, emigration, desperation; all towards Eternity! — So many heterogeneities cast together into the fermenting-vat; there, with incalculable action, counteraction, elective affinities, explosive developments, to work out healing for a sick moribund System of Society! Probably the strangest Body of Men, if we consider well, that ever met together on our Planet on such an errand. So thousandfold complex a Society, ready to burst up from its infinite depth; and these men, its rulers and healers, without life-rule for themselves, — other life-rule than a Gospel according to Jean Jacques! To the wisest of them, what we must call the wisest, man is properly an Accident under the sky. Man is without Duty round him; except it be 'to make the Constitution.' He is without Heaven above him, or Hell beneath him; he has no God in the world.

What further or better belief can be said to exist in these Twelve Hundred? Belief in high-plumed hats of a feudal cut; in heraldic scutcheons; in the divine right of Kings, in the divine right of Game-destroyers. Belief, or what is still worse, canting half-belief; or worst of all, mere Machiavelic pretence-of-belief, — in consecrated dough-wafers, and the godhood of a poor old Italian Man! Nevertheless in that immeasurable Confusion and Corruption, which struggles there blindly to become less confused and corrupt, there is, as we said, this one salient-point of a New Life discernible: the deep fixed Determination to have done with Shams. A determination, which, consciously or unconsciously, is *fixed;* which waxes ever more fixed, into very madness and fixed-idea; which in such embodiment as lies provided there, shall now unfold itself rapidly: monstrous, stupendous, unspeakable; new for long thousands of years! — How has the Heaven's *light*, oftentimes in this Earth, to clothe itself in thunder and electric murkiness; and descend as molten *lightning*, blasting, if purifying! Nay is it not rather the very murkiness, and atmospheric suffocation, that *brings* the lightning and the light? The new Evangel, as the old had been, was it to be born in the Destruction of a World?

But how the Deputies assisted at High Mass, and heard sermon, and applauded the preacher, church as it was, when he preached politics; how, next day, with sustained pomp, they are, for the first time, installed in their *Salle de Menus* (Hall no longer *of Amusements*), and become a States-General, — readers can fancy for themselves. The King from his *estrade,* gorgeous as Solomon in all his glory, runs his eye over that majestic Hall; many-plumed, many-glancing; bright-tinted as rainbow, in the galleries and near side-spaces, where Beauty sits raining bright influence. Satisfaction, as of one that after long voyaging had got to port, plays over his broad simple face: the innocent King! He rises and speaks, with sonorous tone, a conceivable speech. With which, still more with the succeeding one-hour and two-hour speeches of Garde-des-Sceaux and M. Necker, full of nothing but patriotism, hope, faith, and deficiency of the revenue, — no reader of these pages shall be tried.

We remark only that, as his Majesty, on finishing the speech, put on his plumed hat, and the Noblesse according to custom imitated him, our Tiers-État Deputies did mostly, not without a shade of fierceness, in like manner clap on, and even crush on their slouched hats; and stand there awaiting the issue. Thick buzz among them, between majority and minority of *Couvrez-vous*, *Découvrez-vous* (Hats off, Hats on)! To which his Majesty puts end, by taking *off* his own royal hat again.

The session terminates without further accident or omen than this; with which, significantly enough, France has opened her States-General.

XL. SIR FRANCIS HEAD

ist der Verfasser zweier interessanter Reisewerke 'Rough Notes taken during some Rapid Journeys across the Pampas,' (1826) und 'Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau' (1833), die sich durch eleganten Stil und lebendige Darstellung auszeichnen, wie man aus nachstehendem Bruchstücke ersehen kann.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PAMPAS.

The great plain, or Pampas, on the east of the Cordillera, is about nine hundred miles in breadth, and the part which I have visited, though under the same latitude, is divided into regions of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos Ayres, the first of these regions is covered for one hundred and eighty miles with clover and thistles; the second region, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, produces long grass; and the third region, which reaches the base of the Cordillera, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The second and third of these regions have nearly the same appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are evergreen, and the immense plain of grass only changes its colour from green to brown; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture is very beautiful. In spring the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary: the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed; not an animal is to be seen; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before it had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change: the thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another, until the violence of the pampero or hurricane levels them with the ground, where they rapidly decompose and disappear — the clover rushes up, and the scene is again verdant.

XLI. JAMES BAILIE FRASER

gab im Jahre 1828 'The Kuzzilbash, a Tale of Khorassan' heraus, eine Beschreibung persischer Sitten und Zustände, welche Wahrheit und Dichtung auf gelungene Weise vereint. Da der Titel dieses Werkes missverstanden wurde, so liess *F.* die Fortsetzung unter dem Titel 'The Persian Adventurer' folgen. Das Wort Kuzzilbash ist türkischen Ursprungs und hiess anfänglich 'Rothkopf,' eine Benennung, die Schach Ismael I. denjenigen Stämmen beilegte, welchen die Vertheidigung des Monarchen oblag und die deshalb als Auszeichnung die rothe persische Militairmütze trugen; später diente diese Benennung zur Bezeichnung

jedes persischen Soldaten und ward zuletzt sogar der allgemeine Ausdruck für 'Perser' überhaupt. Das nachstehende Bruchstück ist sowohl durch die Darstellung der Verwüstung interessant, welche in halbkultivirten Ländern die unausbleibliche Begleiterin des Krieges und des Raubes ist, als durch die Gefühle, welche den Helden der Erzählung beim Anblicke seines verödeten Geburtsortes bewegten.

THE KUZZILBASH'S RETURN TO HIS NATIVE VILLAGE.

We continued for some time longer, riding over a track once fertile and well-cultivated, but now returned to its original desolation. The wild pomegranate, the thorn, and the thistle, grew high in the fields, and overran the walls that formerly enclosed them. At length we reached an open space, occupied by the ruins of a large walled village, among which a square building, with walls of greater height, and with towers at each corner, rose particularly conspicuous.

As we approached this place I felt my heart stirred within me, and my whole frame agitated with a secret and indescribable emotion; visions of past events seemed hovering dimly in my memory, but my sensations were too indistinct and too confused to be intelligible to myself. At last a vague idea shot through my brain, and thrilled like a fiery arrow in my heart; with burning cheeks and eager eyes I looked towards my companion, and saw his own bent keenly upon me.

'Knowest thou this spot, young man?' said he, after a pause; 'if thy memory does not serve thee, cannot thy heart tell thee what walls are these?' I gasped for breath, but could not speak. 'Yes, Ismael,' continued he, 'these are the ruined walls of thy father's house; there passed the first days of thy childhood; within that broken tower thy eyes first saw that light! But its courts are now strewed with the unburied dust of thy kindred, and the foxes and wolves of the desert rear their young among its roofless chambers. These are the acts of that tribe to which thou hast so long been in bondage — such is the debt of blood which cries out for thy vengeance!'

I checked my horse to gaze on the scene of my infant years, and my companion seemed willing to indulge me. Is it indeed true, as some sages have taught, that man's good angel hovers over the place of his birth, and dwells with peculiar fondness on the innocent days of his childhood? and that in after years of sorrow and of crime she pours the recollection of those pure and peaceful days like balm over the heart, to soften and improve it by their influence? How could it be, without some agency like this, that gazing thus unexpectedly on the desolate home of my fathers, the violent passions, the bustle, and the misery of later years, vanished from my mind like a dream; and the scenes and feelings of my childhood came fresh as yesterday to my remembrance? I heard the joyous clamour of my little brothers and sisters; our games, our quarrels, and our reconciliations, were once more present to me; the grave smile of my father, the kind but eternal gabble of my good old nurse; and above all the mild sweet voice of my beloved mother, as she adjusted our little disputes or soothed our childish sorrows — all rushed upon my mind, and for a while quite overpowered me: I covered my face with my hands and wept in silence.

XLII. WILLIAM CARLETON,

geb. 1798 zu Prillisk (Tyrone) in Irland, ist der Sohn eines Landmannes und erhielt den ersten nothdürftigsten Unterricht in einer Winkelschule Irlands. Von einem Verwandten,

der in Glasslough eine höhere Bildungsanstalt gegründet hatte, in dieselbe aufgenommen, verliess er sie bereits nach zwei Jahren um sich, von seinem Genius getrieben, in Dublin der schriftstellerischen Laufbahn zu widmen. Sein erstes Werk 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry' (Dubl. 1830, 2 Bde.) und die Fortsetzung desselben (1832) fanden alsbald die günstigste Aufnahme; dasselbe Glück machten seine humoristischen Romane und Erzählungen: 'Fardorougha the Miser, or the Convicts of Lisnamona,' 'The Misfortunes of Barney Branagon' (1841), sowie die Tendenzromane 'Valentine M'Clutchy' (1845), 'Rody, the Rover' (1846), 'The Black Prophet, a Tale of Irish Famine' (1847) 'Tithe Proctor' (1849). *C.* ist unstreitig einer der talentvollsten und populärsten Sittenmaler Irlands, dessen Zustände er mit Meisterschaft zu schildern versteht. Seinem neusten Werke: 'The Squanders of Squander Castle' (London, Januar 1852) entlehnen wir nachstehendes Bruchstück:

THE SQUANDERS OF SQUANDER CASTLE.

CHAPTER I.

How I came to Educate Mr. Squanders 'Whelps.'

The history, both natural, moral, social, and domestic, of the Squanders, of Castle Squander, is one with which Providence, for purposes very agreeable and disastrous to myself, thought fit to make me acquainted. I am the son of a man who was, for some years, a bailiff upon the Castle Squander propriety; and having been gifted with an apt apprehension for picking up knowledge, and a rather extensive imagination, concatenated with a strong affection for field sports — and, indeed, for sport of every description — I soon began to be looked upon as a rather remarkable youth. I received my education on the sunny side of a plantation seminary, or what the vulgarians of the country term a hedge-school. The master of this school was a very remarkable man, as an English and classical didactic. His name was *O'Shaughran*, which signifies 'a man on the stray,' and, indeed, he was seldom off it; being as genuine a specimen of the peripatetic school as e'er a learned vagabond in the records of old Greece itself. There was scarcely a county in Ireland into which he had not made victorious inroads, conquering, like Alexander, all the literary opponents that came in his way, and either making them knock under, or, in case of resistance, banishing them from the place of their jurisdiction, or, as he called it himself, 'evanishing into thin air.'

'Gintlemen,' he would often say, 'sobriety and learning are two things altogether incompatible. Poetry and *poteen* are both derivated from the same root — *póico, facio,* to make, to build, to construct. The human brain is a dead letter, until it is irradiated and vivified by 'the genuine.' Here am I now, the most celebrated classical didactic, and the greatest Philomath in Ireland, and yet, without the poteen, my head is nothing but a well-stored granary under lock and bar, or a fountain sealed up, of which poteen may be considered the key; for the moment it is applied the granary is open — the fountain is unsealed, and those who hunger and thirst after knowledge may feed and drink abundantly. Randy O'Rollick approach, *sine metu.* I cherish large expectations from you, Randy; taking your juvenile years into question, you have distinguished yourself oftener by drinking draughts of the true Pierian than any *condiscipulus* I ever had under my care. Go on, therefore, and prosper, Randy; get your inspiration from that which eschews the gauger — bad luck to him! — and you will be heard of yet.

'There 's great old Homer,
That fine old poemer,
'Twasn't in St. Omer's he sucked it in;
The thundering rhymer,
Got always a primer
From copious draughts of the true poteen.'

Randy, there 's a *poculum* there beyant, with a drop of the *optima creatura* in it: will you hand it hether? Thanks, Randy; *ago tibi gratias*, Randy. *Propino tibi salutem*, Randy; and, here's that you may rise to celebrity yet!'

It is not to be supposed that, under the tuition and example of such a man, I did not make a suitable progress. Mr. O'Shaughran always, as was then the custom, went round to the houses of his wealthiest pupils at night, and, among the rest, he did not neglect to pay my father a visit. Now my father — though a bailiff upon the Castle Squander property — was a man well to do in the world. Indeed, in the good old times, it sometimes happened that the bailiff, if a smart and knowing man, and with a *naso adunco* to business, succeeded in elevating himself through all the usual gradations of office until he found himself acting, *pleno velo*, in the full and unlimited capacity of agent. Or, if he felt that, from want of education, he himself was incapable of that glorious uprise, he not unfrequently got one of his sons — of course the cleverest and most roguish of them — indoctrinated into the pure and transparent profession of an attorney. This, together with an appropriate inoculation by his father into all the nice tricks and plausible iniquities connected with the management of property, gave the young scion a profound and copious knowledge of the business of an agent, by which he contrived to advance himself gradationally, until, in some instances, the property got into what is called a transition state, and ultimately passed — all through his own kindness and friendly aid — from its original owners into his own hands.

O'Shaughran, then, knowing that my father enjoyed a good deal of local celebrity for excellent housekeeping, and that he was seldom without a good bottle of the true Pierian, took a peculiar fancy not only to myself, but expressed a warm friendship for the whole family at large. In fact, I often thought there was a conspiracy between him and a circulating *saltator* of a dancing-master against my father's hung-beef, bacon, and whiskey; but in an especial manner against the whole body of our domestic ornithology. The plot between the two scheming thieves was as follows: — Paddy Dogherty, as great a little rebel as ever walked upon two feathers, kept his dancing-school in my father's barn. He was nicknamed Buckramback, because, in the year of the Irish Rebellion he was flogged to that degree that his back became, from what we may very fairly term hard usage, so indurated, that, being used to it, like the cook's eels, the cat-o'-nine-tails had no more effect upon him than upon so much cork or buckram. Indeed, in the long run, he used to go into the enemy's camp, and sing high treason, at the top of his lungs, in order that they might put him on the triangles, where he used to consider it as an amusement, and make faces at the drummers and other officers about him, as if the whole thing was only a piece of fun — and devil a thing else it was to him. At long last the Government found it was too expensive to be eternally whipping him, without effect; for they lost more in cat-o'-nine-tails than ever they gained by his punishment.

He had got a line out of some great writer, which he kept repeating to the drummers while flogging him —

> 'Lay on, Macduff,
> And damned be he who first cries, hold, enough!'

Lord Cornwallis, who happened to be present on one of these occasions, was so much struck with the little fellow's courage that he gave him a pass, written by his own hand, and a guinea to boot; after which the tiny rebel danced the 'Little House under the Hill' upon one of the drum-heads, to show his gratitude.

Well, as I said, he kept his dancing-school in my father's barn, where he had a great many pupils; but he did not confine himself to mere dancing; he also taught, what had since been termed, 'deportment' — a devilish difficult piece of science, as I have been given to understand. His deportment embraced, perhaps, a greater variety of accomplishments than ever

was comprehended within the prospectus of the most fashionable French Professor. He taught the girls, for instance, the most fashionable method of kissing; and how they were to kiss, more or less, according to the hold which the gentleman kissing them had upon their affections. His two great principles, however, as they affected either sex were: — first, that for females — which consisted in teaching them how 'to hold up their heads, and walk proud like the ladies.' The other consisted in teaching the young friezecoats 'how to carve like gintlemen.' Here now was where our ornithology suffered in this point, having the conspiracy I spoke of between himself and the schoolmaster. This last lesson was a purely domestic one — and a great proof of his condescension and regard for those to whom he vouchsafed to disclose it. In giving it, he suffered himself to fall, as it were, from the dignity of his profession; but he cared not — his anxiety was to make 'ladies' of his female pupils, and 'gintlemen' of the frieze-coats.

'Harry Halloran,' he would say to the son of some rude but wealthy farmer, 'have your best turkey ready to-morrow, with punch and a bottle of wine, for I will carve and do the honours wid you. I will show you what is meant by High Life and Mathematics; or, in other words, what is known and practised by the quality as the polite Science of Carvation.'

My poor mother, who had a high strain in her, felt delighted at this opportunity of getting her daughters taught 'to walk proud, like the ladies;' and my father, the bailiff, who had an eye to an agency, in the distance, for some of us, felt equally anxious that we should know something of high life and mathematics; the mathematics having consisted in the most scientific method of carving a fowl — a hint, which the dancing-master had received from O'Shaughran, the Philomath; who, with the aid of some old cookery-book, contrived to reduce the operation to a geometrical problem.

At all events, such was Buckramback's love for this agreeable scheme, that, so far as fowl were concerned, he cleared out the poultry-yards of almost every farmer in the neighbourhood; and were it not that my worthy father, as bailiff of the Castle Squander property, was supplied with an incredible number of fowl from the unfortunate tenants — in the shape, among more substantial tokens, of bribes — I don't think that even we could have supplied him with subjects for his 'High Life and Mathematics.'

This, however, was not all. O'Shaughran was always sure to come on these occasions with the aforesaid old cookery-book in his pocket; and, having pulled it out, and placed it before me and my brothers whilst Buckramback was operating, he pointed out to us what he termed the great Gastronomic Problem — which he said consisted in carving the fowl according to the principles discovered by that great philosopher Captain Cook.

Heaven help us! In what a beautiful and intellectual state was the country at that time — when every one of us, young and old, looked upon these two men as each infallible in his way!

I know there are several societies, both in England and Ireland, for the Insurance of Lives —which I conceive to be a fraud upon the public in general; as I don't suppose that one single society of them — any more than all of them put together — could extend a man's life beyond the moment appointed by Providence for his death. Be this, however, as it may, I am of opinion, that if such an extension were possible, there are in existence no two individuals who require the benefit of such societies more than an Irish Bailiff and an Irish Landlord — pardon me, I forgot the Irish Agent. My poor father was a good, kind man in his own family; but, somehow or other, he had contracted, from the habit of his *profession*, that kind of instinct, which we may notice in the hound, when the scent of an unfortunate and inoffensive hare comes in his way. Pity, compassion, sympathy, or fellow-feeling for those against whom he had his writ of eject-

ment, or any other of those various documents by which he was usually authorised to act, were to him principles which he could not understand. The spirit of his employment, and his anxiety to gratify those who had selected him for it, had so completely hardened his heart, that if he felt anything in the shape of conscience — anything that soothed and gratified it in the discharge of his duty — it was when he had cast a sharper and more inhuman spirit into the discharge of that duty. In point of fact, I think his conscience was completely inverted; for, if ever he experienced anything like regret or remorse, it was for some over-indulgence to the wretched people, or some opportunity for further peculation which he had considerately let slip him. To effect his caption, or the execution of his writ, in the most complete manner, without reference to the circumstances of the individual or the family on whom he pounced — without reference to sex — to age — to sickness — or even to insanity itself — was what he looked upon as constituting his merit and his pride.

And yet it is surprising to think how the people liked him! Yes, liked him! Certainly they must have liked him, or how could it have come to pass that he was uniformly treated with such wonderful kindness and respect? How could it happen that any man whom they detested should have received so many fat geese, turkeys, ducks, and fowl of every description; so many bags of oats; so many *miscauns* of butter, young pigs, and various other *et ceteras* of that kind? Yes, I maintain it, my father was a popular man. In fair and in market he was treated as such. How frequently in these places has he been asked in to drink with the tenantry, and forced to partake of the best the house could furnish; and that even by those who were a little behind in their rent, and who could, consequently, least afford it! No — upon further reflection, I maintain it — my father must have been a feeling and a kind-hearted man; for I can assure you, gentle reader, that on these occasions, when the unhappy people were committing many a doleful narrative of their hard situations to his kind confidence, he treated them with such a degree of sympathy, and promised to intercede for them with the landlord, and get them time — with such an honest and unquestionable sincerity that they have kept blessing him, and bribing him — the latter at his own benevolent suggestion — until he was found to come down upon them at one fell swoop; and if he was harsh then, and forgot all his friendship — all his promises — all their bribes — all his sympathy — was it not in the discharge of his duty? No; I do not think there ever was a more popular bailiff — only that one night, after having levied an execution on the furniture, cattle, and hag-yard of a sick, but honest family, he preferred staying out, instead of returning to his own house that night. Neither did he come home in the morning — nor at noon — nor at night again; and it was only after a search of three days that he was found in a copse of hazel, with two additional 'solutions of continuity,' as the surgeons say, in his head, more than ever Nature had originally placed there. In other words, the poor, kind-hearted man, who was so well beloved by the people, and loaded with so many substantial tokens of their regard, was forced to die an *extempore* death, without priest or friar, judge or jury, having received a bullet right through the head; and such was the end of my poor father.

My mother, on the contrary, was not indeed such a wife to him as she ought to have been. Many a time after his return home, boasting of the success with which he had executed his mission against some unfortunate family, has she risen up, — but this was when we were poor, — and bringing a noggin of buttermilk, dashed it between his eyes, exclaiming —

'You hardened vagabone! — why do you take delight in the misery of these unfortunate people? Why don't you throw up your situation, and stick to your honest industry? Why will you let yourself become a tool of the devil

in the hands of any landlord? Do you remember — can you forget — what we suffered when the bailiffs were upon ourselves? Do you remember Frank M'Murt's conduct, and his treachery to us, afther all the presents we sent him? And yet you'll allow yourself to become an instrument of hell in the hands of these Squanders, of Castle Squander, to harrish your fellow-creatures? Faugh upon you! But mark the end of it. Ah! you give notice — by the way — to these poor creatures; but, take my word for it, that if you don't act in a milder and kinder spirit, *your death* will be *without* notice.'

My father never answered her, for he was a mild man at home; but he used to wink at us. And then, after getting in the whiskey bottle, he would sit down, very comfortable, and take two or three tumblers of punch.

This was fair enough; but then we always had a second quarrel; for, when he began to get maudlin and moistened, he used to express pity for the creatures that had been turned out or ruined. Then my mother, who, as I said, was of a high strain, thought worse of this than she did of the other; and, God knows, many a malivogueing she gave him, for what she called, 'his harpocrisy.'

For some years this went on; but, as my mother saw the means and circumstances of the family increasing, and knew that every act of rapacity and fraud on the part of my father, went to fill his pockets, it was wonderful how gradually she softened the tone of her rebukes, until ultimately she had actually imbibed and identified herself with his spirit.

'Poor creatures,' she would say, 'we know they are to be pitied, no doubt; but, then, on the other hand, *one must do their duty*.'

Such, however, is life; and such, too often the strength of human virtue, when opposed to temptation.

After my father's death matters began to retrograde a good deal, and I must say that a large portion of my mother's sorrow for the poor man who had received an ejectment out of life without notice, was occasioned as much by the cessation of those handsome perquisites which he squeezed out of the unfortunate tenantry, as by his simple loss. She was, at this time, what is called, in Ireland, a comely *flahoolagh* widow, and in six months or so after the sad event I have just narrated, began to throw her eye about for a second husband. This was evident from her neglect of the family, and a more than usual attention to the decoration of her person; her dress, indeed, exhibited more show than taste, and caused a good deal of satire and amusement among the neighbours. She now began to attend fairs and markets, although she had no earthly business at them, unless very rarely. Her affection also for our neighbours, and her sympathy for their bereavements, increased so much, that I 'll be bound to say, a single wake did not take place for miles around at which she was not present. Now, as there is no meeting of any kind so remarkable for fun and courting as an Irish wake where sorrow is fairly smothered in mirth, I think we need not travel far to find out the cause of her sympathy for those who had lost their friends. Be this as it may, she was captivated by a species of Irish character, called a *Sportheen*, which means a frolicsome and amusing vagabond, who detests work and industry; attends every dance, wake, fair, race, and other place of diversion within his reach; carries his wealth and wardrobe on his back, and laughs, and drinks, and fights his pleasant way through the world.

To make a long story short, as the 'divarting vagabond' wanted a hearth and feeding-place of his own, and finding that the bouncing widow had both, he made up to her; the negociations were short, as they always are where the parties are willing, and, in a brief space of time, she 'metamurphied' the *Sportheen* blade into a stepfather.

Alas! alas! Here is where the unfortunate orphan is soon taught to draw the painful distinction between the spurious and the true, between the homely touch of nature, and the hol-

low heartlessness of self-interest and pretence. Our father, though hard in the heart as a Scotch whinstone, when executing his writs and decrees, was not, nevertheless, without strong touches of domestic affection, and loved his children so well that he had projected a little scheme of ambition for each. It was now, however, we missed him; it was now we perceived the startling and incredible change of which a woman's heart, — nay, even a mother's, — is capable, when she suffers any single passion to overcome her. The jolly, pleasant, rollicking sportheen, who had been, and still was, to others all laughter, jest, and light-heartedness, was a most merciless and unfeeling tyrant to us, and evidently set his heart upon banishing us from the family. Young as we were, it was impossible to avoid suspecting this, and, after the birth of their first child, he no longer concealed his purpose. Every day, upon the slightest pretence, he beat us black and blue; but there is no evil without its good. His severity only knit our hearts and affections more closely together, and caused us to love each other with greater tenderness. My eldest sister was a beautiful and modest girl, and when I used to see the unoffending creature with a black eye, which was often the case, I swore that if God spared me, I would work a fearful revenge upon the smiling and unmanly villain who treated her with such barbarity.

I now felt that it was necessary to do something for myself, and, consequently, devoted every hour I could spare to selfimprovement. I had laid in a tolerably good stock of mathematics, with a fair share of Greek and Latin, and was gifted, besides, with a good natural intellect; but that which stood me most instead, was a pleasant, social disposition, and an unconquerable love for what my old master, O'Shaughran, used to term the 'true Pierian.'

In Ireland, at this period, it may be necessary to mention, that no man with pretensions to instruct youth, or, in other words, to keep a hedge-school, had any chance whatever for support unless he was remarkable for a love of drink. A kind of corrupt superstition prevailed among the people that the drunken schoolmaster was always a man of the greatest talent and acquirements; a superstition which originated from the well-known fact that clever teachers were so completely debauched by the kindness and hospitality of the people that the effect was mistaken for the cause. Such, however, was the fact, nor is it yet wholly obliterated from the country.

One day, at this time, our landlord, Squire Squander, accompanied by his three slips of sons, having been out shooting, and the day being warm, happened to call in for a drink. My stepfather was in the house at the time, and the squire, having satisfied his thirst, sat down to rest.

'Well, Mrs. Murphy,' said he, addressing my mother, for I should say that Murphy was the name of our vagabond stepfather, the sportheen, a circumstance which caused me to commit the little pun of *meta-murphied* above; well, Mrs. Murphy,' said he, 'so you have got married again. This man, I suppose, is your husband?'

'Yes, your honour.'

'Well, and is he a good husband to you?'

'Betther never broke bread, your honour.'

'Kind to your children, eh?'

'He 's the moral (model) of a good husband, sir,' (equivocating).

'This pretty girl one of your daughters, eh?'

'Yes, your honour.'

'A very pretty girl — a very pretty girl, indeed; there Dick,' said he, addressing the eldest, 'what do you think of that bit o' goods, eh, my boy?'

'Her points are good; admirable, father; but, come here, my pretty girl.'

My sister withdrew, for I need scarcely say that there was such a licentious leer in the eye of the young profligate as would cause any modest girl to avoid him.

'Why don't you go over to the young gintleman?' said my mother. 'Go over to him, when he bids you.'

'No matter,' said Master Dick. 'It doesn't signify; I know the cause of it. Pray, my dear, how did you get the black eye? It 's a thousand pities to see such a pretty girl as you are with a black eye.'

'Indeed, your honour,' replied my mother, it was a kick she got from one of the cows, while milkin.'

'May be your honour,' said my stepfather, 'you and the young gintlemen would taste a drop of good spirits and water afther the fatigue of shootin? Troth, it was very stupid of me not to think of it before.'

To this the squire made no reply.

'You shan't carry it off that way either,' thought I, stepping forward. 'Please, your honour, if you wish to know who gave my sister the black eye, there he stands, that smiling hypocrite; that cruel and cowardly scoundrel before you. It would be better for us to be dead, than lead the life we lead with him. There is not a week that my sister — that modest inoffensive girl — has not a black eye from his hand. And, now, sir, he is going to put us out of the house, upon the wide world, without shelter or protection.'

'Come, come, come,' said the squire, 'Eh? — What is this? What is this? A bad business; come here, my girl; don't be afraid to speak. Is this true?'

'It's true, sir, every word of it,' she replied, with a curtsey. 'I couldn't tell your honour the life we lead with him.'

'What do *you* say, Mrs. Murphy? You are their mother, eh? Is this true?'

'Never mind them, your honour,' she replied. 'A betther stepfather never breathed; but, indeed, if you knew the treatment he gets, you'd wondher at his forbearance.'

'Don't spake anything against the childre, at any rate,' said the cowardly hypocrite. 'I can bear enough, God knows, and do too, but say nothing against them.'

'Come here, my girl,' proceeded the Squire; 'do you tell me, seriously and solemnly, in the presence of God, that it was this man here' (pointing to my stepfather) 'who left you in this state?'

'In the presence of God, it was,' she replied: 'and the truth, your honour, is, that although he is driving us out of our own father's roof, and from our own father's property, we are not sorry for it. Beggary, starvation, or death itself, would be better than the life he leads us.'

'Well,' said the Landlord, 'I am sorry to hear this; your father — one of the most useful and energetic officers I ever had — lost his life in my service; and I am bound to see that his children shall not be oppressed. Mr. *Sportheen* Murphy, I have heard of the treatment this young family receive at your hands; heard it from a hundred quarters — and, what is more, I am now satisfied of its truth. I came here, in fact, for that purpose. Now listen to me, you unmanly scoundrel — as the boy said — the lease of this farm is out — so is your tenure of it. *You* must clear off; but these children shall remain in it. I do not wish to say anything harsh to your wife; but this property is neither hers nor yours — it belongs to them, and they shall have it. Cut your stick, then, you ruffian; I give you a month from this day, and if I find you here afterwards, out you go, without ceremony. I shall have notices served to-morrow. The furniture and everything else is to remain for the benefit of the children. Come, boys!'

As he spoke, the brow of *Sportheen* grew black as night; and I, who knew the spirit of vengeance and cruelty that was within him, began to fear for the Landlord: and the more so as I knew that the fellow was in the habit of being out whole nights, seldom making his appearance until early in the morning. Nor was this all. I once or twice observed about his throat and the roots of his hair traces of the stuff with which the White-boys*) are in the habit of blackening their faces.

*) This looks like a bull; but it is not so. They were called 'White-boys' because they wore shirts over their dresses when out at night: but they always went with blackened faces. Both were resorted to, to disguise themselves.

'Sir,' said I, stepping forward, 'we feel deeply indebted to you for your kindness; but, if you please, it is not our wish that you should push matters to such extremities. If the *Sportheen* here, will promise, in your presence, not to beat or annoy us any more, we would rather, for our mother's sake, that we should remain as we are. As for myself, I hope I'm able to earn my bread as a schoolmaster; the neighbours have promised to support me.'

'Indeed!' said the Squire; 'are you well educated?'

'Only comparatively speaking, sir,' I replied. 'I know a trifle of mathematics, and am not altogether ignorant of Latin and Greek.'

'How! — how!'—he exclaimed—'do you tell me so? We are packing off a chap for Trinity College; as confounded a blockhead as ever opened a book. The parson — who was once a Fellow himself, and a devilish good fellow he is still — examined this worthy, and discovered his ignorance. Whatever he did know, instead of communicating it to my whelps, here, he amused himself in making love to my daughter. Off he goes to-morrow morning. Dick, what would you think of this young fellow for a tutor?'

'Deuce a better, father. He's worth any money out with the gun or harriers; and as for bait or fly-fishing, he's matchless. Engage him.'

'What's your name?' asked the Squire. 'I mean your Christian name.'

'Randal, sir; commonly called Randy.'

'Randy,' he repeated; 'yes, that's far better than Randal — Randy rhymes with Brandy. I think I have heard of you. You love your drop, I'm told; isn't this he, Dick?' turning to the eldest.

'The same' said Master Dick; 'he's up to everything; from a needle to an anchor — from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter. Isn't that so, Randy?'

'I have never committed manslaughter yet, sir,' I replied, looking fiercely at my stepfather; but I won't promise that I may not have it to answer for in another twelve months, if my sisters and brothers are not better treated.'

'Call him out, Randy,' said Master Dick; 'curse me, if you do, I'll furnish you both with the Point Blanks. I say, Murphy— or *Sportheen*, or whatever your name is — will you fight him with pistols, at twelve paces?'

'No,' replied the *Sportheen*, who, in point of fact, was an arrant coward whenever he chanced to have his match before him; 'I'll do no such thing.'

'Well, then,' replied the other, 'I'll tell you what, if I ever hear that you raise your hand to one of this family again, I give you my honour that I'll horse-whip you within an inch of your life; and as to this pretty girl, especially, if ever you injure a hair of her beautiful head, I'll make you smoke; so don't be afraid of him, my pretty lass — I'll be your protector!'

The father laughed heartily at this manifestation of Master Dick's gallantry.

'Bravo, Dick!' said he; 'well done! — a chip of the old block, as sure as suds isn't claret. Do you hear, you *Sportheen* fellow?' he proceeded — nodding, however, towards the son — 'Mark his words — you had better; for, upon my honour, if you maltreat these children again, he'll make them good; or, if he doesn't, I will. Come, boys!'

'But, about Randy, father?' said Master Dick. 'Zounds! engage him. He'll be worth any money. It was he rode, and won, the match for Colonel Coppernose, upon Daddy-long-legs, against M'Namara's Cannon-ball.'

'I'll tell you what, then, Randy,' said the Squire addressing me; 'come over to-morrow evening to the castle. Dr. M'Claret is to dine with us: he was once a Fellow of Trinity College; and they say, was then the devil at the books — as he is now at the bottle. Come over, then, to-morrow evening; and if you stand a successful examination with him, why, as the whelps have taken a fancy to you, I'll talk with you about it. Good-bye, Mrs. Murphy; good-bye, youngsters; and, Mr. Sportheen, mind your points.'

Dick was about to whisper something to my sister, but she withdrew, and he saw that it was 'no go,' as he would say himself. He then whispered me —

'Don't be afraid of M'Claret, Randy; we'll take care and make him half drunk before he examines you. If he goes too deep, look fierce, swear, and ask him if he means to insult you. By this means you'll cow the soul within him; for he hasn't the heart of a rabbit.'

The worthy Squire, attended by his whelps, as he called them, and a couple of servants, who had remained outside, then took their way home, or rejoined the sport; I really, at this distance of time, forget which — neither does it much signify to the reader.

XLIII. FRANCIS MARRYAT,

der Sohn eines reichen Grosshändlers, wurde in der Grafschaft Suffolk geboren, trat frühzeitig in den Seedienst und wurde nach dem Kriege mit den Birmanen, in welchem er sich besonders auszeichnete, Kapitain. Ausser einer Menge Artikel in englischen Zeitschriften hat er eine Reihe von beifällig aufgenommenen Romanen geschrieben, in denen die Unternehmungen und Gefahren des Seelebens das Hauptmoment bilden. Zuert erschien: 'The Naval Officer,' 1829; dann 'The King's Own,' 1830; 'Newton Forster' und 'Peter Simple,' 1832; seitdem in rascher Folge: 'Jacob Faithful,' 'The Phantom Ship,' 'Mr. Midshipman Easy,' 'The Pacha of Many Tales,' 'Japhet in Search of a Father,' 'Poor Jack,' 'Frank Mildmay' 'Joseph Rushbrook the Poacher,' 'Masterman Ready,' 'Snarley-Yow,' 'Ralph Rattlin the Reefer,' 'Perceval Keene.' In neuester Zeit lieferte er auch einige vortreffliche Jugendschriften: 'The Settlers in Canada,' Lond. 1844, und 'The Mission, or Scenes in Africa,' Lond. 1845; dagegen fand sein: 'Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions,' 3 Bde., London 1839, sowohl in Amerika, wie in England heftigen Tadel. Das New Monthly Magazine sagt über ihn: In Captain Marryat's writings there are wanting many of the elements by means of which other eminent writers have built up a reputation. He has no Italian sublimity of invention, no correctness of outline and purity of design; not even the brilliancy of colouring of the Venetian school: but he has all the truth of nature, and that, too, of a nature neither elevated nor impassioned: and he shines by a striking, vigorous, perhaps coarser reflection of what *is*, in the special department he has chosen for illustration. If we were to put upon us, to define Capt. M. as an author and to mark him with an appropriate epithet, we should say that he is a pleasant writer. His leading excellence is the untiring nerve of his light, easy and flowing pen, together with a keen sense of the ridiculous. That there is no trace of effort in anything he does, is in itself a charm. But after all, his great and peculiar excellence is his originality — that he is himself alone: and that as he borrows from nobody, so on the other hand, nobody can safely borrow from him.

A STORM OFF THE COAST OF IRELAND.

It was no time for man to war against man. The powers of heaven were loose, and in all their fury. The wind howled, the sea raged, the thunder stunned, and the lightning blinded. The Eternal was present in all his majesty; yet pigmy mortals were contending. But Captain M— was unmoved, unawed, unchecked; and the men, stimulated by his example, and careless of every thing, heeded not the warnings of the elements.

'Sit on your powder-box, and keep it dry, you young monkey,' said the quarter-master,

who was captain of the gun, to the lad who had the cartridge ready for reloading it. The fire upon the French vessel was warmly kept up, when the master again came on deck, and stated to the captain, that they could not be more than four leagues from a dead leeshore, which, by keeping away after the French vessel, they must be nearing fast.

'She cannot stand this long, sir. Look to windward — the gale increases; there is a fresh hand at the 'bellows.'

The wind now redoubled its fury, and the rain, that took a horizontal, instead of a perpendicular, direction, from the force of the wind, fed the gale instead of lulling it. The thunder rolled, and the frigate was so drenched with water, that the guns were primed and reprimed without the fire communicating to the powder, which, in a few seconds, was saturated with the rain and spray. This was but of little consequence, as the squall, and torrents of rain, had now hid the enemy from their sight. 'Look out for her, my men, as soon as the squall passes over,' cried Captain M—.

A flash of lightning, that blinded them for a time, was followed by a peal of thunder, so close, that the timbers of the ship trembled with the vibration of the air. A second hostile meeting of electricity took place, and the fluid darted down the side of the frigate's main mast, passing through the quarter-deck, in the direction of the powder-magazine. Captain M—, the first-lieutenant, master, and fifty or sixty of the men, were struck down by the violence of the shock. Many were killed, more wounded, and the rest, blinded and stunned, staggered, and fell to leeward with the lurching of the vessel. Gradually, those who were only stunned, recovered their legs, and amongst the first was the captain of the frigate. As soon as he could recal his scattered senses, with his usual presence of mind, he desired the 'fire-roll' to be beat by the drummer, and sent down to ascertain the extent of the mischief. A strong sulphurous smell pervaded the ship, and flew up the hatchways; and such was the confusion, that some minutes elapsed before any report could be made. It appeared, that the electric fluid had passed close to the spirit-room and after-magazine, and escaped through the bottom of the vessel. Before the report had been made, the captain had given directions for taking the wounded down to the surgeon, and the bodies of the dead under the halfdeck. The electric matter had divided at the foot of the main-mast, to which it had done no injury: one part, as before mentioned, having gone below, while the other, striking the iron bolt that connected the lower part of the main-bitts, had thence passed to the two fore-mast quarter-deck carronades, firing them both off at the same moment that it killed and wounded the men who were stationed at them. The effects of the lightning were various. The men who were close to the foot of the main-mast, holding on by the ropes belayed to the main-bitts, were burnt to a cinder, and their black corpses lay smoking in the remnants of their clothes, emitting an overpowering ammoniacal stench. Some were only wounded in the arm or leg; but the scathed member was shrivelled up, and they were borne down the hatchway, howling with intolerable pain. The most awful effects were at the guns. The captains of the two carronades, and several men that were near them, were dead; but had not the equipoise of the bodies been lost by the violent motion of the ship, their dreadful fate would not have been immediately perceived. Not an injury appeared; every muscle was fixed to the same position as when the fluid entered. The same expression of countenance, the same energy of character, the eye like life, as it watched the sight on the gun, the body bent forwards, the arm extended, the fingers still holding the lanyard attached to the lock. Nothing but palpable evidence could convince one that they were dead.

The boy attending with his powder-box, upon which he had sat by the directions of the captain of the gun, was desired by Captain M—, to jump up and assist the men in carrying down the wounded. He sat still on his

box, supported between the capstan and the stanchions of the companion hatchway, his eyes apparently upon the captain, but not moving in obedience to the order, although repeated in an angry tone. He was dead!

During the confusion and panic attending this catastrophe, the guns had been deserted. As soon as the wounded men had been taken below, the captain desired the boatswain to pipe to quarters, for the drummer, when called to beat the 'fire-roll,' had, with others, been summoned to his last account. The guns were again manned, and the firing recommenced; but a want of energy, and the melancholy silence which prevailed, evidently showed that the men, although they obeyed, did not obey cheerfully.

'Another pull of the fore-staysail, Mr. Hardsett,' cried Captain M—, through his speaking-trumpet.

'Ay, ay, Sir; clap on him, my lads,' replied the boatswain, holding his call between his teeth, as he lent the assistance of his powerful frame to the exertions of the men. The sheet was aft, and belayed, and the boatswain indulged in muttered quotations from the Scriptures; — 'He bringeth forth the clouds from the end of the world, and sendeth forth lightnings, with rain; bringing the winds out of his treasures. He smote the first-born of Egypt.'

The first-lieutenant and master were in close consultation to wind-ward. The captain stood at the lee-gangway, occasionally desiring the quarter-master at the conn to alter the course, regulating his own by that of his disabled enemy.

'I'll speak to him, then,' exclaimed Pearce, as the conference broke up, and he went over to leeward to the captain.

'Captain M—, I have the honour to serve under your command some time, and I trust that you will allow that I have never shown any want of zeal in the discharge of my duty?'

'No, Mr. Pearce,' replied the captain, with a grave smile; 'without compliment, you never have.'

'Then, Sir, you will not be affronted at, or ascribe to unworthy motives, a remark which I wish to make.'

'Most certainly not; as I am persuaded that you will never make any observation inconsistent with your duty, or infringing upon the rules of the service.'

'Then, Sir, with all due submission to you, I do think, and it is the opinion of the other officers as well, that our present employment, under existing circumstances, is tempting, if not insulting, the Almighty. Look at the sky, look at the raging sea, hear the wind, and call to mind the effects of the lightning not one half-hour since. When the Almighty appears in all his wrath, in all his tremendous majesty, is it a time for us poor mortals to be at strife? What is our feeble artillery, what is the roar of our cannon, compared to the withering and consuming artillery of heaven! Has he not told us so, — and do not the ship's company, by their dispirited conduct since the vessel was struck, acknowledge it? The officers all feel it, Sir. Is it not presumptuous, — with all due submission, Sir, is it not wicked?'

'I respect your feelings as a christian, and as a man,' replied Captain M—, 'but I must differ with you. That the Almighty power appears, I grant; and I feel as you do, that God is great, and man weak and impotent. But that this storm has been raised — that this thunder rolls — that this lightning has blasted us, as a *warning*, I deny. The causes emanate from the Almighty; but he leaves the effects to the arrangements of Nature, which is governed by immutable laws. Had there been no other vessel in sight, this lightning would still have struck us; and this storm will not cease, even if we were to neglect what I consider a duty to our country.'

The master touched his hat, and made no answer. It was now about one o'clock, and the horizon to leeward, clearing up a little, showed the land upon the lee-beam.

'Land ho!' cried one of the men.

'Indeed!' observed the captain to the master — 'we are nearer than you thought.'

'Something, Sir, perhaps; but recollect how many hours you have kept away after this vessel.'

'Very true,' rejoined the Captain; 'and the in-draught into the bargain. I am not surprised at it.'

'Shall we haul our wind, Sir? we are on a dead leeshore.'

'No, Mr. Pearce, not until the fate of that vessel is decided.'

'Land on the weather-bow!' reported the boatswain from the fore-castle.

'Indeed!' said the captain, — 'then the affair will soon be decided.'

The vessels still continued their course in a slanting direction towards the land, pursuer and pursued, running on to destruction; but, although various indirect hints were given by the first lieutenant and others, Captain M— turned a deaf ear. He surveyed the dangers which presented themselves, and frowned upon them as if in defiance.

XLIV. HENRY HALLAM,

der Verfasser mehrer Geschichtswerke, die sich durch gründliche Forschung, parteilose Darstellung und Klarheit des Stils sehr vortheilhaft auszeichnen. Das erste erschien 1818, unter dem Titel: 'The State of Europe during the Middle-Ages,' Lond., 2 Bde. Darauf: 'The Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII.to the Death of George II. Lond., 1832 (3te Aufl.), 3 Bde. Sein neuestes Werk ist die vortreffliche: 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the 15th, 16th and 17th Centuries,' Lond., 1837. — Vergleiche Quarterly Review, XXX. p. 141. New Monthly Magazine, XXXV. p. 537.

CHARACTER OF CROMWELL.

Cromwell left a fame behind him, proportioned to his extraordinary fortunes and to the great qualities which sustained them; still more perhaps the admiration of strangers than of his country, because that sentiment was less alloyed by hatred, which seeks to extenuate the glory that irritates it. The nation itself forgave much to one who had brought back the renown of her ancient story, the traditions of Elizabeth's age after the ignominious reigns of her successors. This contrast with James and Charles in their foreign policy gave additional lustre to the era of the protectorate. There could not but be a sense of pride to see an Englishman, but yesterday raised above the many, without one drop of blood in his veins which the princes of the earth could challenge as their own, receive the homage of those who acknowledged no right to power, and hardly any title to respect, except that of prescription. The sluggish pride of Spain, the mean-spirited cunning of Mazarin, the irregular imagination of Christina, sought with emulous ardour the friendship of our usurper. He had the advantage of reaping the harvest which he had not sown, by an honourable treaty with Holland, the fruit of victories achieved under the parliament. But he still employed the great energies of Blake in the service for which he was so eminently fitted; and it is just to say that the maritime glory of England may first be traced from the era of the commonwealth in a track of continuous light. The oppressed protestants in catholic kingdoms, disgusted at the lukewarmness and half-apostasy of the Stuarts, looked up to him as their patron and mediator. Courted by the two rival monarchies of Europe, he seemed to threaten both with his hostility; and when he declared against Spain, and at-

tacked her West India possessions with little pretence certainly of justice, but not by any means, as I conceive, with the impolicy sometimes charged against him, so auspicious was his star that the very failure and disappointment of that expedition obtained a more advantageous possession for England than all the triumphs of her former kings.

Notwithstanding this external splendour, which has deceived some of our own, and most foreign writers, it is evident that the submission of the people to Cromwell was far from peaceable or voluntary. His strong and skilful grasp kept down a nation of enemies that must naturally, to judge from their numbers and inveteracy, have overwhelmed him. It required a dexterous management to play with the army, and without the army he could not have existed as sovereign for a day. Yet it seems highly improbable that, had Cromwell lived, any insurrection or conspiracy, setting aside assassination, could have overthrown a possession so fenced by systematic vigilance, by experienced caution, by the respect and terror that belonged to his name. The royalist and republican intrigues had gone on for several years without intermission; but every part of their designs was open to him; and it appears that there was not courage or rather temerity sufficient to make any open demonstration of so prevalent a disaffection.

The most superficial observers cannot have overlooked the general resemblances in the fortunes and character of Cromwell, and of him who, more recently and upon an ampler theatre, has struck nations with wonder and awe. But the parallel may be traced more closely than perhaps has hitherto been remarked. Both raised to power by the only merit which a revolution leaves uncontroverted and untarnished, that of military achievements, in that reflux of public sentiment, when the fervid enthusiasm of democracy gives place to disgust at its excesses and a desire of firm government. The means of greatness the same to both, the extinction of a representative assembly, once national, but already mutilated by violence, and sunk by its submission to that illegal force into general contempt. In military science or the renown of their exploits, we cannot certainly rank Cromwell by the side of him, for whose genius and ambition all Europe seemed the appointed quarry; but it may be said that the former's exploits were as much above the level of his contemporaries, and more the fruits of an original uneducated capacity. In civil government, there can be no adequate parallel between one who had sucked only the dregs of a besotted fanaticism, and one to whom the stores of reason and philosophy were open. But it must here be added that Cromwell, far unlike his antitype, never showed any signs of a legislative mind, or any desire to fix his renown on that noblest basis, the amelioration of social institutions. Both were eminent masters of human nature, and played with inferior capacities in all the security of powerful minds. Though both, coming at the conclusion of a struggle for liberty, trampled upon her claims, and sometimes spoke disdainfully of her name, each knew how to associate the interests of those who had contended for her with his own ascendancy, and made himself the representative of a victorious revolution. Those who had too much philosophy or zeal for freedom to give way to popular admiration for these illustrious usurpers, were yet amused with the adulation that lawful princes showered on them, more gratuitously in one instance, with servile terror in the other. Both too repaid in some measure this homage of the pretended great by turning their ambition towards those honours and titles which they knew to be so little connected with high desert. A fallen race of monarchs, which had made way for the greatness of each, cherished hopes of restoration by their power, till each, by an inexpiable act of blood, manifested his determination to make no compromise with that line. Both possessed a certain coarse good nature and affability that covered the want of conscience, honour, and humanity; quick in passion, but not vindictive,

and averse to unnecessary crimes. Their fortunes in the conclusion of life were indeed very different: one forfeited the affections of his people, which the other, in the character at least of their master, had never possessed; one furnished a moral to Europe by the continuance of his success, the other by the prodigiousness of his fall. A fresh resemblance arose afterwards, when the restoration of those royal families, whom their ascendant had kept under, revived ancient animosities, and excited new ones; those who from love of democratical liberty had borne the most deadly hatred to the apostates who had betrayed it, recovering some affection to their memory, out of aversion to a common enemy. Our English republicans have, with some exceptions, displayed a sympathy for the name of Cromwell; and I need not observe how remarkably this holds good in the case of his mighty parallel.

XLV. THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY,

geb. 1800 in Schottland, trat 1830 in das Parlament, wo er noch gegenwärtig Edinburg vertritt. Unter der Administration Lord Melbourne's wurde er Mitglied des obersten Gerichtshofes in Indien, von wo er 1838 zurückkehrte; unter dem letzten Ministerium Russel war er, als Paymaster-General, (General-Kriegs-Zahlmeister), Mitglied des Kabinets. Im J. 1842 gab er seine: 'Lays of Ancient Rome' heraus, von denen *Chambers* sagt: 'They are an attempt, by the aid of learning, to reproduce the chants, analogous to our modern ballads, on which it is now supposed that the earlier portion of Roman history is founded. They give us, in vivid and energetic verse, four of the heroïc stories which may be supposed to have been favourites with the Roman populace and tribunes. This volume has experienced an extraordinary degree of popularity.' Als geistreichen Kritiker hat er sich durch die vortrefflichen Aufsätze im 'Edinburgh Review' gezeigt, welche unter dem Titel: 'Critical and Historical Essays, contributed to the Edinburgh Review,' Lond., 3 Bde., 1843, gesammelt erschienen. Eben so gross steht er als Geschichtsschreiber da in seiner: 'History of England, from the Accession of James the Second,' Lond., 1847, (deutsch von *W. Beseler* 1852), ein Werk, welches sich durch gründliche Forschung, vortreffliche Darstellung und Klarheit des Stils auszeichnet, und von dem *Hr. Prof. Gervinus* sagt „dass nicht nur die oberen und gelehrteren Klassen das Buch lesen, sondern gerade die mittleren es lesen sollten. Solch ein Buch wie *Macaulay's* Geschichte sollte in Aller Händen sein." Die 'Random Recollections of the House of Commons' sagen von *M.* als Redner: 'He is one of those men who at once raised himself to the first rank in the Senate. His maiden speech electrified the House and called forth the highest compliments to the speaker from men of all parties. His speeches are always most carefully studied and committed to memory; he bestows a world of labour on their preparation, and certainly, never was labour bestowed to more purpose. In every sentence you see the man of genius, the profound scholar, the deep thinker, the close and powerful reasoner. You scarcely know which most to admire, the beauty of his ideas, or of the language in which they are clothed. His diction is faultless; his matter strongly embued with the spirit of what, for want of a better expression, I would call the poetry of philosophy. He is, in this respect, the same man in the House, as he was when penning such articles for the Edinburgh Review as his celebrated one on the genius and writings of Milton. He is an excellent speaker withal, not forcible or vehement, carrying you away, as it were, by force, but seducing you, taking you a willing captive by his dulcet tones and engaging manner, wherever he chose to go. Time after time the House listened to him as if entranced.' Proben seines meisterhaften Stiles theilten wir

bereits in den Biographien von *Bunyan* (S. p. 69) und in dem Vorworte zu '*The Letters of Junius*' (S. p. 218) mit; hier folgt nun noch die unübertrefflich schöne Beschreibung von St. Peter's Chapel im Tower aus 'History of England,' Vol. II. Chapt. V. ('The Duke of Monmouth').

ST. PETER'S CHAPEL IM TOWER.

In the meantime many handkerchiefs were dipped in the Duke's blood; for, by a large part of the multitude he was regarded as a martyr who had died for the Protestant religion. The head and body were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion table of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower. In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and Saint Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guilford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and Protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of Saint Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valour, grace, genius, royal favour, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard, Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there, among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers; Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair Queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled.

XLVI. H. W. WILLIAMS

schrieb im J. 1830 ein werthvolles Reisewerk 'Travels in Italy and Greece,' in welchem er den Ueberresten der antiken Baukunst seine besondere Aufmerksamkeit widmete. Wir entlehnen ihm folgende Beschreibung von Pompeji, die wir, in Folge eigener Anschauung, als treu und gelungen empfehlen können:

DESCRIPTION OF POMPEII.

Pompeii is getting daily disencumbered, and a very considerable part of this Grecian city is unveiled. We entered by the Appian way, through a narrow street of marble tombs, beautifully executed, with the names of the deceased plain and legible. We looked into the columbary below that of Marius Arius Diomedes, and perceived jars containing the ashes of the dead, with a small lamp at the side of each. Arriving at the gate, we perceived a

sentry-box in which the skeleton of a soldier was found with a lamp in his hand: proceeding up the street beyond the gate, we went into several streets, and entered what is called a coffee-house, the marks of cups being visible on the stone: we came likewise to a tavern, and found the sign (not a very decent one) near the entrance. The streets are lined with public buildings and private houses, most of which have their original painted decorations fresh and entire. The pavement of the streets is much worn by carriage wheels, and holes are cut through the side stones for the purpose of fastening animals in the market-place; and in certain situations are placed stepping-stones, which give us a rather unfavourable idea of the state of the streets. We passed two beautiful little temples; went into a surgeon's house, in the operation-room of which chirurgical instruments were found; entered an ironmonger's shop, where an anvil and hammer were discovered; a sculptor's and a baker's shop, in the latter of which may be seen an oven and grinding mills, like old Scotch querns. We examined likewise an oilman's shop, and a wine shop lately opened, where money was found in the till; a school in which was a small pulpit, with steps up to it, in the middle of the apartment; a great theatre; a temple of justice; an amphitheatre about 220 feet in length; various temples; a barrack for soldiers, the columns of which are scribbled with their names and jests; wells, cisterns, seats, tricliniums, beautiful Mosaic; altars, inscriptions, fragments of statues, and many other curious remains of antiquity. Among the most remarkable objects was an ancient wall, with part of a still more ancient marble frieze, built in it as a common stone; and a stream which has flowed under this once subterraneous city long before its burial; pipes of Terra Cotta to convey the water to the different streets; stocks for prisoners, in one of which a skeleton was found. All these things incline one almost to look for the inhabitants, and wonder at the desolate silence of the place.

The houses in general are very low, and the rooms are small; I should think not above ten feet high. Every house is provided with a well and a cistern. Everything seems to be in proportion. The principal streets do not appear to exceed 16 feet in width, with side pavements of about 3 feet; some of the subordinate streets are from 6 to 10 feet wide, with side pavements in proportion: these are occasionally high, and are reached by steps. The columns of the barracks are about 15 feet in height; they are made of tuffa with stucco; one-third of the shaft is smoothly plastered, the rest fluted to the capital. The walls of the houses are often painted red, and some of them have borders and antique ornaments, masks, and imitations of marble; but in general poorly executed. I have observed on the walls of an eating-room various kinds of food and game tolerably represented: one woman's apartment was adorned with subjects relating to love, and a man's with pictures of a martial character. Considering that the whole has been under ground upwards of seventeen centuries, it is certainly surprising that they should be as fresh as at the period of their burial. The whole extent of the city, not one half of which is excavated, may be about four miles.

XLVII. MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU,

geb. 1802 zu Norwich, war von ihrer Kindheit an mit Taubheit befallen und zog sich daher ganz auf ihr inneres Gemüthsleben zurück. Später erlangte sie ihr Gehör so weit wieder, dass sie im Umgange mit Anderen Genuss finden konnte und legte sich nun ganz auf Volks- und Kinderschriften. Ihre 'Illustrations of Political Economy' (1822 — 1823) enthalten populäre Abhandlungen über staatsökonomische Fragen und sind, wie Alles, was aus ihrer Feder floss, elegant und präcis geschrieben. Dieselben Vorzüge theilen die 'Society

in America' (1837); 'A Retrospect of Western Travel (1838) und ihre Tendenzromane: 'Deerbrook' (1839); 'The Hour and the Man' (1840) und 'Life in the Sick-Room, or Essays by an Invalid' (1844), welche reich an zarten Gedanken, schönen Beschreibungen und hinreissend beredten Stellen sind. Auch ihre Kinderschriften, wie z. B. 'The Peasant and the Prince;' 'The Settlers at Home;' 'How to Observe' gehören zu den vorzüglichsten ihrer Gattung. —

EFFECTS OF LOVE AND HAPPINESS ON THE MIND.

(From 'Deerbrook.')

There needs no other proof that happiness is the most wholesome moral atmosphere, and that in which the immortality of man is destined ultimately to thrive, than the elevation of soul, the religious aspiration, which attends the first assurance, the first sober certainty of true love. There is much of this religious aspiration amidst all warmth of virtuous affections. There is a vivid love of God in the child that lays its cheek against the cheek of its mother, and clasps its arms about her neck. God is thanked (perhaps unconsciously) for the brightness of his earth, on summer evenings, when a brother and sister, who have long been parted, pour out their heart-stores to each other, and feel their course of thought brightening as it runs. When the aged parent hears of the honours his children have won, or looks round upon their innocent faces as the glory of his decline, his mind reverts to Him who in them prescribed the purpose of his life, and bestowed its grace. But religious as is the mood of every good affection, none is so devotional as that of love, especially so called. The soul is then the very temple of adoration, of faith, of holy purity, of heroism, of charity. At such a moment the human creature shoots up into the angel; there is nothing on earth too defiled for its charity — nothing in hell too appalling for its heroism — nothing in heaven too glorious for its sympathy. Strengthened, sustained, vivified by that most mysterious power, union with another spirit, it feels itself set well forth on the way of victory over evil, sent out conquering and to conquer. There is no other such crisis in human life. The philosopher may experience uncontrollable agitation in verifying his principle of balancing system of worlds, feeling, perhaps, as if he actually saw the creative hand in the act of sending the planets forth on their everlasting way; but this philosopher, solitary seraph as he may be regarded amidst a myriad of men, knows at such a moment no emotions so divine as those of the spirit becoming conscious that it is beloved — be it the peasant girl in the meadow, or the daughter of the sage reposing in her father's confidence, or the artisan beside his loom, or the man of letters musing by his fireside. The warrior about to strike the decisive blow for the liberties of a nation, however impressed with the solemnity of the hour, is not in a state of such lofty resolution as those who, by joining hearts, are laying their joint hands on the whole wide realm of futurity for their own. The statesman who, in the moment of success, feels that an entire class of social sins and woes is annihilated by his hand, is not conscious of so holy and so intimate a thankfulness as they who are aware that their redemption is come in the presence of a new and sovereign affection. And these are many — they are in all corners of every land. The statesman is the leader of a nation, the warrior is the grace of an age, the philosopher is the birth of a thousand years; but the lover, where is he not? Wherever parents look round upon their children, there he has been — wherever children are at play together, there he will soon be — wherever there are roofs under which men dwell, wherever there is an atmosphere vibrating with human voices, there is the lover, and there is his lofty worship going on, unspeakable, but revealed in the brightness of the eye, the majesty of the presence, and the high temper of the discourse.

XLVIII. SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER,

geb. 1803 zu Heyden-Hall in Norfolk, der dritte und jüngste Sohn des Generals *Bulwer*. Nach dem frühen Tode seines Vaters wurde er von seiner Mutter, einer sehr begabten Frau, erzogen, was auf die Richtung des Sohnes nicht ohne Einfluss gewesen zu sein scheint. Noch jung ging er nach Cambridge, wo er durch ein Gedicht über die Bildhauerkunst den Preis davontrug und mit der deutschen Literatur durch einen Freund bekannt wurde, der längere Zeit in Weimar gelebt hatte. 1831 wurde er in das Unterhaus gewählt, in welchem er noch jetzt die Stadt Lincoln vertritt, sich aber als Redner nie ausgezeichnet hat. Bei der Krönung der Königin *Victoria* wurde er zum Baronet erhoben. Im J. 1826 erschien von ihm ein Band vermischter Gedichte: 'Weeds and Wildflowers,' und 'O'Neil the Rebel.' Dann: 'Falkland, 1827: 'Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman,' 1828. — 'The Disowned' 1829: 'Devereux,' 'Paul Clifford,' 'The Siamese Twins,' (eine metrische Satire), 'Eugene Aram,' 1832; 'England and the English,' 1833; 'The Student,' 'The Pilgrims of the Rhine,' 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' 'Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes,' 1835; 'Night and Morning,' 'Athens, its Rise and Fall,' 1836; 'Ernest Maltravers,' 'Alice or the Mystery,' 'Leila or the Siege of Granada,' 'Zanoni,' 'The Last of the Barons,' 'Lucretia,' 'Harold,' 'King Arthur,' 'The Caxton Family,' 'My Novel,' (sein neuster Roman, in welchem *B.* nach *Stahr's* Ansicht, erst sein eigentliches Genre gefunden hat). — Im 'New Monthly Magazine,' das er von 1832 — 33 redigirte, theilte er Bruchstücke eines dramatisirten Eugene Aram mit; ausserdem erschienen noch die Dramen: 'The Duchess de la Vallière,' 'The Lady of Lyons,' 'Richelieu,' 'Money,' welche indessen wenig Glück gemacht haben. Auch besitzen wir von ihm einen Band Uebersetzungen Schillerscher Gedichte. — *Chambers* sagt von seinen Romanen: 'They are works of remarkable talent, the result of a rich imagination, joined to no inconsiderable powers of reflection, although occasionally deformed by affectation, and sometimes faulty as to aim.' — Ueber seine Persönlichkeit sagen die bereits angeführten 'Random Recoll.': 'You see art and affectation in his very personal appearance — in his mode of dressing, and his every movement. At school he was as much noted for his attention to the cut of his coat, as to his intellectual pursuits. He is the same man still — a great patron of the tailor and peruquier, and always dressed in the extreme of fashion.'

MY NOVEL.

(Book VII. Initial Chapter.)

'What is courage?' said my uncle Roland, rousing himself from a reverie into which he had fallen after the Sixth Book in this history had been read to our family circle.

'What is courage?' he repeated more earnestly. 'Is it insensibility to fear? *That* may be the mere accident of constitution; and, if so, there is no more merit in being courageous than in being this table.'

'I am very glad to hear you speak thus,' observed *Mr. Caxton*, 'for I should not like to consider myself a coward; yet I am very sensible to fear in all dangers, bodily and moral.'

'La, Austin, how can you say so?' cried my mother, firing up; 'was it not only last week that you faced the great bull that was rushing after Blanche and the children?'

Blanche at that recollection stole to my father's chair, and, hanging over his shoulder, kissed his forehead.

Mr. Caxton, (sublimely unmoved by these flatteries) — 'I don't deny that I faced the bull, but I assert that I was horribly frightened.'

Roland. — 'The sense of honour which conquers fear is the true courage of chivalry:

you could not run away when others were looking on — no gentleman could.'

Mr. Caxton. — 'Fiddlededee! It was not on my gentility that I stood, Captain. I should have run fast enough, if it had done any good. I stood upon my understanding. As the bull could run faster than I could, the only chance of escape was to make the brute as frightened as myself.'

Blanche. — 'Ah, you did not think of that; your only thought was to save me and the children.'

Mr. Caxton. — 'Possibly, my dear — very possibly I might have been afraid for you too; — but I was very much afraid for myself. However, luckily I had the umbrella, and I sprang it up and spread it forth in the animal's stupid eyes, hurling at him simultaneously the biggest lines I could think of in the First Chorus of the 'Seven against Thebes.' I began with ELEDEMNAS PEDIOPLOKTUPOS; and when I came to the grand howl of Ἰὼ, ἰὼ, ἰὼ, ἰὼ — the beast stood appalled as at the roar of a lion. I shall never forget his amazed snort at the Greek. Then he kicked up his hind legs, and went bolt through the gap in the hedge. Thus, armed with Aeschylus and the umbrella, I remained master of the field; but (continued Mr. Caxton, ingeniously), I should not like to go through that half minute again.'

'No man would,' said the Captain kindly. 'I should be very sorry to face a bull myself, even with a bigger umbrella than yours, and even though I had Aeschylus, and Homer to boot, at my finger's ends.'

Mr. Caxton. — 'You would not have minded if it had been a Frenchman with a sword in his hand?'

Captain. — 'Of course not. Rather liked it than otherwise,' he added grimly.

Mr. Caxton. — 'Yet many a Spanish matador, who doesn't care a button for a bull, would take to his heels at the first lunge *en quarte* from a Frenchman. Therefore, in fact, if courage be a matter of constitution, it is also a matter of custom. We face calmly the dangers we are habituated to, and recoil from those of which we have no familiar experience. I doubt if Marshal Turenne himself would have been quite at his ease on the tight-rope; and a rope-dancer, who seems disposed to scale the heavens with Titanic temerity, might possibly object to charge on a cannon.'

Captain Roland. — 'Still, either this is not the courage I mean, or there is another kind of it. I mean by courage that which is the especial force and dignity of the human character, without which there is no reliance on principle, no constancy in virtue — a something,' continued my uncle gallantly, and with a half bow towards my mother, 'which your sex shares with our own. When the lover, for instance, clasps the hand of his betrothed, and says, 'Wilt thou be true to me, in spite of absence and time, in spite of hazard and fortune, though my foes malign me, though thy friends may dissuade thee, and our lot in life may be rough and rude?' and when the betrothed answers, 'I will be true,' does not the lover trust to her courage as well as her love?'

'Admirably put, Roland,' said my father. 'But *apropos* of what do you puzzle us with these queries on courage?'

Captain Roland, (with a slight blush) — 'I was led to the inquiry (though, perhaps, it may be frivolous to take so much thought of what, no doubt, costs Pisistratus so little) by the last chapters in my nephew's story. I see this poor boy, Leonard, alone with his fallen hopes, (though very irrational they were), and his sense of shame. And I read his heart, I dare say, better than Pisistratus does, for I could feel like that boy if I had been in the same position; and conjecturing what he and thousands like him must go through, I asked myself, 'What can save him and them?' I answered, as a soldier would answer, 'Courage!' Very well. But pray, Austin, what is courage?'

Mr. Caxton, (prudently backing out of a reply). — '*Papae!*' Brother, since you have just complimented the ladies on that quality, you had better address your question to them.'

Blanche here leant both hands on my father's chair, and said, looking down at first bashfully, but afterwards warming with the subject, 'Do you not think, Sir, that little Helen has already suggested, if not what is courage, what at least is the real essence of all courage that endures and conquers, that ennobles, and hallows, and redeems? Is it not PATIENCE, father? — and that is why we women have a courage of our own. Patience does not affect to be superior to fear, but at least it never admits despair.'

Pisistratus. — 'Kiss me, my Blanche, for you have come near to the truth which perplexed the soldier and puzzled the sage.'

Mr. Caxton, (tartly). — 'If you mean me by the sage, I was not puzzled at all. Heaven knows you do right to inculcate patience — it is a virtue very much required in your readers. Nevertheless,' added my father, softening with the enjoyment of his joke — 'nevertheless Blanche and Helen are quite right. Patience is the courage of the conqueror; it is the virtue, *par excellence*, of Man against Destiny — of the One against the World, and of the Soul against Matter. Therefore this is the courage of the Gospel; and its importance, in a social view — its importance to races and institutions — cannot be too earnestly inculcated. What is it that distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon from all other branches of the human family, peoples deserts with his children, and consigns to them the heritage of rising worlds? What but his faculty to brave, to suffer, to endure — the patience that resists firmly, and innovates slowly. Compare him with the Frenchman. The Frenchman has plenty of valour — that there is no denying; but as for fortitude, he has not enough to cover the point of a pin. He is ready to rush out of the world if he is bit by a flea.'

Captain Roland. — 'There was a case in the papers the other day, Austin, of a Frenchman, who actually did destroy himself because he was so teased by the little creatures you speak of. He left a paper on his table, saying that "life was not worth having at the price of such torments." *)

Mr. Caxton, (solemnly). — 'Sir, their whole political history, since the great meeting of the Tiers État, has been the history of men who would rather go to the devil than be bit by a flea. It is the record of human impatience, that seeks to force time, and expects to grow forests from the spawn of a mushroom. Wherefore, running through all extremes of constitutional experiment, when they are nearest to democracy they are next door to a despot; and all they have really done is to destroy whatever constitutes the foundation of every tolerable government. A constitutional monarchy cannot exist without aristocracy, nor a healthful republic endure with corruption of manners. The cry of Equality is incompatible with Civilisation, which, of necessity, contrasts poverty with wealth — and, in short, whether it be an emperor or a mob that is to rule, Force is the sole hope of order, and the government is but an army.

'Impress, O Pisistratus! impress the value of patience as regards man and men. You touch there on the kernel of the social system — the secret that fortifies the individual and disciplines the million. I care not, for my part, if you are tedious so long as you are earnest. Be minute and detailed. Let the real human life, in its war with Circumstance, stand out. Never mind if one can read you but slowly — better chance of being less quickly forgotten. Patience, patience! By the soul of Epictetus, your readers shall set you an example!'

*) Fact!

II. MRS. POSTANS

gab im Jahre 1839 unter dem Titel: 'Cutch, or Random Sketches taken during a Residence in one of the Northern Provinces of Western India' ein Werk über Indien heraus, welches über die Regierungsform, die Sitten, religiösen Gebräuche und Ceremonien, über Volksleben und Aberglauben der Bewohner Indiens die interessantesten Mittheilungen enthält, denen wir folgenden, jedem unserer Leser gewiss willkommenen Bericht über einen der seltsamsten und grausamsten Gebräuche entlehnen.

SACRIFICE OF A HINDOO WIDOW.

(From Mrs. Postans's 'Cutch, or Random Sketches' &c.)

News of the widow's intentions having spread, a great concourse of people of both sexes, the women clad in their gala costumes, assembled round the pyre. In a short time after their arrival the fated victim appeared, accompanied by the Brahmins, her relatives, and the body of the deceased. The spectators showered chaplets of mogree on her head, and greeted her appearance with laudatory exclamations at her constancy and virtue. The women especially pressed forward to touch her garments — an act which is considered meritorious, and highly desirable for absolution and protection from the 'evil eye.'

The widow was a remarkably handsome woman, apparently about thirty, and most superbly attired. Her manner was marked by great apathy to all around her, and by a complete indifference to the preparations which for the first time met her eye. From this circumstance an impression was given that she might be under the influence of opium; and in conformity with the declared intention of the European officers present to interfere should any coercive measures be adopted by the Brahmins or relatives, two medical officers were requested to give their opinion on the subject. They both agreed that she was quite free from any influence calculated to induce torpor or intoxication.

Captain Burnes then addressed the woman, desiring to know whether the act she was about to perform were voluntary or enforced, and assuring her that, should she entertain the slightest reluctance to the fulfilment of her vow, he, on the part of the British government, would guarantee the protection of her life and property. Her answer was calm, heroic, and constant to her purpose: 'I die of my own free will; give me back my husband, and I will consent to live; if I die not with him, the souls of seven husbands will condemn me!' * *

Ere the renewal of the horrid ceremonies of death were permitted, again the voice of mercy, of expostulation, and even of intreaty was heard; but the trial was vain, and the cool and collected manner with which the woman still declared her determination unalterable, chilled and startled the most courageous. Physical pangs evidently excited no fears in her; her singular creed, the customs of her country, and her sense of conjugal duty, excluded from her mind the natural emotions of personal dread; and never did martyr to a true cause go to the stake with more constancy and firmness, than did this delicate and gentle woman prepare to become the victim of a deliberate sacrifice to the demoniacal tenets of her heathen creed. Accompanied by the officiating Brahmin, the widow walked seven times round the pyre, repeating the usual mantras, or prayers, strewing rice and coories on the ground, and sprinkling water from her hand over the bystanders, who believe this to be efficacious in preventing disease and in expiating committed sins. She then removed her jewels, and presented them to her relations, saying a few words to each with a calm soft smile of encouragement and hope. The Brahmins then presented her with a lighted torch, bearing which,

'Fresh as a flower just blown,
And warm with life her youthful pulses playing,'

she stepped through the fatal door, and sat within the pile. The body of her husband, wrapped in rich kinkaub, was then carried seven times round the pile, and finally laid across her knees. Thorns and grass were piled over the door; and again it was insisted that free space should be left, as it was hoped the poor victim might yet relent, and rush from her fiery prison to the protection so freely offered. The command was readily obeyed; the strength of a child would have sufficed to burst the frail barrier which confined her, and a breathless pause succeeded; but the woman's constancy was faithful to the last. Not a sigh broke the deathlike silence of the crowd, until a slight smoke, curling from the summit of the pyre, and then a tongue of flame darting with bright and lightning-like rapidity into the clear blue sky, told us, that the sacrifice was completed. Fearlessly had this courageous woman fired the pile, and not a groan had betrayed to us the moment when her spirit fled. At sight of the flame a fiendish shout of exultation rent the air; the tom-toms sounded, the people clapped their hands with delight as the evidence of their murderous work burst on their view, whilst the English spectators of this sad scene withdrew, bearing deep compassion in their hearts, to philosophise as best they might on a custom so fraught with horror, so incompatible with reason, and so revolting to human sympathy. The pile continued to burn for three hours; but, from its form, it is supposed that almost immediate suffocation must have terminated the sufferings of the unhappy victim.

L. REV. M^R^ VENABLES

veröffentlichte im Jahre 1839 'Domestic Scenes of Russia' ein Werk, das bei grösster Anspruchslosigkeit reich an wahrhaften und interessanten Schilderungen des russischen Volkslebens ist, das *V.* um so besser aufzufassen vermochte als er, mit einer Russin verheirathet, der russischen Sprache vollkommen mächtig war. Wir entlehnen diesem Werke einige beschreibende Bruchstücke, für deren Treue wir uns um so mehr verbürgen können, als auch wir mit Russland und russischen Zuständen speziell vertraut sind.

EMPLOYMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

The riches of the Russian gentleman lie in the labour of his serfs, which it is his study to turn to good account; and he is the more urged to this, since the law which compels the peasant to work for him, requires him to maintain the peasant; if the latter is found begging, the former is liable to a fine. He is therefore a master who must always keep a certain number of workmen, whether they are useful or not; and as every kind of agricultural and out-door employment is at a stand-still during the winter, he naturally turns to the establishment of a manufactory as a means of employing his peasants, and as a source of profit to himself. In some cases the manufactory is at work only during the winter, and the people are employed in the summer in agriculture; though, beyond what is necessary for home consumption, this is but an unprofitable trade in most parts of this empire, from the badness of roads, the paucity and distance of markets, and the consequent difficulty in selling produce.

The alternate employment of the same man in the field and in the factory, which would be attempted in most countries with little success, is here rendered practicable and easy by the versatile genius of the Russian peasant, one of whose leading national characteristics is a general capability of turning his hand to any kind

of work which he may be required to undertake. He will plough to-day, weave to-morrow, help to build a house the third day, and the fourth, if his master needs an extra coachman, he will mount the box and drive four horses abreast as though it were his daily occupation. It is probable that none of these operations, except, perhaps, the last, will be as well performed as in a country where the division of labour is more thoroughly understood. They will all, however, be sufficiently well done to serve the turn — a favourite phrase in Russia. These people are a very ingenious race, but perseverance is wanting; and though they will carry many arts to a high degree of excellence, they will generally stop short of the point of perfection, and it will be long before their manufactures can rival the finish and durability of English goods.

2) RUSSIAN PEASANTS' HOUSES.

These houses are in general extremely warm and substantial; they are built, for the most part, of unsquared logs of deal laid one upon another, and firmly secured at the corners where the ends of the timbers cross, and are hollowed out so as to receive and hold one another; they are also fastened together by wooden pins and uprights in the interior. The four corners are supported upon large stones or roots of trees, so that there is a current of air under the floor to preserve the timber from damp; in the winter, earth is piled up all round to exclude the cold; the interstices between the logs are stuffed with moss and clay, so that no air can enter. The windows are very small, and are frequently cut out of the wooden wall after it is finished. In the centre of the house is a stove called a *peech (pechka)*, which heats the cottage to an almost unbearable degree; the warmth, however, which a Russian peasant loves to enjoy within doors, is proportioned to the cold which he is required to support without; his bed is the top of his peech; and when he enters his house in the winter pierced with cold, he throws off his sheepskin coat, stretches himself on his stove, and is thoroughly warmed in a few minutes.

LI. C. R. BAYNES,

ein im Civildienste zu Madras stehender Beamter, veröffentlichte im Jahre 1843 seine 'Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in the East, an Overland Journey to India &c.,' welche in einem gefälligen, anregenden Stile geschrieben sind und manche schöne Beschreibungen und geistvolle Bemerkungen und Reflexionen enthalten.

LEGEND OF THE MOSQUE
OF THE BLOODY BAPTISM AT CAIRO.

Sultan Hassan, wishing to see the world, and lay aside for a time the anxieties and cares of royalty, committed the charge of his kingdom to his favourite minister, and taking with him a large amount of treasure in money and jewels, visited several foreign countries in the character of a wealthy merchant. Pleased with his tour, and becoming interested in the occupation he had assumed as a disguise, he was absent much longer than he originally intended, and in the course of a few years greatly increased his already large stock of wealth. His protracted absence, however, proved a temptation too strong for the virtue of his viceroy, who, gradually forming for himself a party among the leading men of the country, at length communicated to the common people the intelligence that Sultan Hassan was no more, and

quietly seated himself on the vacant throne. Sultan Hassan returning shortly afterwards from his pilgrimage, and, fortunately for himself, still in disguise, learned, as he approached his capital, the news of his own death and the usurpation of his minister; finding, on further inquiry, the party of the usurper to be too strong to render an immediate disclosure prudent, he preserved his incognito, and soon became known in Cairo as the wealthiest of her merchants; nor did it excite any surprise when he announced his pious intention of devoting a portion of his gains to the erection of a spacious mosque. The work proceeded rapidly under the spur of the great merchant's gold, and, on its completion, he solicited the honour of the sultan's presence at the ceremony of naming it. Anticipating the gratification of hearing his own name bestowed upon it, the usurper accepted the invitation, and at the appointed hour the building was filled by him and his most attached adherents. The ceremonies had duly proceeded to the time when it became necessary to give the name. The chief Moolah, turning to the supposed merchant, inquired what should be its name? 'Call it,' he replied, 'the mosque of Sultan Hassan.' All started at the mention of this name; and the questioner, as though not believing he could have heard aright, or to afford an opportunity of correcting what might be a mistake, repeated his demand. 'Call it,' again cried he, 'the mosque of me, Sultan Hassan;' and throwing off his disguise, the legitimate sultan stood revealed before his traitorous servant. He had no time for reflection: simultaneously with the discovery, numerous trap-doors, leading to extensive vaults, which had been prepared for the purpose, were flung open, and a multitude of armed men issuing from them, terminated at once the reign and life of the usurper. His followers were mingled in the slaughter, and Sultan Hassan was once more in possession of the throne of his fathers.

LII. CHARLES DICKENS,

bekannt unter dem Pseudo-Namen Boz, wurde am 7. Febr. 1812 in Portsmouth geboren. In London erzogen, trat er dort frühzeitig in die Dienste eines Advokaten, beschäftigte sich dann einige Jahre ausschliesslich mit wissenschaftlichen Studien im Britischen Museum, wurde hierauf Berichterstatter (Reporter) für die Zeitungen und endlich Mitarbeiter am Morning-Chronicle. In diesem veröffentlichte er zuerst die Skizzen, welche er später unter dem Titel: 'Sketches of London' herausgab. Ihnen folgte eine Reihe von Romanen — 'Pickwick Papers,' 'Oliver Twist,' 'Nicholas Nickleby,' 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' 'Barnaby Rudge,' 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' 'Dombey and Son,' 'David Copperfield,' dazu: 'Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi,' 'American Notes,' 'Pictures from Italy,' 'A Christmas Carol,' 'The Chimes,' 'The Cricket on the Hearth,' — 'by which he has achieved a greater reputation, than any fictionist of our age after Sir Walter Scott. Reared in the metropolis, it was the fortune of this author to become familiar with its humble life to a degree seldom attained. Keen powers of minute observation, especially for the ludicrous, a fine strain of humane feeling, not always rightly directed, but essentially beautiful, joined to vivacious literary powers, have enabled Mr. Dickens, to convert the scenery of his own life into an endless fund of entertainment for the public. To enumerate his works, is but to remind the public of so much rich fun on which it has banqueted for several years.' (*Chambers.*)

MRS. JOSEPH PORTER.

Most extensive were the preparations at Rose Villa, Clapham Rise, in the occupation of Mr. Gattleton (a stockbroker in especially comfortable circumstances), and great was the anxiety of Mr. Gattleton's interesting family, as

the day fixed for the representation of the Private Play which had been 'many months in preparation,' approached. The whole family was infected with the mania for Private Theatricals; the house, usually so clean and tidy, was, to use Mr. Gattleton's expressive description 'regularly turned out o' windows;' the large dining-room, dismantled of its furniture and ornaments, presented a strange jumble of flats, flies, wings, lamps, bridges, clouds, thunder and lightning, festoons and flowers, daggers and foil, and all the other messes which in theatrical slang are included under the comprehensive name of 'properties.' The bedrooms were crowded with scenery, the kitchen was occupied by carpenters. Rehearsals took place every other night in the drawing-room, and every sopha in the house was more or less damaged by the perseverance and spirit with which Mr. Sempronius Gattleton, and Miss Lucina, rehearsed the smothering scene in 'Othello' — it having been determined that that tragedy should form the first portion of the evening's entertainments.

'When we 're a *leetle* more perfect, I think it will go off admirably,' said Mr. Sempronius, addressing his *corps dramatique*, at the conclusion of the hundred and fiftieth rehearsal. In consideration of his sustaining the trifling inconvenience of bearing all the expenses of the play, Mr. Sempronius had been in the most handsome manner unanimously elected stage-manager. 'Evans,' continued Mr. Gattleton, jun., addressing a tall, thin, pale young gentleman, with extensive whiskers — 'Evans, upon my word you play *Roderigo* beautifully.'

'Beautifully!' echoed the three Miss Gattletons; for Mr. Evans was pronounced by all his lady friends to be 'quite a dear.' He looked so interesting, and had so lovely whiskers, to say nothing of his talent for writing verses in albums and playing the flute! The interesting *Roderigo* simpered and bowed.

'But I think,' added the manager, 'you are hardly perfect in the — fall — in the fencing-scene, where you are — you understand?'

'It's very difficult,' said Mr. Evans, thoughtfully; 'I 've fallen about a good deal in our counting-house lately for practice, only I find it hurts one so. Being obliged to fall backwards, you see, it bruises one's head a good deal.'

'But you must take care you don't knock a wing down,' said Mr. Gattleton, sen., who had been appointed prompter, and who took as much interest in the play as the youngest of the company. 'The stage is very narrow, you know.'

'Oh! don't be afraid,' said Mr. Evans, with a very selfsatisfied air: 'I shall fall with my head 'off,' and then I can't do any harm.'

'But, egad!' said the manager, rubbing his hands, 'we shall make a decided hit in 'Masaniello.' Harleigh sings that music admirably.'

Every body echoed the sentiment. Mr. Harleigh smiled, and looked foolish — not an unusual thing with him — hummed 'Behold how brightly breaks the morning,' and blushed as red as the fisherman's night-cap he was trying on.

'Let 's see,' resumed the manager, telling the number on his fingers, 'we shall have three dancing female peasants, besides *Fenella*, and four fishermen. Then there 's our man Tom, he can have a pair of ducks of mine, and a check shirt of Bob's, and a red night-cap and he 'll do for another — that 's five. In the choruses, of course, we can sing at the sides, and in the market-scene we can walk about in cloaks and things. When the revolt takes place, Tom must keep rushing in on one side and out on the other, with a pickaxe, as fast as he can. The effect will be electrical; 't will look exactly as if there were a great number of 'em; and in the eruption scene we must burn the red fire, and upset the tea-trays, and hallo and make all sorts of noises — and it 's sure to do.'

'Sure! sure!' cried all the performers *unâ voce* — and away hurried Mr. Sempronius Gattleton to wash the burnt cork off his face, and superintend the 'setting up' of some of the amateur-painted and never-sufficiently-to-be-admired scenery.

Mrs. Gattleton was a kind, good-tempered, vulgar soul, exceedingly fond of her husband and children, and entertaining only three dislikes. In the first place, she had a natural antipathy to any body else's unmarried daughters; and in the second, she was in bodily fear of any thing in the shape of ridicule; and, lastly — almost a necessary consequence of this feeling — she regarded with feelings of the utmost horror one Mrs. Joseph Porter over the way. However, the good folks of Clapham and its vicinity stood very much in awe of scandal and sarcasm; and thus Mrs. Joseph Porter was courted, and flattered, and caressed, and invited, for very much the same reason that a poor author, without a farthing in his pocket, behaves with the most extraordinary civility to a twopenny-postman.

'Never mind, ma,' said Miss Emma Porter, in colloquy with her respected relative, and trying to look unconcerned; 'if they had invited me, you know that neither you nor pa would have allowed me to take part in such an exhibition.'

'Just what I should have thought from your high sense of propriety,' returned the mother. 'I am glad to see, Emma, you know how to designate the proceeding.' Miss P., by-the-by, had only the week before made 'an exhibition' of herself for four days, behind a counter at a fancy fair, to all and every of her Majesty's liege subjects who were disposed to pay a shilling each for the privilege of seeing some four dozen girls flirting with strangers, and playing at shop.

'There!' said Mrs. Porter, looking out of window; 'there are two rounds of beef and a ham going in, clearly for sandwiches; and Thomas, the pastrycook, says there have been twelve dozen tarts ordered, besides blanc-mange and jellies. Upon my word! think of the Miss Gattletons in fancy dresses, too!'

'Oh, it's too ridiculous!' said Miss Porter, with a sort of hysterical chuckle.

'I'll manage to put them a little out of conceit with the business, however,' said Mrs. Porter; and out she went on her charitable errand.

'Well, my dear Mrs. Gattleton,' said Mrs. Joseph Porter — after they had been closeted for some time, and when by dint of indefatigable pumping, she had managed to extract all the news about the play, — 'well, my dear, people may say what they please; indeed we know they will, for some folks are *so* ill-natured. Ah, my dear Miss Lucina, how d' ye do? — I was just telling your mamma that I have heard it said, that —'

'What?'

'Mrs. Porter is alluding to the play, my dear,' said Mrs. Gattleton; 'she was, I am sorry to say, just informing me that — '

'Oh, now pray don't mention it,' interrupted Mrs. Porter; 'it 's most absurd — quite as absurd as young What 's-his-name saying he wondered how Miss Caroline with such a foot and ankle, could have the vanity to play *Fenella*.'

'Highly impertinent, whoever said it,' said Mrs. Gattleton, bridling up.

'Certainly, my dear,' chimed in the delighted Mrs. Porter; 'most undoubtedly. Because, as I said, if Miss Caroline *does* play *Fenella*, it doesn't follow, as a matter of course, that she should think she has a pretty foot; and then -- such puppies as these young men are — he had the impudence to say, that —'

How far the amiable Mrs. Porter might have succeeded in her pleasant purpose it is impossible to say, had not the entrance of Mr. Thomas Balderstone, Mrs. Gattleton's brother, familiarly called in the family 'Uncle Tom,' changed the course of conversation, and suggested to her mind an excellent plan of operation on the evening of the play.

Uncle Tom was very rich, and exceedingly fond of his nephews and nieces: as a matter of course, therefore, he was an object of great importance in his own family. He was one of the best hearted men in existence; always in a good temper, and always talking. It was his boast that he wore top-boots on all occasions, and had never worn a black silk neckerchief;

and it was his pride that he remembered all the principal plays of Shakspeare from beginning to end — and so he did. The result of this parrot-like accomplishment was, that he was not only perpetually quoting himself, but that he could never sit by and hear a misquotation from 'the Swan of Avon,' without setting the unfortunate delinquent right. He was also something of a wag; never missed an opportunity of saying what he considered a good thing, and invariably laughed till he cried at any thing that appeared to him mirth-moving or ridiculous.

'Well, girls!' said Uncle Tom, after the preparatory ceremony of kissing and how-d'ye-do-ing had been gone through —'how d'ye get on? Know your parts, eh? — Lucina, my dear, act 2, scene 1 — place, left — cue — 'Unknown fate,' — What 's next, ha? — Go on — 'The heavens —'

'Oh, yes,' said Miss Lucina, 'I recollect —'

> 'The heavens forbid
> But that our loves and comforts should increase
> Even as our days do grow.'

'Make a pause here and there,' said the old gentleman, who was a great critic in his own estimation. — 'But that our loves and comforts should increase' — emphasis on the last syllable, 'crease,'—loud 'even,'—one, two, three, four; then loud again, 'as our days do grow;' emphasis on *days*. That 's the way, my dear; trust to your uncle for emphasis. — Ah! Sem, my boy, how are you?'

'Very well, thankee uncle,' returned Mr. Sempronius, who had just appeared, looking something like a ringdove, with a small circle round each eye, the result of his constant corking. 'Of course we see you on Thursday.'

'Of course, of course, my dear boy.'

'What a pity it is your nephew didn't think of making you prompter, Mr. Balderstone,' whispered Mrs. Joseph Porter; 'you would have been invaluable.'

'Well, I flatter myself, I *should* have been tolerably up to the thing,' responded Uncle Tom.

'I must bespeak sitting next you on the night,' resumed Mrs. Porter; 'and then, if our dear young friends here, should be at all wrong, you will be able to enlighten me. I shall be *so* interested.'

'I am sure I shall be most happy to give you any assistance in my power.'

'Mind, it 's a bargain.'

'Certainly.'

'I don't know how it is,' said Mrs. Gattleton to her daughters, as they were sitting round the fire in the evening, looking over their parts, 'but I really very much wish Mrs. Joseph Porter wasn't coming on Thursday. I am sure she 's scheming something.'

'She can't make *us* ridiculous, however,' observed Mr. Sempronius Gattleton, haughtily.

The long looked-for Thursday arrived in due course, and brought with it, as Mr. Gattleton, senior, philosophically observed, 'no disappointments, to speak of.' True, it was yet a matter of doubt whether *Cassio* would be enabled to get into the dress which had been sent for him from the masquerade warehouse. It was equally uncertain whether the principal female singer would be sufficiently recovered from the influenza to make her appearance; Mr. Harleigh, the Masaniello of the night, was hoarse, and rather unwell, in consequence of the great quantity of lemon and sugarcandy he had eaten to improve his voice; and two flutes and a violoncello had pleaded severe colds. What of that? the audience were all coming. Every body knew his part; the dresses were covered with tinsel and spangles; the white plumes looked beautiful; Mr. Evans had practised falling, till he was bruised from head to foot and quite perfect; and *Iago* was perfectly sure that, in the stabbing-scene, he should make 'a decided hit.' A self-taught deaf gentleman, who had kindly offered to bring his flute, would be a most valuable addition to the orchestra; Miss Jenkin's talent for the piano was too well known to be doubted for an instant; Mr. Cape had practised the violin accompaniment with her frequently, and Mr. Brown,

who had kindly undertaken at a few hours' notice, to bring his violoncello, would, no doubt, manage extremely well.

Seven o'clock came, and so did the audience; all the rank and fashion of Clapham and its vicinity was fast filling the theatre. There were the Smiths, the Gubbinses, the Nixons, the Dixons, the Hicksons, people with all sorts of names, two aldermen, a sheriff in perspective, Sir Thomas Glumper (who had been knighted in the last reign for carrying up an address on somebody's escaping from something); and last not least, there were Mrs. Joseph Porter and Uncle Tom, seated in the centre of the third row from the stage; Mrs. P. amusing Uncle Tom with all sorts of stories, and Uncle Tom amusing every one else by laughing most immoderately.

Ting, ting, ting! went the prompter's bell at eight o'clock precisely, and dash went the orchestra into the overture to 'The Men of Prometheus.' The Pianoforte player hammered away with the most laudable perseverance; and the violoncello, which struck in at intervals, 'sounded very well, considering.' The unfortunate individual, however, who had undertaken to play the flute accompaniment 'at sight,' found, from fatal experience, the perfect truth of the old adage, 'out of sight, out of mind;' for being very near-sighted, and being placed at a considerable distance from his music-book, all he had an opportunity of doing was to play a bar now and then in the wrong place, and put the other performers out. It is, however, but justice to Mr. Brown to say that he did this to admiration. The overture, in fact, was not unlike a race between the different instruments; the piano came in first by several bars, and the violoncello next, quite distancing the poor flute; for the deaf gentleman *too-too'd* away, quite unconscious that he was at all wrong, until apprized, by the applause of the audience, that the ouverture was concluded. A considerable bustle and shuffling of feet was then heard upon the stage, accompanied by whispers of 'Here's a pretty go! — what 's to be done?' &c. The audience applauded again, by way of raising the spirits of the performers; and then Mr. Sempronius desired the prompter, in a very audible voice, to 'clear the stage, and ring up.'

Ting, ting, ting! went the bell again. Every body sat down; the curtain shook, rose sufficiently high to display several pair of yellow boots paddling about, and there it remained.

Ting, ting, ting! went the bell again. The curtain was violently convulsed, but rose no higher; the audience tittered; Mrs. Porter looked at Uncle Tom, and Uncle Tom looked at every body, rubbing his hand, and laughing with perfect rapture. After as much ringing with the little bell as a muffin-boy would make in going down a tolerably long street, and a vast deal of whispering, hammering, and calling for nails and cord, the curtain at length rose, and discovered Mr. Sempronius Gattleton *solus*, and decked for *Othello*. After three distinct rounds of applause, during which Mr. Sempronius applied his right hand to his left breast, and bowed in the most approved manner, the manager advanced, and said —

'Ladies and Gentlemen — I assure you it is with sincere regret, that I regret to be compelled to inform you, that *Iago* who was to have played Mr. Wilson — I beg your pardon, Ladies and Gentlemen, but I am naturally somewhat agitated (applause) — I mean, Mr. Wilson, who was to have played *Iago* is — that is, has been — or, in other words, Ladies and Gentlemen, the fact is, that I have just received a note, in which I am informed that *Iago* is unavoidably detained at the Post-office this evening. Under these circumstances, I trust — a — a — amateur performance — a — another gentleman undertaken to read the part — request indulgence for a short time — courtesy and kindness of a British audience' — (overwhelming applause). Exit Mr. Sempronius Gattleton, and curtain falls.

The audience were, of course, exceedingly good-humoured; the whole business was a joke; and accordingly they waited for an hour with

the utmost patience, being enlivened by an interlude of route-cakes and lemonade. It appeared by Mr. Sempronius's subsequent explanation, that the delay would not have been so great, had it not so happened that when the substitute *Iago* had finished dressing, and just as the play was on the point of commencing, the original *Iago* unexpectedly arrived. The former was therefore compelled to undress, and the latter to dress for his part; which, as he found some difficulty in getting into his clothes, occupied no inconsiderable time. At last the tragedy began in real earnest. It went off well enough, until the third scene of the first act, in which *Othello* addresses the Senate, the only remarkable circumstance being, that as *Iago* could not get on any of the stage boots, in consequence of his feet being violently swelled with the heat and excitement, he was under the necessity of playing the part in a pair of common hessians, which contrasted rather oddly with his richly embroidered pantaloons. When *Othello* started with his address to the Senate (whose dignity was represented by, the *Duke*; a carpenter, two men engaged on the recommendation of the gardener, and a boy) Mrs. Porter found the opportunity she so anxiously sought.

Mr. Sempronius proceeded —

'Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; — rude am I in my speech—'

'Is that right?' whispered Mrs. Porter to Uncle Tom.

'No.'

'Tell him so, then.'

'I will. — Sem!' called out Uncle Tom, 'that 's wrong, my boy.'

'What 's wrong, Uncle?' demanded *Othello*, quite forgetting the dignity of his situation.

'You 've left out something. "True I have married —"

'Oh, ah!' said Mr. Sempronius, endeavouring to hide his confusion as much and as ineffectually as the audience attempted to conceal their half-suppressed tittering, by coughing with the most extraordinary violence —

—'true I have married her; —
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more.'

(Aside) 'Why don't you prompt, father?'

'Because I 've mislaid my spectacles,' said poor Mr. Gattleton, almost dead with the heat and bustle.

'There, now it's 'rude am I,' said Uncle Tom.

'Yes, I know it is,' returned the unfortunate manager, proceeding with his part.

It would be useless and tiresome to quote the number of instances in which Uncle Tom, now completely in his element, and instigated by the mischievous Mrs. Porter, corrected the mistakes of the performers; suffice it to say, that having mounted his hobby, nothing could induce him to dismount; so, during the whole remainder of the play, he performed a kind of running accompaniment, by muttering every body's part as it was being delivered, in an under tone. The audience was highly amused, Mrs. Porter delighted, the performers embarrassed; Uncle Tom never was better pleased in all his life; and Uncle Tom's nephews and nieces had never, although the declared heirs to his large property, so heartily wished him gathered to his fathers as on that memorable occasion.

Several other minor causes, too, united to damp the ardour of the *dramatis personae*. None of the performers could walk in their tights, or move their arms in their jackets; the pantaloons were too small, the boots too large, and the swords of all shapes and sizes. Mr. Evans, naturally too tall for the scenery, wore a black velvet hat with immense white plumes, the glory of which was lost in 'the flies;' and the only other inconvenience of which was, that when it was off his head he could not put it on, and when it was on he could not take it off. Notwithstanding all his practice, too, he fell with his head and shoulders as neatly through one of the side scenes,

as a harlequin would jump through a panel in a Christmas pantomime. The pianoforte player, overpowered by the extreme heat of the room, fainted away at the commencement of the entertainments, leaving the music of 'Masaniello' to the flute and violoncello. The orchestra complained that Mr. Harleigh put them out, and Mr. Harleigh declared that the orchestra prevented his singing at all. The fishermen, who were hired for the occasion, revolted to the very life, positively refusing to play without an increased allowance of spirits; and their demand being complied with, they got drunk in the eruption scene as naturally as possible. The red fire, which was burnt at the conclusion of the second act, not only nearly suffocated the audience, but nearly set the house on fire into the bargain; and, as it was, the remainder of the piece was acted in a thick fog.

In short, the whole affair was, as Mrs. Joseph Porter triumphantly told every body, 'a complete failure.' The audience went home at four o'clock in the morning, exhausted with laughter, suffering from severe headaches, and smelling terribly of brimstone and gunpowder. The Messrs. Gattleton, senior and junior, retired to rest with the vague idea of emigrating to Swan River early in the ensuing week.

Rose Villa has once again resumed its wonted appearance: the dining-room furniture has been replaced: the tables are as nicely polished as formerly; the horse-hair chairs are ranged against the wall as regularly as ever; Venetian blinds have been fitted to every window in the house to intercept the prying gaze of Mrs. Joseph Porter. The subject of theatricals is now never mentioned in the Gattleton family, unless, indeed, by Uncle Tom, who cannot refrain from sometimes expressing his surprise and regret at finding that his nephews and nieces appear to have lost the relish they once possessed for the beauties of Shakspeare, and quotations from the works of the immortal bard.

UEBERSICHTSTABELLE DER SCHRIFTSTELLER DIESER PERIODE.

I. NOVELISTS. Wir theilen, der grösseren Uebersichtlichkeit wegen, die Romanliteratur dieser Periode unter folgende Rubriken ein:

1) SCHOTTISCHE ROMANE. Den Anfang zum nationalen Charakterromane machte *Sophia Lee* im J. 1784, durch ihren Roman: 'The Recess, or a Tale of Other Times;' ihr folgte ihre Schwester *Harriet* in 'The Canterbury Tales' (an welchen sie zusammen arbeiteten) und in 'Kruitzner, or the German's Tale;' *Dr. John More* (1729—1802) und *John Galt* (1779—1839) in 'The Annals of the Parish;' 'Historical Pictures;' 'The Wandering Jew;' 'The Earthquake' &c., bis *Walter Scott* (S. 308) den nationalen wie den historischen Roman überhaupt seiner Vollkommenheit entgegenführte. Ueber schottisches Leben, Naturscenen und schottische gesellschaftliche Zustände schrieben: *Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton* (S. 272), *Professor Wilson* (S. 355); ferner: *Dr. James Hook* (1771—1828) 'Pen Owen' und 'Percy Malbory;' *Andrew Picken* (1788—1833) 'Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland;' *Miss Jane Porter* 'Scottish Chiefs' (1810); *Mrs. Johnstone* 'Clan Albyn' (1815); *Miss Ferrier* 'The Inheritants' (1818); *Sir Thomas Dick Lauder* 'Lochandhu' (1825), 'The Wolf of Badenoch (1827); *Thomas Hamilton* 'The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton' (1827); *Mr. Moir* 'The Life of Mansie Waugh, Tailor in Dalkeith' (1828); u. A.

2) IRISCHE ROMANE. Crofton Croker (S. 373); William Carleton (S. 380); ferner *John Banim* (1800—1842) 'The Tales of the O'Hara Family;' Mrs. S. C. Hall, geb. 1805. *Gerald Griffin* (1803 – 1840) 'Tales of the Munster Festivals;' *Lover* 'Irish Characters;' *Mr. Crowe; Mr. Lister* 'Anne Grey;' *Ch. Lever* 'The Knight of Gwinne' (1850); *Caesar Otway* u. A. Sämmtlich mehr ethnographischer als historischer Natur.

3) ENGLISCHE ROMANE. Auch sie behandeln, mit wenigen Ausnahmen, minder die eigentliche Geschichte als vielmehr das Leben selbst in allen seinen Schattirungen. Besonders gefallen sich die englischen Schriftsteller in der Darstellung der gesellschaftlichen Zustände, weshalb wir, bei der grossen Anzahl derartiger Romane, dieselben in nachstehende Klassen eintheilen, und nur die Namen der Schriftsteller anführen, da fast jeder gute Leihbibliotheken-Katalog Nachweis über die gelesensten ihrer Werke enthält.

a) **Sittenromane:**

1) Der höheren Stände: Sir Bulwer Lytton (S. 398); ferner: *Thackeray, Miss Gore, Lady Charlotte Bury, Mrs. Trollope, Miss Mary Edgeworth, Lady Caroline Lamb, Lady Dacre, Countess of Morley, Countess of Blessington, Lister, Mr. Ward, Benjamin d'Israeli, Marquis of Normanby* u. A.

2) Der höhern u. mittlern Stände: *Miss Austen* (1775—1817) *Theodor Hook* (1788—1842) *Miss Mary Edgeworth, Currer Bell* 'Jane Eyre' (1850), 'Shirley' (1850); u. A.

3) Der niedern Stände: Miss Elizabeth Hamilton (S. 272) Charles Dickens (S. 404).

b) **Allgemeine Lebensbilder:** Frances Burney (S. 258), Martineau (S. 396); *Sarah Harriet Burney, Bage* (1728—1801), *Holcroft* (1745—1809), *Lockhart* 'Valerius,' 'Reginald Dalton;' *Grattan* 'Highways and Byways;' *Crowe* u. A.

c) **Das häusliche Leben und die Gemüthswelt umfassend:** *Charlotte Smith* (1749—1806), *Anna Maria Porter* (1780—1832) u. A.

d) **Moralischer Tendenzroman:** *Hannah More* (1745—1833); *Mrs. Brunton* (1778—1818) u. A.

e) **Die Leidenschaften darstellend:** Ann Radcliffe (S. 290), Mrs. Opie (S. 331), *Miss Jane Porter* (zart).

f) **Hochromantisch:** William Godwin (S. 267, [übertrieben]); *Mrs. Shelley* (phantastisch); *Lewis* (das Düstere, Grausenhafte behandelnd); *Maturin* (ebenso).

g) **Das Landleben schildernd:** *Miss Mary Russell Mitford* 'Our village;' *Mr. Howitt* 'Rural Life in England' (1850).

h) **Scenerie- und allgemeine Sittenschilderungen:** Ann Radcliffe (S. 290), Washington Irving (S. 337), Fennimore Cooper (S. 364), Charles Dickens (S. 404), ferner: *Mrs. Inchbald,* (1756—1821), *Miss Edgeworth, Moore, Lady Morgan, Francis Vidal* 'Tale of the Bush' (Australische Lebensbilder) 1852; *Longfellow,* ein Amerikaner, 'Ravanagh;' *Hawthorn,* ein Amerikaner, 'The House of the seven Gables,' 'The Scarlet Letter;' (amerikanische Scenerien) u. A.

i) **Seeromane:** Captain Marryat (S. 389), ferner: *Capt. Chamier, Glascock, Gleig, Howard, Neale, Michael Scott, Sherer* u. A.

k) **Rein historischer Roman:** *Horace Smith* 'Brambletye House' 'The Tor Hill' u. A. *James* 'Darnley,' 'Attila,' 'Richelieu,' 'Arabella Stuart,' 'Mary of Burgundy' u. A. *Ainsworth* 'Crichton,' 'The Misers Daughter'. *Irving*: 'Alhambra,' 'Columbus;' *Bulwer-Lytton* 'Rienzi;' *Lady Blessington* 'The Repealers' u. A. *Grattan* 'The heiress of Bruges.' *Willis* 'Gaston de Foix.' u. A.

4) ORIENTALISCHE ROMANE. William Beckford (S. 265), James Fraser, ferner: *James Morier* 'Hajji Baba,' *Thomas Hope* 'Anastasius,' *Rev. Mr. Croly*, 'Salathiel,' *Lady Caroline Lamb* u. A.

II. MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS. William Cobbett, Thomas de Quincey, William Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, Lord Jeffrey, Thomas Carlyle; ferner: *Thom. Pennant* (1726—98) 'Tours in Scotland;' *John Millar* (1735—1801) 'Origin of the Distinction of Ranks' (1771); 'Historical View of the English Government' (1787); *Jeremy Bentham* (1748—1832) 'Discourse on Civil and Penal Legislation;' *Joseph Ritson* (1752—1803) 'Ancient Songs, from the Time of Henry III. to the Revolution' (1790) 'Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry' (1794); *Isaac d'Israeli* 'Curiosities of Literature' (1791), 'Essay on Literary Character' (1795), 'Quarrels of Authors;' 'Calamities of Authors' &c. *Sir Egerton Brydges* 'Censura Literaria,' 'The British Bibliographer.' *Francis Douce* 'The Illustrations of Shakspeare' (1807); *Mr. Miller* 'Scenes and Legends, or Traditions of Cromarty;' *Rev. Thom. Frognall Dibdin*, 'An Introduction to the Rare and Valuable Editions of the Greek and Roman Classics' (1802), 'Bibliographical Tour,' 'Library Companion.' *Sir Uvedale Price* 'Essays on the Picturesque,' (1810); *John Foster* (1770—1843) 'Essays,' 'The Evils of Popular Ignorance.' *Leigh Hunt* 'Essays on Literature;' *Archibald Alison* 'Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste' (1811), 'A Theory of Punishments and Rewards' &c.; *John Claudius Laudon* (1783—1843) 'Encyclopaedia of Gardening' (1822), 'Encyclop. of Agriculture' (1825), 'Arboretum Britannicum' (1838); *Mr. Duncan* 'Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons;' *Walter Savage Landor* 'Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen' (1824); *Isaac Taylor* 'Natural History of Enthusiasm' (1829); 'Physical Theory of Another Life;' *Mr. and Mrs. Howitt* 'Book of the Seasons' (1832), 'History of the Priestcraft' (1834), 'Social and Rural Life of Germany,' 'The Student-Life of Germany,' 'The Literature and Romance of Northern Europe' (1852). *Charles Mackay* 'The Thames and its Tributaries' (1840), 'Memoir of Extraordinary Popular Delusions;' *Ticknor*, ein Amerikaner, 'History of the Spanish Literature' 3 vols. Boston, 1850. *Talvj*, (T. A. L. V. Jacob) eine Deutsche, 'Literature of the Slavic Nations' New-York, 1850.

III. METAPHYSICAL WRITERS. *Professor Dugald Stewart* (1753—1828) 'Philosophy of the Human Mind' (1792), 'Philosophical Essays' (1810) u. A. *Dr. Thomas Brown* (1778—1820) 'Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind;' *James Mill* 'Analysis of the Phaenomena of the Human Mind' (1829). *Mr. Baylay* 'Treatise on the Formation and Publication of Opinions;' *Rev. Archibald Alison* (1775—1838) 'Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste;' *George Combe* 'System of Phrenology;' 'The Constitution of Man, Considered in Relation to External Objects' (hat bereits 12 Auflagen in Deutscher Sprache erlebt).

IV. WRITERS IN DIVINITY. Dr. William Paley, Mr. Wilberforce, Rev. Robert Hall, Dr. Thomas Chalmers; ferner: *Dr. Richard Watson* (1737—1816) 'An Apology for Christianity;' *Dr. Samuel Parr* (1747—1825) 'Sermons;' *Gilbert Wakefield* (1756—1801) 'On

Christian Evidence,' 'A Translation of the New Testament;' *Rev. Archibald Alison* (S. Metaphysics) 'Sermons;' *Dr. Adam Clarke* (1760—1832) 'Commentary on the Bible;' *Rev. John Foster* (1770—1843) 'Essays, in a Series of Letters;' *Rev. Andrew Thomson* (1779 bis 1831) 'The Scottish Christian Instructor;' *Dr. Edward Maltby* 'Sermons;' *Dr. Herbert March* 'Lectures on Divinity,' 'A Comparative View of the Churches of England and Rome,' 'Tracts;' *Rev. Sidney Smith* 'Sermons;' *Dr. Edward Bouverie Pusey* (1800—) 'Tracts for the Times, by Members of the University of Oxford' (1833); in dem Geiste Pusey's schrieben ferner: *Mr. Christmas* 'Discipline of the Anglican Church' und *Mr. Gladstone* 'On the Relation of the Church to the State.'

V. HISTORIANS. William Mitford, William Roscoe, William Godwin, John Pinkerton, Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Walter Scott, Dr John Lingard, Henry Hallam, Macaulay; ferner: *Dr. John Gillies* 'History of Ancient Greece, its Colonies and Conquests' 1786; *Mr. Sharon Turner* 'History of the Anglo-Saxons;' 'History of England during the Middle Ages;' 'Sacred History of the World;' *Dr. Thirwall* 'History of Greece;' *George Chalmers* (1744 — 1825) 'History of the United Colonies, from their Settlement till the Peace of 1763,' 'Caledonia' unvollendet: *William Coxe* (1748—1828) 'History of the House of Austria' 1807. *Charles James Fox* (1749—1806 [S. Orators.]). *Malcolm Laing* (1762—1818) 'History of Scotland;' *George Broodie* 'History of the Anglo-Saxons' 1831, 'Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth;' *Mr. Ingram* 'Saxon Chronicle' *Mr. Southey* 'History of Brazil' 1810, 'H. of the Peninsular War,' 1823—28; *James Mill* 'H. of India' 1819; *Charles Mills* Esq. 'H.' of Chivalry,' 'H. of the Crusades;' *Patrick Fraser Tytler* 'H. of Scotland;' *Colonel W. Napier* 'H. of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France from 1807—1814.' *Lieut-Col. Curwood* 'The Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington' 1838; *A. Alison* 'H. of Europe till 1815' 10 Bände 1842; *Lord Mahon* 'H. of England,' 'H. of the War of Spain.' *Rev. Charles Gutzlaff*, ein Deutscher 'H. of China;' *James St. John* 'Hist. of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece;' *Rev. H. H. Milman* 'Hist. of Christianity.' *Hon. Mounstuart Elphinstone* 'Hist. of India;' *Agnes Strickland* 'Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest' 1851. *James Emerson* 'H. of Modern Greece;' *Hon. W. E. Gladstone* 'The Roman State from 1815—1850.' 3 Bde. 1852; *W. H. Prescott*, ein Amerikaner, 'Hist. of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain,' 'Hist. of the Conquest of Mexico.'

VI. MEMOIRS. *Wm. Coxe* (S. Hist.) 'M. of the Life and Writings of Sir Robert Walpole' (1798); 'M. of the Kings of Spain 1813; *Mr. Moore* 'M. of Lord Edward Fitzgerald' (1831); *Lord Nugent* 'M. of Hampdon;' *John Dunlop* 'M. of Spain, during the Reign of Philip IV. and Charles II.' u. v. A.

VII. BIOGRAPHERS. *James Boswell* (1740—1795) 'Life of Johnson' 1791. *Wm. Coxe* (s. Hist) 'Life and Select Works of B. Stillingfleet,' 'Life and Papers of the Duke of Marlborough' *Dr. James Currie* (1756—1805) 'Life of Burns' 1800; *Lord Holland* 'Life of Lope de Vega' 1800; *Southey* 'Life of Nelson' 1813; *Dr. Thomas M'Crie* (1772—1835) 'Life of John Knox' *Mr. Moore* 'Life of Sheridan' (1825), 'of Lord Byron' (1830). *Mr. Campbell* 'Life of Petrarch.' *Sir David Brewster* 'Life of Newton.' *Mr. James Prior* 'Life of Burke and Goldsmith;' *Sir John Malcolm* 'Life of Lord Clive;' *Mr. T. H. Lister* 'Life of Clarendon.' *Mr. Patrick Fraser Tytler* 'L. of Sir Walter Raleigh;' *Lockhart* 'Life of Sir Walter Scott;' *Marshall*, ein Amerikaner, 'Life of Washington;' *John Stoughton* 'L.

and Labours of Phil. Doddridge' 1852. Neuerdings erschien von einem Ungenannten: 'The Men of the Times in 1852, an Alphabetical Biography of Living Remarkable Men.'

VIII. ORATORS. William Pitt, William Wilberforce, George Canning, Lord Brougham, Sir Robert Peel; ferner: *Lord Lyndhurst, Sir William Follet, Daniel O'Connel, Shiel,* Irländer, und die Amerikaner *Writ, Gallatin, Livinstone, Patrick, Henry* und *Webster.*

IX. ANTIQUITIES. *Joseph Strutt* (1794—1802) 'A Complete View of the Dresses of the People in England,' 'The Sports and Pastimes of the People in England;' *Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke* 'British Monasticum' 1802, 'Encyclopaedia of Antiquities' 1824. *Wm. Hone* 'The every day Book' 1833. *Sir Henry Ellis* 'Popular Antiquities of English Customs' 1842. *Billings* 'Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland' 1852.

X. POPULAR SCIENTIFIC WRITERS. **Astronomie:** *Professor Nichol* 'The Architecture of the Heavens,' 'Contemplations of the Solar System.' **Botanik:** Die Arbeiten von *Dr. Lindley* und *Mr. Louden.* **Ethnographie:** *Dr. Pritchard* 'Inquiries into the Physical History of Man.' **Geologie:** *Dr. John Macculoch* 'The Western Islands of Scotland' und die Arbeiten von *Dr. Buckland, Mr. Murchison, Charles Lyell, Sir Henry Delabeche, Dr. Mantell* u. A. **Medizin:** *Dr. Millingen* 'The Curiosities of Medical Experience;' *Sir James Clark* 'Treatises on Climate and Consumption;' *Sir Henry Halford* 'Medical Treatises;' *Dr. Southwood Smith* 'Philosophy of Health;' *Dr. Copeland* 'Dictionary of Practical Medicine.' **Naturwissenschaften:** *David Brewster* 'Letters on Natural Magic,' 'History of Optics.' *Alfred Smee* 'The Sources of Physical Science' 1852. *Dr. Neil Arnott* 'Elements of Physics;, *Rev. Wm. Whewell* 'History of the Inductive Sciences,' 3 Bände; 'Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, founded upon their History' 2 Bde. 'ein ausgezeichnetes Werk.' *Edward Mill,*'System of Inductive Logic (Gegner *Whewell's*). *Robert Mudie* (1777—1842) 'The British Naturalist;' *Charles Waterton* 'Essays on Natural History;' *Edward Jesse* 'Gleanings in Natural History' *Mr. Rhind* 'Studies in Natural History;' *Mr. M'Diamid* 'Sketches from Nature;' *Sir John Herschel* 'Discourse on Natural Philosophy;' und ganz besonders *Sir Humphry Davy* 'Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher,' 'Elements of Agricultural Chemistry.' **Phrenologie:** *Dr. Combe* (S. Metaph.). **Physiologie:** Die Arbeiten von *Dr. Bostock, Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Elliotson, Dr. Fletcher, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Mayo, Dr. Roget* u. A. **Zoologie:** Die Werke von *Prof. Owen, Mr. Darvin, Dr. Johnstone, Mr. Yarrel* u. A.

XI. POLITICAL ECONOMISTS. *Rev. Thomas Rob. Malthus* (1766—1836) 'Principles of Political Economy' 1820. 'Essay on the Principle of Population as it affects the Future Improvement of Society;' *James Mill* 'The Elements of Polit. Econ.' 1821. *Mr. Godwin* 'Inquiry Concerning the Power of Increase in the Numbers of Mankind' 1821. *Mrs. Marcet* 'Conversations on Pol. Economy' 1827. *Michael Thom. Sadler* (1780 — 1835) 'The Law of Population, a Treatise in Disproof of the Superfecundity of Human Beings' 1830. *Archbishop Whateley* 'Lectures on Pol. Economy' 1831. *Rev. Richard Jones* 'An Essay on the Distribution of Wealth and Sources of Taxation' 1831. *Nassau William Senior* 'Lectures on the Mercantile Theory of Wealth and Population' 1831. *Rev. Dr. Chalmers* 'On Polit. Economy in Connexion with the Moral Prospects of Society' 1832. *James Ramsay M'Culloch* 'Elements of Political Economy' 1834. u. v. A.

XII. TRAVELLERS. Wm. Beckford, Joseph Forsyth, Dr. Edward Daniel Clarke, Mungo Park, Giovanni Battista Belzoni, Captain Basil Hall, Parry, Simond, Porter, Postans, Venables, Baynes; ferner:

1) REISEN UM DIE WELT: *James Cook; Capt. Ross; Holman; Wilman* und *Rushenberger.*

2) ENTDECKUNGSREISEN: Nach dem Nordpol: *Parry & Franklin* 'Travels' (1830); *Back's* und *King's* 'Travels' (1836); *Lieut. Sherard Osborn* 'Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal' Lond. 1852. Nach Afrika: *Beechey* (Brüder) Nordküste Afrika's (1828); *Boteler*, durch Afrika nach Arabien (1834); *Pringle, Moodie, Steedman*, durch's Innere Afrika's (1836): *Isaac*, durch Nord-Afrika (1836); *Gardener*, durch Süd-Afrika (1836) *Laird* und *Oldfield* 'Expedition into the Interior of Africa' 1837, u. A.

3) SPEZIELLE REISEBESCHREIBUNGEN: Der Uebersichtlichkeit wegen geben wir die Titel der wichtigsten derselben nach den Ländern an:

Abruzzen 'Excursion in the' by *Craven*, 1837; **Aegypten** 'Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians' by *Lane* (1836); 'Rambles in Egypt. and Candia' by *Scott* (1837); **Aethiopien**: 'Travels in Ethiopia' by *Hoskins* (1835); 'The Highlands of Ethiopia' by *Harris* (1844); **Algier** 'Algiers' by *Lord* (1835); 'Six Years Residence in Algiers' by *Mrs. Broughton* (1839); **Amerika**, unter anderen die Werke v. *Shirreff, Mrs. Butler, Abdy, Latrobe*, (1835), *Trollope*; *Power* (1836): *Harriet Martineau* 'Society in Am.' (1837); *Thomason* 'Men and Things in Am.' (1838); 'Central-Am.' by *Stephens*; 'American Notes' by *Dickens*; und die Reisewerke von *Murray* (1839), *Combe* (1840). Bemerkenswerth: 'Scenes and Adventures in Central-America' by *Fred. Hardman*, 1852. **Arabien**: 'Travels' by *Wellsted* (1838); **Archipel** (Indischer) 'Travels' by *Earl* (1837); **Australien** 'North-West and Western Australia' by *Gray* (1842).

Belgien und Holland 'Travels in' by *Clausade* (1835); **Beludschistan**, Afghanistan & Pendschab, 'Travels through' by *Masson* (1842); **Bermuda** 'Sketches of B.' by *Harriet Lloyd* (1835); **Biscaya** 'Six Years in Biscaya' by *Bacon* (1838); **Brasilien** 'Sketches of Brazil' by *Dundas* 1852. **'Buenos-Ayres'** by *Parish* (1839).

Canada 'The Canadas' by *Bonnycastle* (1841); **Ceylon** 'Eleven years in C.' by *Forbes* (1840); 'Ceylon' by *Campbell* (1843); **Chaldäa** 'Travels through' by *Mignan* (1831); **China**; bei der grossen Lit. über dieses Land führen wir nur das neueste gerühmteste Werk darüber an: 'China during the War and since the Peace' by *J. E. Davis*, Lond. 1852. **Cirkassien** 'Travels in' by *Spenser* (1837); 'Residence in' by *Bell* (1840);

'Damascus and Palmyra' by *Addison* (1838); **'Denmark** and the Duchies of Holstein and Schleswick' by *Sam. Laing* (1852), der auch eine interessante 'Residence in Norway' und 'Tour in Sweden' geschrieben hat. **Donau** 'A Steam-Voyage down the Danube' by *Quin* (1835).

France, *Mrs. Trollope, Lady Blessington* u. v. A.

Georgien, Persien & Armenien. 'Travels through' by *Robert Ker Porter*; **Griechenland** und die Türkei. 'Travels through' by *Temple* (1836), *Leake* (1836), *Cochrane* (1837), *Hervé* (1837) u. v. A.

Haïti 'Visit to some Parts of' by *Hanna* (1836). **Hindostan** 'Scenes and Characteristics of' by *Emma Roberts* (1835).

Illinois 'Eight months in' by *Oliver* (1844); **Indien** 'A Journey overland to India' by *Skinner* (1836); 'Rise and Progress of the British Power in' by *Auber* (1837); 'Modern India' by *Spry* (1837); 'Sketches' by *Capt. Bas. Hall* (1841); 'Modern India' by *Campbell* Lond. 1852. **Irland** 'Ireland' by *Mr. and Mrs. Hall* (1840, [ausgezeichnet]). **Island** 'Visit to Iceland' by *Barrow* (1835).

Kabul 'Travels to and Residence in' by *Burnes* (1842); **Kaschmir** 'Travels in' by *Vigne* (1842); **Konstantinopel** 'Residence in' by *Macfarlane* (1835); 'The City of the Sultan' by *Miss Pardoe* (1837); **Kreta** 'Travels in' by *Pashley* (1837); **Kurdistan** 'Residence in' by *Rich* (1837); 'Travels in Armenia and Coordistan' by *Southgate* (1840); 'Voyage through' by *Fraser* (1840).

Lima 'Voyage from L. to Para' by *Smyth and Lowe* (1836); **Lybische Wüste** 'Visit to the great Oasis of the Lybian desert' by *Hoskins* (1837).

Mexico 'Travels' by *Ward and Hardy* (1835); und *Mrs. Calderon de la Barca* (1843); 'Rambler in' by *Latrobe* (1836); 'Journal of a Military Reconnaissance from Santa-Fé, New-Mejico, to the Navaja Country' by *James Simpson* (1852).

Neu-Seeland 'Manners and Customs of the New Zealanders' by *Polack* (1840); 'New Zealand, South Australia and New South-Wales by *Jameson* (1842); '**Newfoundland**' by *Bonnycastle* (1842); **Niger** 'Expedition to the' by *Mac William* (1843); **Norwegen**, Lappland und Schweden, die Werke von *Everest* und *Laing*.

Oestreich 'Vienna and the Austrians,' by *Mrs. Trollope* (1838); 'Austria' by *Turnbull* (1840); **Orient** 'Descriptions of the' by *Carne* (1833); 'The East,' by *Urquhart* (1838).

Palästina, Aegypten, Syrien' von *Geramb* (1840); 'A Narrative of the United States' 'Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea' by *Lynch* (1852). **Persien**, 'Travels through' by *Malcolm, Fraser, Fowler* u. A.

Russland 'Domestic Sceneries in' by *Venables* (1839).

Skandinavia (n) 'Sketches' by *Breton* (1835); '**Spain**, Portugal and Italy' by *Baxter* (1852).

Türkey, 'Greece and Malta' by *Stade* (1837); '**Texas**' von *Kennedy* (1841).

Ungarn 'The City of the Maggar' by *Miss Pardoe* (1840).

West-Indien 'Residence in the W.-I.' by *Madden* (1835); 'The W. J.' by *Halliday* (1840); 'A Winter in the W.-I.' by *Gurney* (1840), u. zahlreiche andere W.

XIII. PERIODICAL LITERATURE AND CRITICISM. '*The Edinburgh Review*' (1802), redig. v. Francis Jeffrey, Dr. Thomas Brown, Sydney Smith, Lord Brougham u. Sir James Mackintosh. Whig-party. '*The Quarterly Review* (1809) red. von Mr. Wm. Gifford, Southey, Herber, Milman, Canning, Croker, Barrow, Lockhart u A. Tory-party. '*The Westminster Review*' (1824); Radical. '*The Foreign Quarterly Review*' f. 'Contin. Lit'. '*The New Qarterly* '*The British*' und '*The North British Review*' vertheidigen die verschiedenen religiösen Meinungen. Literarische Zwecke verfolgen: '*Blackwood's Magazine;*' '*The New Monthly M.;*' '*Fraser's M.;*' '*The Dublin University M.;*' '*Tait's Edinburgh M.;*' '*Bentley's Miscellany,*' '*The Exhibition Journal*' u. v. Andere.

XIV. ENCYCLOPÆDIAS: '*Ephraim Chambers Enc.*' 40 Bde.; '*The Enc. Britannica*' 20 Bde. (1843); '*The Edinburgh Enc.*' 18 Bde. (1830); '*The Enc. Metropolitana*'; '*The National Illustrated Library*'; '*The Illustrated Exhibitor*' (1852) in wöchentl. Lieferungen zu 2*d.*; '*The Library of Useful Knowledge;*' '*The Library of Entertaining Knowledge;*' '*Family Library;*' '*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia;*' '*Chambers Educational Journal*' u. viele Andere.

DRUCK VON CARL SCHULTZE IN BERLIN.

BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek

MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

Boltz, August, 1819-1907 / Boltz, August, / Franz, Hermann

Handbuch der englischen Literatur für Freunde der englischen Sprache und hö
here Unterrichts-Anstalten bearbeitet

Bd.: 1

Berlin 1852

P.o.angl. 149 q-1/2
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10746683-1